Love-Letters

Between a

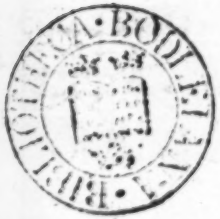
NOBLE-MAN

And his

SISTER.

LONDON.

Printed for *J. Hindmarſh*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *Cornhil*, and *J. Tonſon*, at the *Judg*'s *Head* in *Chancery-lane*. 1693.


BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

TO

THO. CONDON, Esq;

SIR,

HAving when I was at *Paris* last Spring, met with a little Book of Letters, call'd, *L' intregue de Philander & Silvia*, I had a particular fancy besides my inclinations to translate 'em into English, which I have done as faithfully as I could; only where he speaks of

the ingratitude of *Ceſario* to the King, I have added a word or two to his Character that might render it a little more parallel to that of a modern Prince, in our Age; for the reſt I have kept cloſe to the French.

The letters are ſoft and amorous; and beſides my eſteem and obligation to you, I think it no where ſo proper to addreſs ſo much tender Paſſion, as

to

to a man whom Heaven and Nature has ſo well form'd both for diſpencing and receiving of Love as your ſelf, you having all in your perſon that is acceptable to Women and deſired by Men, and when you pleaſe can make your ſelf as abſolutely the joy of the one as the envy of the other; to this is joyn'd a Vertue, ſuch as I believe the World has

rarely produc'd in a man of your Youth, Fortune and Advantages; you have all the power of the Debauchery of the Age, without the will, you early ſaw the ſollies of the Town, and the greatneſs of your mind, diſdaining that common Road of living, ſhunn'd the the foppiſh practice; your well-judging pride choſe rather to be ſingular and ſullenly retire, than herd with

with that noiſie Crowd, that eternally fit out buſineſs enough to ſtock the Town with Wit and Lampoons; and the Stage with Fops, Fools and Cowards: If I might give my real judgment, you are above flattery, and one can almoſt ſay no good or generous thing that one cannot juſtifie in you, no Vertue you cannot lay a claim to; many your

modeſty hides from the World, and many more you have, which envy will not confeſs; for that juſt value you ſet upon your ſelf, by ſhunning the publick Haunts, Cabals and Converſations of the Town, in ſpight of all your Wit and Goodneſs, gives occaſion for malice to revenge it ſelf on you a thouſand little ways; witneſs a late miſtaken ſtory of an Amour

Amour of yours, ſo often urg'd with heat, and told ſo much to your diſadvantage, by thoſe who have not the happineſs of knowing your true Principles of honor, your real good Nature, your common Juſtice, or ſenſe of Humanity, to be ſuch, as not to be capable of ſo baſe, ſilly and unmannerly a practice, and ſo needleſs and poor a de-

ſign: For my part, Sir, I am vain and proud of the belief, that I have the capacity and honor to know and underſtand your Soul, (did I not too well the ſtory alſo) and am well aſſur'd it has not a grain, not a thought of ſo fooliſh a Principle, ſo unneceſſary and diſhoneſt: And I dare affirm, that ſince the impoſition of the late Popiſh Plot upon the Town, there has

has not ſo ridiculous and nonſenſical a Hiſtory paſt for authentick with unthinking Man; but you ſhould give 'em leave to rail, ſince you have ſo vaſt advantages above 'em.

Sir, I would fain think that in the Character of *Philander* there is a great reſemblance of your ſelf as to his Perſon, and that part of his Soul that was poſſeſt with Love:

He

He was a French Whig, 'tis true, and a moſt apparent Traytor, and there I confeſs, the compariſon fails extreamly, for ſure no Man was ever ſo incorrigible, ſo hardned in Toryiſm as your ſelf, ſo fearleſs, ſo bold, ſo reſolute, and confirm'd in Loyalty; in the height of all dangers and threatnings, in the bleſſed Age of Swearing and the hopeful Reign of Evidences,

dences, you undaunted held forth for the Roayl Cauſe, with ſuch force of reaſon and undeniable ſenſe, as thoſe that were not converted, at leaſt were ſtartled; and I ſhall never forget the happy things I have heard you ſay on that glorious Subject, with a zeal ſo fervent, yet ſo modeſt and gentle, your argument ſo ſolid, juſt, ſo generous and ſo very hearty, as

has

has begot you applauſes and bleſſing round the board: a thouſand inſtances, a Hiſtory I could write of your diſcourſes and acts of Loyalty, but that even your Enemies allow, and I will ſpare it here, and only ſay, you are an honor and a credit to the Cauſe that's proud to own you.

In this you are far diſtant to my amorous Hero; but at leaſt for my own

own ſatisfaction, and that I may believe *Silvia* truly happy, give me leave to fancy him ſuch a Perſon as your ſelf; and then I cannot fail of fancying him too, ſpeaking at the Feet of *Silvia*, pleading his right of Love with the ſame ſoftneſs in his eyes and voice, as you can do when you deſign to conquer; when e'er you ſpread your Nets for Game, you need

but

but look abroad, fix and reſolve, tho you, unlike the forward youth of this Age, ſo nicely purſue the quarry, it is not all, or any Game you fly at, not every Bird that comes to Net can pleaſe your delicate Appetite; tho you are young as new deſire, as beautiful as Light, as amorous as a God, and wanton as a *Cupid*, that ſmiles and ſhoots, and

plays,

plays, and miſchiefs all his fond hours away: Pray Heaven you be not reſerv'd like our Hero for ſome Siſter; 'tis an ill ſign when ſo much Beauty paſſes daily unregarded, that your love is reſerv'd to an end as malicious as that of our *Philander*'s.

Perhaps you'll be out of humour and cry, why the Devil didſt thou dedicate the Letters of a Whig

Whig to me? But to make you amends Sir, pray take notice, *Silvia* is true Tory in every part; if but to love a Whig be not Crime enough in your opinion to paul your appetite, and for which even her youth and beauty cannot make an attonement; commodity which rarely fails in the Trade of love, tho never was ſo low a Market for Beauty

of

of both Sexes, yet he that's fortified and ſtor'd like happy you, need never fear to find his price; for wit and good humour bear ſtill a rate, and have an intrinſick value, while the other is rated by opinion, and is at beſt but a curious picture, where one and the ſame dull ſilent Charms make up the day, while the other is always new, and (to uſe your own expreſſion)

is

is a Book where one turns over a new leaf every Minute, and finds ſomthing diverting, in eternal new Diſcoveries; it elevates ones Spirits, charms the Soul, and improves ones Stock, for every one has a longer date of hearing than ſeeing, and the eyes are ſooner ſatiated than the ear; therefore do not depend too much on Beauty, 'tis but a half Conqueſt

queſt you will make when you ſhew the Man only, you muſt prove him too; give the ſoft Sex a ſight of your fine Mind as well as your fine Perſon; but you are a lazy Lover, and lie fallow for want of Induſtry; you ruſt your ſtock of hoarded Love, while you gaze only and return a ſingle ſigher; believe me Friend, if you continue to fight at that ſingle Weapon, there will be no great ſtore of Wounds given or taken on either ſide; you muſt ſpeak and write if you would be happy, ſince you can do it ſo infinitely to purpoſe; who can

can be happy without Love? for me I never numbred those dull days amongst those of my life, in which I had not my Soul fill'd with that soft passion. To love! why 'tis the only secret in nature that restores Life to all the felicities and charms of living; and to me there seems nothing so strange as to see people walk about, laugh, do the acts of life, and impertinently trouble the world without knowing any thing of that soft, that noble passion, or without so much as having an intrigue or an amusement, (as the French call it) with any

dear

dear ſhe, no real Love or Concettre; perhaps theſe Letters may have the good fortune to rouze and make you look into your Heart, turn o'er your ſtore and laviſh out a little to divert the toils of Life; you us'd to ſay, that even the fatigues of Love had a vaſt pleaſure in 'em; *Philander* was of your mind, and I (whoſe advice you like that Friend you have honour'd me with the title of) have even prefer'd all the torments of Love, before dully living without it. Live then and love, thou gay, thou glorious young-man, whom Heaven

Heaven has bleſt with all the ſweets of Life beſides; live then and love; and what's an equal Bleſſing, live and be belov'd by ſome dear Maid, as nobly born as *Silvia*, as witty and as gay and ſoft as ſhe, (to you, who know no other want, no other Bleſſing) this is the moſt advantageous one he can wiſh you, who is,

Sir,

Your obliged and moſt

humble Servant, &c.

THE ARGUMENT.

IN the time of the Rebellion of the true Proteſtant Hugonots in Paris, *under the Conduct of the Prince of* Condy, *(whom we will call* Ceſario*) many Illuſtrious Perſons were drawn into the Aſſociation, amongſt which, there was one, whoſe Quality and Fortune, (join'd with his Youth and Beauty) rendred him more elevated in the eſteem of the gay.*

part

part of the World than moſt of that Age. In his tender Years (unhappily enough) he chanc'd to fall in Love with a Lady, whom we will call Mertilla, *who had Charms enough to engage any Heart; ſhe had all the advantages of Youth and Nature; a ſhape excellent; a moſt agreeable Stature, not too Tall, and far from Low, delicately Proportion'd, her Face a little enclin'd to round, ſoft, ſmooth and white, her Eyes were blew, a little languiſhing, and full of Love and Wit; a Mouth curiouſly made, dimpled and full of ſweetneſs; Lips round,*

round, ſoft, plump and red; white Teeth firm and even; her Noſe a little Roman; *and which gave a noble grace to her lovely Face; her Hair light brown; a Neck and Boſom delicately turn'd, white and riſing; her Arms and Hands exactly ſhap'd; to this a vivacity of Youth engaging; a Wit quick and flowing; a Humour gay, and an Air unreſiſtablyc harming; and nothing was wanting to compleat the joys of the young* Philander, (*ſo we call our amorous Hero*) *but* Mertilla's *Heart, which the Illuſtrious* Ceſario *had before poſſeſs'd; however, conſulting her*

Honour

The Argument.

Honour and her Intereſt, and knowing all the Arts as Women do to feign a tenderneſs, ſhe yields to Marry him: While Philander, *who ſcorn'd to owe his happineſs to the commands of Parents, or to chaffer for a Beauty with her conſent ſteals her away, and Marries her; but ſee how tranſitory is a violent Paſſion; after being ſatiated, he ſlights the Prize he had ſo dearly conquer'd; ſome ſay the change was occaſion'd by her too viſibly continued love to* Ceſario; *but what ever 'twas, this was moſt certain,* Philander *caſt his Eyes upon a young Maid, Siſter to* Mertilla,

The Argument.

Mertilla, *a Beauty, whoſe early Bloom promis'd wonders when come to perfection; but I will ſpare her Picture here,* Philander *in the following Epiſtles, will often enough preſent it to your view: He lov'd and languiſh'd long before he durſt diſcover his Pain; her being Siſter to his Wife, nobly Born, and of undoubted Fame, rendred his paſſion too criminal to hope for a return, while the young lovely* Silvia (*ſo we ſhall call the noble Maid*) *ſigh'd out her hours in the ſame pain and languiſhment for* Philander, *and knew not that 'twas Love,*

till

till ſhe betraying it innocently to the o'er-joy'd Lover and Brother, who ſoon taught her to underſtand 'twas Love—— he perſues it, ſhe permits it, and at laſt yields; when being diſcover'd in the criminal Intrigue, ſhe flies with him; he abſolutely quits Mertilla, *lives ſome time in a Village near* Paris, *call'd St.* Denis, *with this betray'd unfortunate, till being found out, and like to be apprehended, (one for the Rape, the other for the Flight) ſhe is forc'd to Marry a Cadet, a creature of* Philander's, *to bear the name of Husband only to her,*

her, while Philander *had the intire poſſeſſion of her Soul and Body: Still the League went forward, and all things were ready for a War in* Paris; *but 'tis not my buſineſs here to mix the rough relation of a War, with the ſoft affairs of Love; let it ſuffice, the Hugonots were Defeated, and the King got the day, and every Rebel lay at the Mercy of his Sovereign.* Philander *was taken Priſoner, made his eſcape to a little Cottage near his own Palace, not far from* Paris, *writes to* Silvia *to come to him, which ſhe does, and in ſpight of all the induſtry*

to

to re-ſeize him, he got away with Silvia.

After their Flight, theſe Letters were found in their Cabinets, at their Houſe at St. Denis, *where they both liv'd together, for the ſpace of a year, and they are as exactly as poſſible plac'd in the order they were ſent, and were thoſe ſuppoſed to be written towards the latter end of their Amours.*

LETTERS

To *Silvia.*

THough I parted from you reſolved to obey your impoſſible commands, yet know, Oh charming *Silvia*! that after a Thouſand conflicts between Love and Honour, I found the God (too mighty for the Idol) 'reign abſolute Monarch in my Soul, and ſoon baniſh't that Tyrant thence. That cruel Counſellor that would

ſuggeſt to you a Thouſand fond Arguments to hinder my noble purſuit; *Silvia* came in view! her unreſiſtable *Idea!* with all the Charm of blooming youth, with all the Attractions of Heavenly Beauty! looſe, wanton, gay, all flowing her bright Hair, and languiſhing her lovely eyes, her dreſs all negligent as when I ſaw her laſt, diſcovering a Thouſand raviſhing Graces, round white ſmall Breaſts, delicate Neck, and riſing Boſom, heav'd with ſighs ſhe wou'd in vain conceal; and all beſides, that niceſt fancy can imagine ſurprizing —— Oh I dare not think on, leſt my deſires grow mad and raving; let it ſuffice, Oh adorable *Silvia!* I think and know enough to juſtify that flame in me, which our weak alliance of Brother and Siſter has render'd ſo criminal; but he that adores

adores *Silvia*, ſhould do it at an uncommon rate; 'tis not enough to ſacrifice a ſingle heart, to give you a ſimple Paſſion, your Beauty ſhould like it ſelf produce wondrous effects; it ſhould force all obligations, all laws, all ties even of Natures ſelf: You, my lovely Maid, were not born to be obtained by the dull methods of ordinary loving; and 'tis in vain to preſcibe me meaſures; and oh much more in vain to urge the nearneſs of our Relation. What Kin my charming *Silvia* are you to me? No ties of blood forbid my Paſſion; and what's a Ceremony impoſed on man by Cuſtom? what is it to my divine *Silvia*, that the Prieſt took my hand and gave it to your Siſter? what Alliance can that create? why ſhould a trick deviſed by the wary old, only to make proviſion for poſte-

ſterity, tie me to an eternal ſlavery? No, no, my charming Maid, 'tis nonſenſe all; let us (born for mightier joys) ſcorn the dull *beaten road*, but let us love like the firſt race of men, neareſt allied to God, promiſcuouſly they lov'd, and poſſeſs'ſt, Father and Daughter, Brother and Siſter met, and reap'd the joys of Love without controul, and counted it Religious coupling, and 'twas encouraged too by Heaven it ſelf: Therefore ſtart not (too nice and lovely Maid) at ſhadows of things that can but frighten fools. Put me not off with theſe delays; rather ſay you but diſſembled Love all this while, than now 'tis born, to die again with a poor fright of nonſenſe. A fit of Honour! a fantome imaginary and no more; no, no, repreſent me to your Soul more favourably, think

think you ſee me languiſhing at your feet, breathing out my laſt in ſighs and kind reproaches, on the pitileſs *Silvia*; reflect when I am dead, which will be the more afflicting object, the Ghoſt (as you are pleaſed to call it) of your Murdered Honour, or the pale and bleeding one of

The loſt *Philander.*

I have liv'd a whole day
and yet no Letter from my Silvia.

To *Philander.*

OH why will you make me own (oh too importunate *Philander!*) with what regret I made you promiſe to prefer my Honour before your Love?

I confeſs with bluſhes, which you might then ſee kindling in my face, that I was not at all pleaſed with the Vows you made me, to endeavour to obey me, and I then even wiſht you would obſtinately have denied obedience to my juſt commands; have purſued your criminal flame, and have left me raving on my undoing: For when you were gone, and I had leaſure to look into my heart, alas! I found whether you obliged or not, whether Love, or Honour were prefer'd, I, unhappy I, was either

either way innevitably loſt. Oh what pitileſs God, fond of his wondrous power, made us the objects of his Almighty vanity? Oh why were we two made the firſt preſidents of his new found revenge? for ſure no Brother ever lov'd a Siſter with ſo criminal a flame before: At leaſt my unexperienced innocence ne're met with ſo fatal a ſtory: And 'tis in vain (my too charming Brother) to make me inſenſible of our Alliance; to perſwade me I am a ſtranger to all but your eyes and ſoul.

Alas, your fatally kind induſtry is all in vain. You grew up a Brother with me; the title was fixt in my heart, when I was too young to underſtand your ſubtle diſtinctions, and there it thriv'd and ſpread; and 'tis now too late to tranſplant it, or alter its Native

Property: Who can graft a flower on a contrary ſtalk? The Roſe will bear no Tulips, nor the Hyacinth the Poppy; no more will the Brother the name of Lover. O ſpoil not the natural ſweetneſs and innocence we now retain, by an endeavour fruitleſs and deſtructive; no, no, *Philander*, dreſs your ſelf in what charms you will, be powerful as Love, can make you in your ſoft argument ---- yet, Oh yet, you are my Brother ſtill, -- But why, Oh cruel and eternal Powers, was not *Philander* my Lover before you deſtined him a Brother? or why being a Brother did you malicious and ſpightful powers deſtine him a Lover! oh take, either title from him, or from me a life which can render me no ſatisfaction, ſince your cruel laws permit

it

it not for *Philander*, nor his to bleſs thee now.

Unfortunate *Silvia*.

Wedneſday Morning.

To *Philander*.

AFter I had diſmiſt my Page this morning with my Letter, I walk'd (fill'd with ſad ſoft thoughts of my Brother *Philander*) into the Grove, and commanding *Melinda* to retire, who only attended me, I threw my ſelf down on that bank of graſs where we laſt diſputed the dear but fatal buſineſs of our ſouls: Where our prints (that invited me) ſtill remain on the preſt greens: There with Ten thou-

ſand ſighs, with remembrance of the tender minutes we paſt then, I drew your laſt Letter from my Boſom; and often kiſt, and often read it over; but oh, who can conceive my Torment, when I came to that fatal part of it, where you ſay you gave your hand to my Siſter? I found my ſoul agitated with a Thouſand different paſſions, but all inſupportable, all mad, and raving; ſometimes I threw my ſelf with fury on the ground, and preſt my panting heart to the earth, then riſe in rage and tear my hair, and hardly ſpare that face that taught you firſt to love: then fold my wretched Arms to keep down riſing Sighs that almoſt rend my breaſt, I traverſe ſwiftly the conſcious Grove; with my diſtracted ſhow'ring eyes directed in vain to pitileſs Heaven the lovely ſilent ſhade favouring

my

my complaints, I cry aloud, Oh God! *Philander*'s married, the lovely charming thing for whom I languiſh is married!---- That fatal word's enough, I need not add to whom. Married's enough to make me curſe my Birth, my Youth, my Beauty, and my Eyes that firſt betray'd me to the undoing Object: Curſe on the Charms you have flatter'd, for every fancied Grace has help'd my ruin on; now like flowers that wither unſeen and unpoſſeſt in ſhades, they muſt die and be no more, they were to no end created, ſince *Philander*'s married: Married! Oh fate, Oh hell, Oh torture and confuſion! tell me not 'tis to my Siſter, that addition is needleſs and vain: To make me eternally wretched there needs no more than that *Philander*'s married! than that the

Prieſt

Prieſt gave your hand away from me; to another and not to me; tir'd out with life I need no other Paſport than this Repetition, *Philander's* married! 'tis that alone is ſufficient to lay in her cold Tomb.

The wretched and deſpairing

SILVIA.

Wedneſday night,
Bellfont.

To

To *Silvia.*

TWice laſt night, Oh unfaithful and unloving *Silvia!* I ſent my Page to the old place for Letters, but he returned the object of my rage, becauſe without the leaſt remembrance from my fickle Maid: In this Torment, unable to hide my diſorder, I ſuffered my ſelf to be laid in bed; where the reſtleſs torments of the night exceeded thoſe of the day, and are not even by the languiſher himſelf to be expreſt; but the returning light brought a ſhort ſlumber on its Wings; which was interrupted by my attoning Boy, who brought two Letters from my adorable *Silvia*: He wak'd me from Dreams more agreeable than all my watchful hours could bring,

bring, for they are all tortured. ---- And even the ſofteſt mixt with a Thouſand deſpairs, difficulties and diſappointments, but theſe were all love, which gave a looſe to joys undenied by Honour! and this way my charming *Silvia* you ſhall be mine, in ſpight of all the Tyrannies of that cruel hinderer; Honour appears not my *Silvia* within the cloſe drawn Curtains, in ſhades and gloomy light the fantom frights not, but when one beholds its bluſhes, when its attended and adorned, and the Sun ſees its falſe Beauties; in ſilent Groves and Grotto's, dark Alcoves, and lonely receſſes, all its formalities are laid aſide; it was then, and there, methought my *Silvia* yielded, with a faint ſtruggle and a ſoft reſiſtance; I heard her broken ſighs, her tender whiſpering Voice that trembling cried,--Oh can you

be

ſo cruel. --- Have you the heart--- Will you undo a Maid, becauſe ſhe loves you? Oh will you ruine me becauſe you may? --- My faithleſs -- My unkind, then ſigh'd and yielded, and made me happier than a Triumphing God! But this was ſtill a Dream, I wak'd and ſigh'd, and found it vaniſh all! But oh my *Silvia*, your Letters were ſubſtantial pleaſure, and pardon your Adorer if he tell you, even the diſorder you expreſs, is infinitely dear to him, ſince he knows it all the effects of Love; Love my Soul! which you in vain oppoſe; purſue it, Dear, and call it not undoing, or elſe explain your fear, and tell me what your ſoft, your trembling heart gives that cruel title to? Is it undoing to Love? and love the Man you ſay has Youth and Beauty to juſtify that Love? A man

that

that adores you with ſo ſubmiſſive and perfect a reſignation; A man that did not only Love firſt, but is reſolved to die in that agreeable flame; in my Creation I was formed for Love, and deſtined for my *Silvia*, and ſhe for her *Philander*: And ſhall we, can we diſappoint our Fate? no, my ſoft Charmer, our ſouls were toucht with the ſame ſhafts of Love before they had a being in our Bodies, and can we contradict Divines Decree?

Or is it undoing, Dear, to bleſs *Philander* with what you muſt ſome time or other ſacrifice to ſome hated loath'd object, (for *Silvia* can never love again) and are thoſe Treaſures for the dull conjugal Lover to rifle? Was the beauty of Divine ſhape created for the cold Matrimonial imbrace? And ſhall the eternal

joys

joys that *Silvia* can diſpence, be returned by the clumſey Huſband's careleſs forc'd inſipid duties; Oh my *Silvia* ſhall a Huſband (whoſe inſenſibility will call thoſe Raptures of joy! thoſe Heavenly Bliſſes! the drudgery of life) ſhall he I ſay receive 'em? While your *Philander* with the very thought of the exceſs of pleaſure, the leaſt poſſeſſion would afford, faints o're the Paper that brings here his eternal Vows.

Oh where (my *Silvia*) lies the undoing then? My Quality and Fortune are of the higheſt rank amongſt men. My Youth gay and fond, my Soul all ſoft, all Love; and all *Silvia*'s! I adore her, I am ſick of Love and ſick of Life, till ſhe yields ſhe is all mine!

You ſay my *Silvia* I am married, and there my happineſs is ſhip-

ſhipwreck'd; but *Silvia* I deny it, and will not have you think it; no, my Soul was married to yours in its firſt Creation; and only *Silvia* is the Wife of my ſacred, my everlaſting Vows; of my ſolemn conſiderate Thought, of my ripen'd Judgment, my mature Conſiderations. The reſt are all repented and forgot, like the haſty folly's of unſteady Youth, like Vows breath'd in Anger, and die perjur'd as ſoon as vented, and unregarded either of Heaven or Man. Oh why ſhould my Soul ſuffer for ever, why eternal pain for the unheedy ſhort-liv'd ſin of my unwilling Lips? Beſides, this fatal thing called Wife, this unlucky Siſter, this *Mertilla*, this ſtop to all my Heaven, that breeds ſuch fatal differences in our ſoft Affairs, this *Mertilla* I ſay, firſt broke her Marriage Vows to me;

I blame her not, nor is it reaſonable I ſhould, ſhe ſaw the young *Ceſario*, and Lov'd him. *Ceſario*, whom the envying World in ſpight of prejudice muſt own, has unreſiſtable Charms, that God-like form, that ſweetneſs in his face, that ſoftneſs in his Eyes and delicate Mouth; and every Beauty beſides that Women doat on, and Men envy: That lovely compoſition of Man and Angel! with the addition of his eternal Youth and illuſtrious Birth, was form'd by Heaven and Nature for univerſal Conqueſt! and who can love the charming Hero at a cheaper rate than being undone? And ſhe that would not venture Fame, Honour, and a Marriage Vow for the Glory of the young *Ceſario*'s heart, merits not the noble Victim; Oh! wou'd I cou'd ſay ſo much for the young *Philander*, who

who wou'd run a Thouſand times more hazards of Life and Fortune for the Adorable *Silvia*, than that amorous *Hero* ever did for *Mertilla*, though from that Prince I learn't ſome of my diſguiſes for my thefts of Love, for he like *Jove* courted in ſeveral ſhapes; I ſaw 'em all and ſuffer'd the deluſion to paſs upon me; for I had ſeen the lovely *Silvia*; Yes, I had ſeen her, and I lov'd her too: But Honour kept me yet Maſter of my Vows; but when I knew her falſe, when I was once confirm'd,--- When by my own Soul I found the diſſembl'd Paſſion of her's, when ſhe cou'd no longer hide the bluſhes or the paleneſs that ſeiz'd at the approaches of my diſorder'd Rival, when I ſaw Love dancing in her Eyes, and her falſe heart beat with nimble motions, and ſoft trembling ſeiz'd every

every Limb, at the approach or touch of the Royal Lover, then I thought my ſelf no longer obliged to conceal my flame for *Silvia*; nay, e're I broke ſilence, e're I diſcover'd the hidden Treaſure of my heart, I made her falſehood plainer yet: Even the time and place of the dear aſſignations I diſcover'd; certainty! happy certainty! broke the dull heavy chain, and I with joy ſubmitted to my ſhameful freedom, and careſs'd my generous Rival, nay and by Heaven I lov'd him for't, pleas'd at the reſemblance of our Souls, for we were ſecret Lovers both, but more pleas'd that he Lov'd *Mertilla*, for that made way to my paſſion for the adorable *Silvia*!

Let the dull hot-brain'd jealous Fool upbraid me with cold Patience: Let the fond Coxcomb whoſe Honour depends on the

frail

frail Marriage Vow, reproach me, or tell me that my Reputation depends on the feeble conſtancy of a Wife, perſwade me 'tis Honour to fight for an untrievable and unvalu'd Prize, and that becauſe my Rival has taken leave to Cuckold me, I ſhall give him leave to kill me too; unreaſonable nonſenſe grown to cuſtom. No by Heaven! I had rather *Mertilla* ſhou'd be falſe, (as ſhe) than wiſh and languiſh for the happy occaſion; the Sin's the ſame, only the Act's more generous: Believe me, my *Silvia*, we have all falſe notions of Vertue and Honour, and ſurely this was taken up by ſome deſpairing Husband in Love with a fair Jilting Wife, and then I Pardon him; I ſhould have done as much: for only ſhe that has my Soul, can only ingage my Sword, ſhe that I love and my

my ſelf only commands and keeps my ſtock of Honour:. For *Silvia!* the Charming the diſtracting *Silvia!* I could fight for a glance or ſmile, expoſe my heart for her dearer fame, and wiſh no recompence, but breathing out my laſt gaſp into her ſoft white delicate Boſom. But for a Wife! that ſtranger to my Soul, and whom we Wed for Intereſt and Neceſſity, --- A Wife, a light looſe unregarding Property, who for a momentary Appetite will expoſe her fame, without the noble end of loving on, ſhe that will abuſe my Bed, and yet return again to the loath'd conjugal imbrace, back to the Arms ſo hated, that even ſtrong fancy of the abſent Youth belov'd, cannot ſo much as render ſupportable. Curſe on her, and yet ſhe kiſſes, fawns and diſſembles on, hangs on his Neck, and

makes

makes the Sot believe : ---- Damn her, Brute ; I'll whiſtler off, and let her down the wind, as *Othello* ſays. No, I adore the Wife, that when the Heart is gone, boldly and nobly purſues the Conqueror, and generouſly owns the Whore, --- Not poorly adds the the nauſeous ſin of Jilting to't: That I could have born, at leaſt commended ; but this can never Pardon ; at worſt then the world had ſaid her Paſſion had undone her, ſhe lov'd, and Love at worſt is worthy of pity. No, no, *Mertilla*, I forgive your Love, but never can your poor diſſimulation. One drives you but from the Heart you value not, but t'other to my eternal contempt. One deprives me but of thee *Mertilla*, but t'other intitles me to a beauty more ſurprizing, renders thee no part of me ; and ſo leaves the

the Lover free to *Silvia*, without the Brother.

Thus my excellent Maid I have ſent you the ſenſe and truth of my Soul, in an affair you have often hinted to me, and I take no pleaſure to remember; I hope you will at leaſt think my averſion reaſonable; and that being thus undiſputably freed from all obligations to *Mertilla* as a Husband, I may be permitted to lay claim to *Silvia*, as a Lover, and marry my ſelf more effectually by my everlaſting Vows, than the Prieſt by his common method could do to any other Woman leſs beloved, there being no other way at preſent left by Heaven, to render me *Silvia's*

Eternal happy Lover, and
PHILANDER.

I die to ſee you.

To *Silvia.*

WHen I had ſealed the inclоſed, *Brilliard* told me you were this Morning come from *Belſont*, and with infinite impatience have expected ſeeing you here; which defer'd my ſending this to the old place; and I am ſo vain (Oh adorable *Silvia!*) as to believe my fancied ſilence has given you diſquiets; but ſure my *Silvia*, could not charge me with neglect; no, ſhe knows my Soul, and lays it all on chance, or ſome ſtrange accident, ſhe knows no buſineſs could divert me. No, were the Nation ſinking, the great Senate of the World conſounded, our Glorious Deſigns betray'd and ruined, and the vaſt City all in flame; like *Nero* unconcern'd I

wou'd

wou'd ſing my everlaſting Song of Love to *Silvia*; which no time or Fortune ſhall untune. I know my Soul, and all its ſtrength, and how it is fortified, the charming *Idea* of my young *Silvia* will for ever remain there; the original may fade, time may render it leſs fair, leſs blooming in my Arms, but never in my Soul; I ſhall find thee there the ſame gay glorious creature that firſt ſurpriſed and enſlaved me, believe me, raviſhing Maid I ſhall. Why then, Oh why, my cruel *Silvia!* are my joys delayed? Why am I by your rigorous commands kept from the ſight of my Heaven, my eternal bliſs? An age my fair Tormentor's paſt; four tedious live long days are numbered o're, ſince I beheld the object of my laſting Vows, my eternal wiſhes, how can you think, Oh unreaſonable

Silvia ! that I could live ſo long without you, and yet I am alive I find it by my pain, by torment of fears and jealouſies inſupportable; I languiſh and go downward to the Earth, where you will ſhortly ſee me laid without your recalling mercy; 'tis true I move about this unregarded world, appear every day in the great Senate-Houſe at Clubs, Cabals, and private Conſultations (for *Silvia* knows all the buſineſs of my Soul, even its Politicks of State as well as Love) I ſay I appear indeed, and give my Voice in publick buſineſs; but oh my Heart more kindly is imployed that, and my Thoughts are *Silvia*'s ! Ten thouſand times a day I breath that name, my buſie Fingers are eternally tracing out thoſe Six myſtick Letters; a thouſand ways on every thing I touch for

form words, and make them ſpeak a Thouſand things, and all are *Silvia* ſtill; my melancholy change is evident to all that ſee me, which they interpret many miſtaken ways; our Party fancy I repent my League with them, and doubting I'le betray the Cauſe, grow jealous of me, till by new Oaths, new Arguments I confirm them, then they ſmile all, and cry I am in Love; and this they would believe, but that they ſee all Women that I meet or converſe with are indifferent to me, and ſo can fix it no where; for none can gueſs it *Silvia*; thus while I dare not tell my Soul, no not even to *Ceſario*, the ſtifled flame burns inward, and torments me ſo, that (unlike the thing I was) I fear *Silvia* will loſe her Love, and Lover too; for thoſe few Charms ſhe ſaid I had, will

fade, and this fatal diſtance will deſtroy both Soul and Body too; my very reaſon will abandon me, and I ſhall rave to ſee thee; reſtore me, Oh reſtore me then to *Bellfont*, happy *Bellfont*, ſtill bleſt with *Silvia*'s preſence! Permit me, Oh permit me into thoſe ſacred Shades, where I have been ſo often (too innocently) bleſt! Let me ſurvey again the dear Characters of *Silvia* on the ſmooth Birch; Oh when ſhall I ſit beneath thoſe Boughs, gazing on the young Goddeſs of the Grove, hearing her ſigh for Love; touching her glowing ſmall white hands, beholding her killing Eyes languiſh, and her Charming boſom riſe and fall with ſhort-breath'd uncertain breath; breath as ſoft and ſweet as the reſtoring breeze that glides o're the new-blown Flowers: But oh what is it? what

Heaven

Heaven of Perfumes, when it inclines to the raviſht *Philander*, and whiſpers Love, it dare not name aloud?

What power with-holds me then from ruſhing on thee, from preſſing thee with Kiſſes; folding thee in my tranſported Arms, and following all the dictates of Love without reſpect or Awe! What is it, Oh my *Silvia* can detain a Love ſo violent and raving, and ſo wild; admit me ſacred Maid, admit me again to thoſe ſoft delights; that I may find, if poſſible, what Divinity (envious of my bliſs) checks my eager joys; my raging flame; while you too make an experiment (worth the Trial) what 'tis makes *Silvia* deny her

Impatient Adorer

PHILANDER.

My Page is ill, and I am obliged to truſt Brilliard *with theſe to the dear Cottage of their Rendevouz; ſend me your Opinion of his fidelity: and ah! remember I die to ſee you.*

To *Philander.*

NOt yet? -- Not yet? Oh ye dull tedious Hours, when will you glide away? and bring that happy moment on, in which I ſhall at leaſt hear from my *Philander*; Eight and Forty tedious ones are paſt; and I am here forgotten ſtill; Forlorn, impatient, reſtleſs every where; not one of all your little moments (ye undiverting hours) can afford me repoſe; I drag ye on, a heavy Load; I count ye all, and bleſs ye when you are gone; but tremble at the approaching ones, and with a dread expect you; and nothing willing will divert me now; my Couch is tireſome, and my Glaſs is vain; my Books are dull, and converſation inſupportable; the Grove affords me no relief; nor even

even thoſe Birds to whom I have ſo often breath'd *Philander's* name, they ſing it on their perching Boughs; no nor the reviewing of his dear Letters, can bring me any eaſe. Oh what Fates is reſerv'd for me! for thus I cannot live; nor ſurely thus I ſhall not die. Perhaps *Philander's* making a trial of Vertue by this ſilence. Purſue it, call up all your reaſon my lovely Brother to your aid, let us be wiſe and ſilent, let us try what that will do towards the cure of this too infectious flame; let us, Oh let us, my Brother ſit down here, and purſue the crime of Loving on no further. Call me Siſter.-- *Swear* I am ſo, and nothing but your *Siſter*: and forbear, Oh forbear, my Charming Brother to purſue me farther with your ſoft bewitching Paſſion; let me alone, let me be ruin'd with Honour, if

I muſt be ruin'd.--For oh! 'twere much happier I were no more than that I ſhould be more than *Philander*'s Siſter; or he than *Silvia*'s Brother: Oh let me ever call you by that cold name, till that of Lover be forgotten:--- Ha!-- Methinks on the ſuddain a fit of Vertue informs my Soul, and bids me ask you for what ſin of mine, my Charming Brother you ſtill purſue a Maid that cannot fly: Ungenerous and unkind! Why did you take advantage of thoſe Freedoms I gave you as a Brother? I ſmil'd on you, and ſometimes kiſt you too;-- But for my Siſters ſake, I play'd with you, ſuffer'd your Hands and Lips to wander where I dare not now; all which I thought a Siſter might allow a Brother, and knew not all the while the Treachery of Love: Oh none, but under

that intimate title of a Brother, could have had the opportunity to have ruin'd me; that, that betray'd me: I play'd away my Heart at a Game I did not understand; nor knew I when 'twas loſt, by degrees ſo ſubtil, and an authority ſo lawful, you won me out of all. Nay then too, even when all was loſt, I would not think it Love. I wonder'd what my ſleepleſs Nights, my waking eternal thoughts, and ſlumbring Viſions of my lovely Brother meant: I wonder'd why my Soul was continually filled with wiſhes and new deſires; and ſtill concluded 'twas for my Siſter all, till I diſcover'd the cheat by jealouſie; for when my Siſter hung upon your neck, kiſt, and careſt that face that I ador'd, Oh how I found my Colour change, my Limbs all trembled, and my blood inrag'd,

and

and I could ſcarce forbear reproaching you: Or crying out, Oh why this fondneſs Brother? Sometimes you perceived my concern, at which you'd ſmile; for you who had been before in Love, (a curſe upon the fatal time) could gueſs at my diſorder; then wou'd you turn the wanton play on me: When ſullen with my jealouſie and the cauſe, I fly your ſoft imbrace, yet wiſh you wou'd purſue and overtake me, which you ne're fail'd to do, where after a kind quarrel all was pardon'd, and all was well again: While the poor injur'd innocent my Siſter, made her ſelf ſport at our deluſive Wars; ſtill I was ignorant, till you in a moſt fatal hour inform'd me I was a Lover. Thus was it with my heart in thoſe bleſt days of innocence; thus it was won and loſt; nor can all my

my ſtars in Heaven prevent, I doubt prevent my ruin. Now you are ſure of the fatal conqueſt, you ſcorn the trifling Glory, you are ſilent now; Oh I am inevitably loſt, or with you, or without you: And I find by this little ſilence and abſence of yours, that 'tis moſt certain I muſt either die or be *Philander*'s.

SILVIA.

If Dorillus *come not with a Letter, or that my Page whom I have ſent to his Cottage for one, bring it not, I cannot ſupport my Life; for Oh* Philander, *I have a Thouſand wild diſtracting fears, knowing how you are involv'd in the Intereſt you have eſpouſed with the young* Cæſario: *how danger ſurrounds you, how your life and glory depends on the frail ſecreſie of Villains and Rebels: Oh give me leave to fear eternally your fame and life, if not your Love; if* Silvia *could command,* Philander *ſhould be Loyal as he's Noble; and what generous Maid would not ſuſpect his Vows to a Miſtreſs who breaks 'em with his Prince and Maſter; Heaven preſerve you and your Glory.*

To

To *Philander.*

ANother Night, Oh Heavens, and yet no Letter come! Where are you, my *Philander*? What happy place contains you! if in Heaven, why does not ſome poſting Angel bid me haſte after you? if on Earth, why does not ſome little God of Love bring the grateful tidings on his painted Wings! if ſick, why does not my own fond Heart by ſympathy inform me? but that is all active, vigorous, wiſhing, impatient of delaying, ſilence, and buſie in imagination; if you are falſe, if you have forgotten your poor believing and diſtracted *Silvia*, why does not that kind Tyrant Death, that meager welcome Viſion of the deſpairing, old and wretched, approach in dead of Night, approach

roach my reſtleſs Bed, and tole the diſmal tidings in my frighted liſtning Ears, and ſtrike me for ever ſilent; lay me for ever quiet, loſt to the world, loſt to my faithleſs Charmer! But if a ſenſe of Honour in you, has made you reſolve to prefer mine before your Love, made you take up a noble fatal reſolution never to tell me more of your Paſſion; this were a Trial, I fear my fond Heart wants courage to bear; or is it a trick, a cold fit only aſſum'd to try how much I love you? I have no Arts Heaven knows, no guile or double meaning in my ſoul, 'tis all plain native ſimplicity, fearful and timerous as Children in the Night, trembling as Doves purſued; born ſoft by Nature, and made tender by Love; What, Oh! what will become of me then? Yet wou'd I were confirmed

med in all my fears: For as I am, my condition is yet more deplorable, for I'm in doubt, and doubt is the worſt torment of the Mind: Oh *Philander*, be merciful, and let me know the worſt; do not be cruel while you kill, do it with pity to the wretched *Silvia*; Oh let me quickly know whether you are at all, or are the moſt impatient and unfortunate.

SILVIA.

I rave, I die for ſome Relief.

To *Philander.*

AS I was going to ſend away this encloſed, *Dorillus* came with two Letters; Oh, you cannot think *Philander* with how much reaſon you call me fickle Maid; for could you but imagine how I am tormentingly divided, how unreſolved between violent Love, and cruel Honour, You would ſay 'twere impoſſible to fix me any where; or be the ſame thing for a moment together: There is not a ſhort hour paſt through the ſwift hand of, Time, ſince I was all deſpairing, raging Love, jealous, fearful and impatient; and now, now that your fond Letters have diſpers'd thoſe Dœmons, thoſe tormenting Councellers, and given a little reſpit, a little tranquility

lity of my Soul; like States luxurious grown with eaſe, it ungratefully rebels againſt the Sovereign power that made it great and happy; and now that Traytor Honour heads the mutineers within; Honour whom my late mighty fears had almoſt famiſht and brought to nothing, warm'd and reviv'd by thy new proteſted flame, makes war againſt Almighty Love! And I, who but now nobly reſolved for Love, by an inconſtancy natural to my Sex, or rather my fears, am turn'd over to Honour's ſide: So the deſpairing man ſtands on the Rivers Bank, deſigned to plunge into the rapid ſtream, till Coward-fear ſeizing his timerous Soul, he views around once more the flowery Plains, and looks with wiſhing Eyes back to the Groves, then ſighing ſtops, and cries I was

too

too raſh, forſakes the dangerous ſhore, and haſtes away. Thus indiſcreet was I, was all for Love, fond and undoing Love! But when I ſaw it with full Tide flow in upon me, one glance of Glorious Honour, makes me again retreat. I will -- I am reſolved --- And muſt be brave! I cannot forget, I am Daughter to the great *Beralti*, and Siſter to *Mertilla*, a yet unſpotted Maid, fit to produce a race of Glorious Hero's! and can *Philander*'s Love ſet no higher value on me than baſe poor proſtitution? Is that the price of his Heart? -- Oh how I hate thee now! or would to Heaven I could. --- Tell me not, thou charming Beguiler, that *Mertilla* was to blame; was it a fault in her, and will it be vertue in me; and can I believe the crime that made her loſe your Heart, will

will make me Miſtreſs of it? No if by any action of hers, the noble Houſe of the *Beralti* be diſhonoured, by all the Actions of my Life it ſhall receive Additions of Luſter and Glory! nor will I think *Mertilla*'s Vertue leſſened for your miſtaken opinion of it, and ſhe may be as much in vain purſued perhaps, by the Prince *Cæſario* as *Silvia* ſhall be by the young *Philander*; the envying world talks loud 'tis true, but oh if all were true that buſie Babler ſays, what Lady has her fame? What Husband is not a Cuckold? Nay and a friend to him that made him ſo? And it is in vain, my too ſubtle Brother, you think to build the Trophies of your Conqueſts on the ruin of both *Mertilla*'s fame and mine; Oh how dear would your inglorious paſſion coſt the great

great unfortunate Houſe of the *Beralti*, while you poorly ruin the fame of *Mertilla* to make way to the Heart of *Silvia*! Remember, Oh remember once your Paſſion was as violent for *Mertilla*, and all the Vows, Oaths, Proteſtations, Tears and Prayers you make and pay at my feet, are but the faint Repetitions, the feeble Eccho's of what you ſigh't out at hers. Nay like young *Paris*, fled with the fair Prize; your fond, your eager Paſſion made it a Rape: Oh perfidious! -- Let me not call it back to my remembrance. --- Oh let me die rather than call to mind a time ſo fatal; when the lovely falſe *Philander* vowed his Heart, his faithleſs heart away, to any Maid but *Silvia*: --- Oh let it not be poſſible for me to imagine his dear Arms ever graſped any body with joy but *Silvia*!

-- And

And yet they did, with Tranſports of Love! Yes, yes, you loved! by Heaven you loved this falſe, this perfidious *Mertilla*; for falſe ſhe is; you loved her, and I'll have it ſo; nor ſhall the Sifter in me plead her Cauſe. She is falſe beyond all Pardon; for you are beautiful as Heaven it ſelf can render you, a ſhape exactly formed, not too low, nor too tall, but made to beget ſoft deſire and everlaſting wiſhes in all that look on you; but your face! your lovely face! inclining to round, large piercing languiſhing black Eyes, delicate proportioned Noſe, charming dimpled Mouth, plump read Lips, inviting and ſwelling white Teeth, ſmall and even, fine Complexion, and a beautiful Turn! All which you had an Art to order in ſo ingaging a manner that it charmed all the beholders, both Sexes were undone

undone with looking on you; and I have heard a witty man of your Party ſwear your face gained more to the League and Aſſociation than the Cauſe, and has curſt a Thouſand times the falſe *Mertilla*, for preferring *Cæſario* (leſs beautiful) to the adorable *Philander*; to add to this, Heav'n! how you ſpoke, when e're you ſpoke of Love! in that you far ſurpaſt the young *Cæſario*! as young as he, almoſt as great and glorious; Oh perfidious *Mertilla*. Oh falſe, Oh fooliſh and ingrate!--that you abandoned her was juſt, ſhe was not worth retaining in your heart, nor could be worth defending with your Sword; --But grant her falſe; Oh *Philander!* How does her perfidy intitle you to me? Falſe as ſhe is, you ſtill are married to her; inconſtant as ſhe is, ſhe is ſtill your Wife; and no breach

Breach of the Nuptial Vow can unty the fatal Knot; and that is a Myſtery to common Senſe; ſure ſhe was born for miſchief, and Fortune when ſhe gave her you, deſigned the ruin of us all; but moſt particularly

The Unfortunate

SILVIA.

To *Silvia.*

MY Souls eternal joy, my *Silvia*! what have you done, and oh how durſt you, knowing my fond Heart, try it with ſo fatal a ſtroke? what means this ſevere Letter? and why ſo eagerly at this time? Oh the day! Is *Mertilla*'s Vertue ſo defended? Is it a queſtion now whether ſhe is falſe or not? Oh poor, Oh frivolous excuſe! you love me not, By all that is good you love me not; to try your power you have flatter'd and feigned, Oh Woman! falſe Charming Woman! you have undone me, I rave, and ſhall commit ſuch extravagance that will ruin both: I muſt upbraid you, fickle and inconſtant, I muſt, and this diſtance will not ſerve,

'tis too great; my reproaches loſe their force; I burſt with reſentment with injur'd Love and you are either the moſt faithleſs of your Sex, or the moſt malicious and tormenting: Oh I am paſt tricks, my *Silvia*, your little arts might do well in a beginning flame; but to a ſettled Fire that is arrived to the higheſt degree, it does but damp its fierceneſs, and inſtead of drawing me on, would leſſen my eſteem, if any ſuch deceit were capable to harbour in the Heart of *Silvia*; but ſhe is all Divine, and I am miſtaken in the meaning of what ſhe ſays. Oh my Adorable, think no more on that dull falſe thing a Wife; let her be baniſht thy thoughts, as ſhe is my Soul; let her never appear though but in a Dream, to fright our ſolid Joys, or true Happineſs; no, let us look forward

to

to Pleaſures vaſt and unconfined, to coming Tranſports, and leave all behind us that contributes not to that Heaven of Bliſs: Remember, Oh *Silvia*, that five tedious days are paſt ſince I ſigh'd at your dear feet; and five days to a Man ſo madly in Love as your *Philander*, is a tedious Age; 'tis now ſix a Clock in the Morning, *Brilliard* will be with you by Eight, and by Ten I may have your permiſſion to ſee you, and then I need not ſay how ſoon I will preſent my ſelf before you at *Bellfont*; for Heavens ſake, my eternal Bleſſing, if you deſign me this Happineſs, contrive it ſo, that I may ſee no body that belongs to *Bellfont*, but the fair, the lovely *Silvia*; for I muſt be more moments with you, than will be convenient to be taken notice of, leſt

they ſuſpect our buſineſs to be Love, and that diſcovery, yet, may ruin us. Oh! I will delay no longer, my Soul is impatient to ſee you, I cannot live another Night without it; I die, by Heaven, I languiſh for the appointed Hour; you will believe when you ſee my languid Face, and dying Eyes, how much and great a ſufferer in Love I am.

My Soul's Delight, you may perhaps deny me from your fear; but oh, do not, though I ask a mighty Bleſſing; *Silvia*'s Company alone, ſilent, and perhaps by dark:-- Oh though I faint with the thought only of ſo bleſt an opportunity, yet you ſhall ſecure me, by what Vows, what Imprecations or ties you pleaſe; bind my buſie Hands, blind my raviſhed Eyes, command my Tongue, do what you will; but let me hear

your

your Angel's Voice, and have the tranſported joy of throwing my ſelf at your feet; and if you pleaſe give me leave (A man condemned eternally to Love) to plead a little for my Life and paſſion; let me remove your fears; and tho that mighty Task never make me intirely happy, at leaſt it will be a great ſatisfaction to me to know, that 'tis not through my own fault that I am the

Moſt Wretched

PHILANDER.

I have ordered Brilliard *to wait your commands at* Dorillus's *Cottage, that he may not be ſeen at* Bellfont: *Reſolve to ſee me to Night, or I ſhall come without order, and injure both: My dear damn'd Wife is diſpoſed of at a Ball* Cæſario *makes to Night; the opportunity will be lucky, not that I fear her jealouſie, but the effects of it,*

To *Philander.*

I Tremble with the apprehenſion of what you ask: How ſhall I comply with your fond deſires? My Soul bodes ſome dire effect of this bold Enterprize, for I muſt own (and bluſh while I do own it) that my Soul yields obedience to your ſoft Requeſt, and even whilſt I read your Letter, was diverted with the contrivance of ſeeing you; For though as my Brother you have all the freedoms imaginable at *Bellfont* to entertain and walk with me, yet it would be difficult and prejudicial to my Honour, to receive you alone any where without my Siſter, and cauſe a ſuſpicion, which all about me now are very far from conceiving, except *Melinda*, my

my faithful Confident, and too fatal Councellor; and but for this fear, I know my charming Brother, three little Leagues ſhould not five long days ſeparate *Philander* from his *Silvia*: But my lovely Brother, ſince you beg it ſo earneſtly, and my Heart conſents ſo eaſily, I muſt pronounce my own Doom, and ſay, Come my *Philander*, whither Love or ſoft Deſire invites you; and take this direction in the management of this mighty Affair. I would have you as ſoon as this comes to your hands, to haſte to *Dorillus*'s Cottage, without your Equipage, only *Brilliard*, whom I believe you may truſt both from his own diſcretion, and your vaſt bounties to him; wait there till you receive my Commands, and *I* will retire betimes to my Apartment, pretending not to be well; and

as ſoon as the Evenings obſcurity will permit, *Melinda* ſhall let you in at the *Garden Gate*, that is next the *Grove*, unſeen and unſuſpected; but oh thou powerful Charmer, have a care, *I* truſt you with my All: My dear, dear, my precious Honour, guard it well; for oh *I* fear my Forces are too weak to ſtand your Shock of Beauties; you have Charms enough to juſtify my yielding; but yet by Heaven, *I* would not for an Empire: But what is dull Empire to Almighty Love? The God ſubdues the Monarch; 'tis to your ſtrength *I* truſt, for *I* am a feeble Woman; a Virgin quite diſarm'd by two fair Eyes, an Angel's Voice and form; but yet *I'll* die before *I'll* yield my Honour; no, though curunhappy Family have met reproach from the imagined levity of my Siſter; 'tis I'll redeem the bleeding

bleeding Honour of our Family, and my great Parent's Vertues ſhall ſhine in me; I know it, for if it paſſes this Teſt, if I can ſtand this Temptation, I am proof aginſt all the World; but I conjure you aid me if I need it: If *I* incline but in a Languiſhing look, if but a wiſh appear in my Eyes, or *I* betray conſent but in a igh; take not, Oh take not the opportunity, leſt when you have done I grow raging mad, and diſcover all in the wild fit; Oh who would venture on an Enemy with ſuch unequal force? What hardy Fool would hazard all at Sea, that ſees the riſing Storm come rouling on? Who but fond Woman, giddy heedleſs Woman, would thus expoſe her Vertue to Temptation? *I* ſee, *I* know my danger, yet *I* muſt permit it: Love, ſoft bewitching Love will have it ſo, that cannot

deny what my feebler Honour forbids; and though I tremble with fear, yet Love ſuggeſts, it will be an Age to Night: I long for my undoing; for oh I cannot ſtand the batteries of your Eyes and Tongue; theſe fears, theſe conflicts I have a Thouſand times a day, it is pitiful ſometimes to ſee me, on one hand a Thouſand *Cupids* all gay and ſmiling preſent *Philander* with all the Beauties of his Sex, with all the ſoftneſs in his looks and language thoſe Gods of Love can inſpire, with all the Charms of Youth adorned, bewitching all, and all tranſporting; on the other hand, a poor loſt Virgin languiſhing and undone, ſighing her willing rape to the deaf ſhades and Fountains; filling the Woods with cries, ſwelling the murmuring Rivulets with Tears, her noble Parents with a

generous

generous Rage reviling her, and her betrayed Sister, loading her bow'd Head with Curses and Reproaches; and all about her looking forlorn and sad. Judge, Oh judge my adorable Brother, of the vastness of the Courage and Passion, when even this deplorable prospect cannot defend me from the resolution of giving you admittance into my Aparment this Night, nor shall ever drive you from the Soul of your

SILVIA

To

To *Silvia.*

I Have obeyed my *Silvia's* dear Commands, and the Dictates of my own impatient Soul; as ſoon as I received them, I immediately to Horſe for *Bellfont*, tho' I knew I ſhould not ſee my Adorable *Silvia* till Eight or Nine at Night; but oh 'tis wondrous pleaſure to be ſo much more near my eternal Joy; I wait at *Dorillus's* Cottage the tedious approaching Night that muſt ſhelter me in its kind Shades, and conduct me to a pleaſure I faint but with imagining; 'tis now my Lovely Charmer Three a Clock, and Oh how many tedious hours I am to languiſh here before the bleſſed One arrive! I know you Love, my *Silvia*, and therefore muſt gueſs

gueſs at ſome part of my Torment, which yet is mixt with a certain trembling Joy not to be imagined by any but *Silvia*, who ſurely loves *Philander*; if there be truth in Beauty, faith in Youth, ſhe ſurely loves him much, and much more above her Sex ſhe is capable of Love, by how much more her Soul is formed of a ſofter and more delicate Compoſition, by how much more her Wit's refined and elevated above her duller Sex, and by how much more ſhe is obliged; if Paſſion can claim Paſſion in return, ſure no Beauty was ever ſo much indebted to a Slave, as *Silvia* to *Philander*; none ever lov'd like me: Judge then my pains of Love, my Joys, my Fears, my Impatience and Deſires; and call me to your ſacred preſence with all the ſpeed of Love, and as ſoon as it is duskiſh, imagine me

in

in the Meadow behind the Grove till when think me imploy'd in eternal thoughts of *Silvia*; reſtleſs, and talking to the Trees of *Silvia*, ſighing her charming Name, circling with folded Arms my panting Heart, (that beats and trembles the more, the nearer it approaches the happy *Bellfont*) and fortifying the feeble trembler againſt a ſight ſo raviſhing and ſurprizing; I fear to be ſuſtain'd with Life; but if I faint in *Silvia*'s Arms, it will be happier far than all the Glories of Life without her.

Send my Angel ſomething from you to make the Hours leſs tedious; conſider me, love me, and be as impatient as I, that you may the ſooner find at your feet your everlaſting Lover

PHILANDER

From Dorillus's *Cottage.*

To

To *Philander.*

I Have at laſt recovered ſenſe enough to tell you, I have received your Letter by *Dorillus*, and which had like to have been diſcover'd; for he prudently enough put it under the Strawberries he brought me in a Basket, fearing he ſhould get no other opportunity to have given it me; and my Mother ſeeing them look ſo fair and freſh, ſnatcht the Baſket with a greedineſs I have not ſeen in her before; while ſhe was calling to her Page for a Porcellane Diſh to put them out, *Dorillus* had opportunity to hint to me what lay at the bottom: Heavens! had you ſeen my diſorder and confuſion; what ſhould I do? Love had not one invention in ſtore,

ſtore, and here it was that all the ſubtilty of Women abandoned me. Oh Heavens, how cold and pale I grew, leſt the moſt important buſineſs of my Life ſhould be betrayed and ruined! But not to terrify you longer with fears of my danger, the Diſh came, and out the Strawberries were pour'd, and the Basket thrown aſide on the Bank where my Mother ſat (for we were in the Garden when we met accidentally *Dorillus* firſt with the Basket) there were ſome Leaves of Fern put at the bottom between the Basket and Letter, which by good fortune came not out with the Strawberries, and after a Minute or two, I took up the Basket, and walking careleſly up and down the Garden, gathered here and there a Flower, Pinks and Jeſſamine, and filling my Basket, ſat down again till my Mother

Mother had eat her fill of the Fruit, and gave me an opportunity to retire to my Apartment, where opening the Letter, and finding you ſo near, and waiting to ſee me, I had certainly ſunk down on the Floor had not *Melinda* ſupported me, who was only by ; ſomething ſo new, and till now ſo ſtrange, ſeized me at the thought of ſo ſecret an interview, that I loſt all my ſenſes, and Life, wholly departing, I reſted on *Melinda* without breath or motion ; the violent effects of Love and Honour, the impetuous meeting Tides of the extreams of Joy and Fear, ruſhing on too ſuddenly overwhelmed my ſenſes ; and it was a pretty while before I recovered ſtrength to get to my Cabinet, where a ſecond time I opened your Letter, and read it again with a Thouſand changes of Countenance

tenance; my whole Mass of Blood was in that moment so discomposed, that I changed from an Ague to a Fever, several times in a Minute; Oh what will all this bring me to? And where will the raging fit end? I die with that thought, my guilty Pen slackens in my trembling Hand, and I languish and fall over the unimployed Paper;--- Oh help me some *Divinity*,-- Or if you did,-- *I* fear *I* should be angry: Oh *Philander*, a Thousand Passions and distracted thoughts crowd to get out, and make their soft Complaints to thee; but oh they lose themselves with mixing; they are blended in a confusion together, and Love nor Art can divide them, to deal them out in order; somtimes I would tell you of my Joy at your Arrival, and my unspeakable Transports at the thought of seeing

ing you ſo ſoon, that I ſhall hear your charming Voice, and find you at my feet making ſoft Vows anew, with all the Paſſion of an impatient Lover, with all the eloquence that ſighs and cries, and tears from thoſe lovely can expreſs, and ſure that is enough to conquer any where, and to which courſe vulgar Words are dull. The Rhetorick of Love is half-breath'd, interrupted words, languiſhing Eyes, flattering Speeches, broken Sighs, preſſing the Hand, and falling Tears: Ah how do they not perſwade, how do they not charm and conquer; 'twas thus with theſe ſoft eaſy Arts, that *Silvia* firſt was won; for ſure no Arts of ſpeaking could have talked my Heart away, though you can ſpeak like any God: Oh whither am I driven? What do I ſay? Twas not my purpoſe, not my buſineſs here, to give a character

of

of *Philander*, no nor to ſpeak of Love; but oh like *Cowley*'s Lute, my Soul will ſound to nothing but to Love: talk what you will, begin what Diſcourſe you pleaſe, I end it all in Love, becauſe my Soul is ever fixt on *Philander*, and inſenſibly its bias leads to that Subject; no, I did not when I began to write, think of ſpeaking one word of my own weakneſs; but to have told you with what reſolv'd Courage, Honour and Vertue, I expect your coming; and ſure ſo ſacred a thing as Love was not made to ruin theſe, and therefore in vain my lovely Brother you will attempt it; and yet, Oh Heavens, *I* give a private Aſſignation, in my Apartment, alone and at night; where ſilence, Love and Shades are all your friends, where opportunity obliges your Paſſion, while Heaven knows,

not

not one of all theſe, nor any kind power is friend to me; *I* ſhall be left to you, and all theſe Tyrants, expoſed without other Guards than this boaſted Vertue, which had need be wonderous to reſiſt all theſe powerful Enemies of its purity and repoſe: Alas *I* know not its ſtrength, *I* never tried it yet; and this will be the firſt time it has ever been expoſed to your Power; the firſt time *I* ever had courage to meet you as a Lover, and let you in by ſtealth, and put my ſelf unguarded into your hands; Oh *I* die with the apprehenſion of approaching danger; and yet *I* have not power to retreat; *I* muſt on, Love compels me, Love holds me faſt; the ſmiling flatterer promiſes a Thouſand joys, a Thouſand Raviſhing Minutes of delight; all innocent and harmleſs as his Mothers Doves:

But

But oh they bill and kiſs, and do a Thouſand things *I* muſt forbid *Philander*; for *I* have often heard him ſay with ſighs, that his Complexion rendered him leſs capable of the ſoft play of Love, than any other Lover: *I* have ſeen him fly my very touches, yet ſwear they were the greateſt joy on Earth: *I* tempt him even with my looks from Vertue; and when *I* ask the Cauſe, or cry he is cold, he vows 'tis becauſe he dares not endure my Temptations; ſays his Blood runs hotter and fiercerin his Veins than any others does; nor has the oft repeated joys reap'd in the Marriage Bed, any thing abated that which he wiſht, but he fear'd would ruin me: Thus, thus whole days we have ſat and gaz'd and ſigh'd; but durſt not truſt our Vertues with fond Dalliance.

My

My Page is come to tell me that Madam the Dutcheſs of --- is come to *Bellfont*, and I am obliged to quit my Cabinet, but with infinite regret, being at preſent much more to my Soul's content imployed; but Love muſt ſometimes give place to *Devoir*, and reſpect. *Dorillus* too waits, and tells *Melinda*, he will not depart without ſomething for his Lord, to entertain him till the happy hour. The Ruſtick pleaſed me with the concern he had for my *Philander*; Oh my Charming Brother, you have an Art to tame even Salvages, a Tongue that would charm and ingage wildneſs it ſelf, to ſoftneſs and gentleneſs, and give the rough unthinking Love; 'tis a tedious time to night, how ſhall I paſs the Hours?

To *Silvia.*

SAY fond Love, whither wilt thou lead me? Thou haſt brought me from the noiſy Hurries of the Town, to Charming ſolitude; from crowded Cabals, where mighty things are reſolving, to lonely Groves; to thy own Abodes where thou dwelleſt; gay and pleaſed amongſt the Rural Swains in ſhady homely Cottages; thou haſt brought me to a Grove of Flowers, to the brink of Purling Streams, where thou haſt laid me down to contemplate on *Silvia*, to think my tedious hours away in the ſofteſt imagination a Soul inſpir'd by Love can conceive, to increaſe my Paſſion by every thing I behold; for every ſound that meets the ſenſe is thy proper Muſick;

ſick, Oh Love, and every thing inſpires thy Dictates; the Winds a round me blow ſoft, and mixing with wanton Boughs, continually play and kiſs; while thoſe, like a coy Maid in Love reſiſt, and comply by Turns; they like a raviſht, vigorous Lover, ruſh on with a tranſported violence; rudely imbracing its Spring-dreſt Miſtreſs, ruffling her Native Order; while the pretty *Birds* on the dancing Branches inceſſantly make Love; upbraiding duller Man with his defective want of Fire: Man the Lord of all! He to be ſtinted in the moſt valuable joy of Life; Is it not pity? Here is no troubleſome Honour, amongſt the pretty Inhabitants of the Woods and Streams, fondly to give Laws to Nature, but uncontroul'd they play, and ſing, and love; no Parents checking their dear delights,

no ſlaviſh Matrimonial ties to reſtrain their nobler Flame. No ſpies to interrupt their bleſt Appointments; but every little Neſt is free and open to receive the young fletch'd Lover; every Bough is conſcious of their Paſſion, nor do the generous pair Languiſh in tedious Ceremony; but meeting look, and like, and love, imbrace with their wingy Arms, and ſalute with their little opening Bills; this is their Courtſhip; this the amorous Complement, and this only the introduction to all their following happineſs; and thus it is with the Flocks and Herds, while ſcanted Man, born alone for the fatigues of Love, with induſtrious Toil, and all his boaſting Arts of Eloquence, his God-like Image, and his noble Form, may labour on a tedious term of Years, with pain, expence,

and

and hazard, before he can arrive at happineſs, and then too perhaps his Vows are unregarded, and all his Sighs and Tears are vain. Tell me, Oh you Fellow-Lovers; ye amorous, dear Bruits, tell me, when ever you lay Languiſhing beneath your Coverts, thus for your fair She; and durſt not approach for fear of Honour? Tell me, by a gentle Bleat, ye little butting Rams, do you ſigh thus for your ſoft, white Ews? Do you lie thus concealed, to wait the coming Shades of Night, till all the curled Spies are folded? No, no, even you are much more bleſt than Man, who is bound up to Rules, fetter'd by the nice Decencies of Honour.

My divine Maid, Thus were my Thoughts employed, when from the fartheſt end of the Grove, where I now remain; I ſaw *Doril-*

lus approach with thy welcome Letter; he tells you had like to have been surpriſed in making it up; and he received it with much difficulty: Ah *Silvia*, ſhould any accident happen to prevent my ſeeing you to Night, I were undone for ever, and you muſt expect to find me ſtretch'd out, dead, and cold under this Oak, where now I lie Writing on its knotty Root; thy Letter, I confeſs, is dear; it contains thy Soul, and my Happineſs; but this after Story of the Surprize, I long to be informed of, for from thence I may gather part of my Fortune. I rave and die with Fear of a diſappointment; not but I would undergo a thouſand Torments and Deaths for *Silvia*; but oh conſider me, and let me not ſuffer if poſſible; for know my charming Angel, my impatient Heart is almoſt broke,

broke, and will contain it ſelf without being nearer my adorable Maid, without taking in at my Eyes a little comfort, no; I am reſolved; put me not off with tricks, which fooliſh Honour invents to jilt Mankind with; for if you do, By Heaven, I will forget all conſiderations and reſpect, and force my ſelf with all the violence of raging Love, into the preſence of my cruel *Silvia*; own her mine, and raviſh my delight; nor ſhall the happy Walls of *Bellfont* be of ſtrength ſufficient to ſecure her, nay, perſwade me not; for if you make me mad and raving, this will be the effects on't:---Oh pardon me, my ſacred Maid, pardon the wildneſs of my frantick Love --- I pauſed, took a turn or two in the lone path, conſidered what I had ſaid, and found it was too much; too bold, too rude to ap-

proach, my ſoft, my tender Maid: I am calm, my Soul, as thy bewitching Smiles; Huſh, as thy ſecret Sighs, and will reſolve to die rather than offend my adorable Virgin; only ſend me word what you think of my Fate, while I expect it here on this kind Moſſy Bed where I now lie; which I would not quit for a Throne, ſince here I may hope the News may ſooneſt arrive to make me happier than a God! which that nothing on my part may prevent, I here vow in the face of Heaven, I will not abuſe the freedom my *Silvia* bleſſes me with; nor ſhall my Love go beyond the limits of Honour. *Silvia* ſhall command with a frown, and fetter me with a ſmile; preſcribe rules to my longing, raviſht Eyes, and pinion my buſy, fond, roving Hands, and lay at her Feet like a tame Slave, her Adoring

PHILANDER.

To

To *Philander.*

APproach, approach, you ſacred Queen of Night, and bring *Philander* veil'd from all Eyes but mine; Approach at a fond Lovers call, behold how I lie panting with expectation, tir'd out with your tedious Ceremony to the God of Day; be kind, Oh lovely Night, and let the Deity deſcend to his beloved *Thetis*'s Arms, and I to my *Philander*'s; The Sun and I muſt ſnatch our joys in the ſame happy Hours; favoured by thee, Oh ſacred, ſilent Night! See, ſee, the inamoured Sun is haſting on apace to his expecting Miſtreſs, while thou dull Night art ſlowly lingring yet. Advance, my Friend! my Goddeſs! and my Confident!

hide all my Bluſhes; all my ſoft Confuſions, my Tremblings, Tranſports, and Eyes all Languiſhing.

Oh *Philander*! a Thouſand things I have done to divert the tedious Hours, but nothing can; all things are dull without thee. I am tired with every thing, impatient to end, as ſoon as I begin them; even the Shades and ſolitary Walks afford me now no eaſe, no ſatisfaction and thought, but afflict me more, that uſed to relieve. And I at laſt have recourſe to my kind Pen: For while I Write, methinks I am talking to thee; I tell thee thus, my Soul, while thou, methinks, art all the while ſmiling and liſtening by; this is much eaſier than ſilent thought, and my Soul is never weary of this converſe; and thus I would ſpeak a Thouſand things,

but

but that ſtill, methinks, words do not enough expreſs my Soul; to underſtand that right, there requires looks; there is a Rhetorick in Looks; in Sighs and ſilent Touches that ſurpaſſes all; there is an Accent in the Sound of Words too, that gives a Senſe and ſoft Meaning to little things, which of themſelves are of trivial value, and inſignificant; and by the Cadence of the Utterance may expreſs a Tenderneſs which their own Meaning does not bear; by this I would inſinuate, that the Story of the Heart cannot be ſo well told by this way, as by Preſence and Converſation; Sure *Philander* underſtands what I mean by this, which poſſibly is nonſenſe to all but a Lover, who apprehends all the little fond prattle of the thing belov'd, and finds an Eloquence in it, that to

a Senſe unconcern'd would appear even approaching to Folly: But *Philander*, who has the true Notions of Love in him, apprehends all that can be ſaid on that dear Subject; to him I venture to ſay any thing, whoſe kind and ſoft imaginations can ſupply all my wants in the deſcription of the Soul: Will it not *Philander*, Anſwer me? --- But oh, where art thou? I ſee thee not, I touch thee not; but when I haſte with tranſport to imbrace thee, 'tis ſhadow all, and my poor Arms return empty to my Boſom; Why, Oh why comeſt thou not? Why art thou cautious, and prudently waiteſt the ſlow-paced Night: Oh cold, Oh unreaſonable Lover why? --- But I grow wild, and know not what I ſay: impatient Love betrays me to a thouſand Follies, a thouſand Raſhneſſes

I die with Shame; but I muſt be undone, and it is no matter how, whether by my own weakneſs, *Philander*'s Charms, or both; I know not, but ſo it is deſtined, --- Oh *Philander*, it is two tedious Hours Love has counted, ſince you writ to me, yet are but a Quarter of a Mile diſtant; What have you been doing all that live-long while? Are you not unkind? Does not *Silvia* lie neglected and unregarded in your Thoughts? Hudled up confuſedly with your graver Buſineſs of State, and almoſt loſt in the ambitious Crowd? Say, ſay my lovely Charmer, Is ſhe not? Does not this fatal Intereſt you eſpouſe? Rival your *Silvia*; Is ſhe not too often removed thence to let in that haughty Tyrant Miſtreſs? Alas *Philander*, I more than fear ſhe is? and oh my Adorable Lo-

ver,

ver, when I look forward on our coming Happineſs, when ever I lay by the thoughts of Honour, and give a looſe to Love; I run not far in the pleaſing Carier, before that dreadful Thought ſtopt me on my way: I have a fatal prophetick Fear, that gives a check to my ſoft purſuit, and tells me that thy unhappy ingagement in this League; this accurſed Aſſociation, will one day undo us both, and part for ever thee and thy unlucky *Silvia*; Yes, yes, my dear Lord; my Soul does preſage an unfortunate event from this dire Ingagement; nor can your falſe reaſoning, your fancied advantages reconcile it to my honeſt, good natur'd Heart; and ſurely the deſign is inconſiſtent with Love, for two ſuch mighty contradictions and Enemies, as Love and Ambition, or Revenge, can never

ver ſure abide in one Soul together, at leaſt Love can but ſhare *Philander*'s Heart; when Blood and Revenge (which he miſcalls Glory) rivals it, and has poſſibly the greateſt part in it; Methinks, this Notion inlarges in me, and every word I ſpeak, and every Minutes thought of it, ſtrengthens its reaſon to me; and give me leave (while I am full of the Jealouſy of it) to expreſs my Sentiments, and lay before you thoſe Reaſons, that Love and I think moſt ſubſtantial ones; what you have hitherto deſired of me, Oh unreaſonable *Philander*; and what (I out of Modeſty and Honour denied) I have reaſon to fear (from the abſolute conqueſt you have made of my Heart) that ſome time or other the charming Thief may break in aud rob me of; for Fame and Vertue Love

begins

begins to laugh at. My dear unfortunate Condition being thus, it is not impoſſible, Oh *Philander*, but I may one Day in ſome unlucky Hour, in ſome ſoft, bewitching Moment, in ſome ſpightful, critical, raviſhing Minute, yield all to the Charming *Philander*; and if ſo, Where, Oh where is my ſecurity, that I ſhall not be abandoned by the lovely Victor? For it is not your Vows which you call ſacred (and I alas believe ſo) that can ſecure me, tho I, Heaven knows believe them all, and am undone; you may keep them all too, and I believe you will; but oh *Philander* in theſe fatal circumſtances you have ingaged your ſelf in; Can you ſecure me my Lover? Your Proteſtations you may; but not the dear Proteſtor. Is it not enough, Oh *Philander*, for my eternal unquiet, and undoing

to

to know that you are married, and cannot therefore be intirely mine; Is not this enough, Oh cruel *Philander*? But you must espouse a fatal Cause too, more pernicious than that of Matrimony, and more destructive to my Repose: Oh give me leave to reason with you, and since you have been pleased to trust and afflict me with the Secret; which honest, as I am, I will never betray; yet, yet give me leave to urge the danger of it to you, and consequently to me, if you pursue it; when you are with me, we can think and talk, and argue nothing but the mightier Business of Love; and it is fit that I, so fondly, and fatally loved you, should warn you of the danger. Consider, my Lord, you are born Noble, from Parents of untainted Loyalty; blest with a Fortune few Princes beneath Sovereignty

vereignty are Maſters of? bleſt with all gaining Youth, commanding Beauty, Wit, Courage, Bravery of Mind, and all that renders Men eſteemed and adored; What would you more? What is it, Oh my Charming Brother then, that you ſet up for, Is it Glory? Oh miſtaken, lovely Youth, that Glory is but a glittering Light, that flaſhes for a Moment, and then it diſappears; it is a falſe Bravery, that will bring an eternal Blemiſh upon your honeſt Fame and Houſe; render your honourable Name, hated, deteſted, and abominable in Story to after Ages; a Traytor? the worſt of Titles, the moſt inglorious and ſhameful; What has the King, our good, our Gracious Monarch done to *Philander*? How diſobliged him? Or indeed, what injury to Mankind? Who has he oppreſt? Where played

the

the Tyrant, or the Raviſher? What one cruel or angry thing has he committed in all the time of his fortunate and peaceable Reign over us? Whoſe Ox, or whoſe Aſs has he unjuſtly taken? What Orphan wrong'd, or Widows Tears neglected? But all his Life has been one continued Miracle; all good, all gracious, calm and merciful: And this good, this God-like King is mark'd out for ſlaughter, deſigned a Sacrifice to the private revenge of a few ambitious Knaves and Rebels, whoſe pretence is the publick good, and doom'd to be baſely Murder'd; A Murder! even on the worſt of Criminals, carries with it a Cowardiſe ſo black and infamous, as the moſt abject Wretches, the meaneſt ſpirited Creature has an abhorrence for; what to murder a Man unthinking, unwarned, unprepared

prepared and undefended! Oh barbarous! Oh poor and moſt unbrave! What Villain is there loſt to all humanity, to be found upon the face of the Earth, that when done, dare own ſo helliſh a Deed, as the Murder of the meaneſt of his Fellow Subjects, much leſs the ſacred Perſon of the King; The Lord's Anointed; one whoſe awful Face 'tis impoſſible to look without that Reverence wherewith one would behold a God! For 'tis moſt certain, that every Glance from his piercing, wondrous Eyes, begets a trembling Adoration; for my part I ſwear to you, *Philander*, I never approach his Sacred Perſon, but my Heart beats, my Blood runs cold about me, and my Eyes overflow with Tears of Joy, while an awful Confuſion ſeizes me all over; and I am certain ſhould the moſt hard-

hardened of your bloody Rebels look him in the Face; the deviliſh inſtrument of Death would drop from his ſacrilegious Hand, and leave him confounded at the feet of the Royal forgiving Sufferer, his Eyes have in them ſomething ſo fierce, ſo Majeſtick commanding, and yet ſo good and merciful, as would ſoften Rebellion it ſelf into repenting Loyalty; and like *Cajus Marius* ſeem to ſay, ---Who is it dares hurt the King? ---They alone, like his guardian Angels defend his Sacred Perſon; Oh! What pity it is, unhappy young Man, thy Education was not near the King.

'Tis plain, 'tis reaſonable, 'tis honeſt great and glorious to believe, what thy own Senſe (if thou wilt but think and conſider) will Inſtruct thee in, that Treaſon, Rebellion and Murder, are far from the

the Paths that lead to Glory, which are as distant as Hell from Heav'n. What is it then to advance (since I say 'tis plain, Glory is never this way to be atchiev'd) Is it to add more thousands to those, Fortune has already so lavishly bestow'd on you? Oh my *Philander*, that's to double the vast Crime, which reaches already to Damnation: Wou'd your Honour, your Conscience, your Christianity, or common Humanity suffer you to inlarge your Fortunes at the Price of another's ruin; and make the spoils of some honest, noble, unfortunate Family, the Rewards of your Treachery? Would you build your Fame on such a Foundation? Perhaps on the destruction of some Friend or Kinsman. Oh barbarous and mistaken Greatness; Thieves and Robbers would scorn such Outrages, that had but Souls and Sense.

Is it for addition of Titles? What elevation can you have much greater than where you now ſtand fixt? If you do not grow giddy with your fancied falſe hopes, and fall from that glorious height you are already arriv'd to, and which with the honeſt addition of Loyalty, is of far more value and luſtre, than to arrive at Crowns by Blood and Treaſon. This will laſt; to Ages laſt; in Story laſt. While t'oher will be ridicul'd to all poſterity, ſhort liv'd and reproachful here, infamous and accurſed to all Eternity.

Is it to make *Cæſario* King? Oh what is *Cæſario* to my *Philander*? If a Monarchy you deſign; then why not this King, this great, this good, this Royal Forgiver? This who was born a King and born your King; and holds his Crown by right of Nature, by right of Law, by right of Heaven it ſelf; Heaven who has preſerv'd him,

and

and confirm'd him ours, by a thou-
ſand miraculous eſcapes and ſuffer-
ings, and indulged him ours by Ten
thouſand acts of Mercy, and indear-
ed him to us by his wondrous care
and conduct, by ſecuring of Peace,
plenty, eaſe and luxurious Happi-
neſs, o're all the fortunate limits of
his bleſſed Kingdoms; And will you?
Would you deſtroy this wondrous
gift of Heaven? This Godlike King,
this real good we now poſſeſs, for
a moſt uncertain one; and with it
the repoſe of all the happy Nation?
To eſtabliſh a King without Law,
without Right, without Conſent,
without Title, and indeed without
even competent Parts, for ſo vaſt
a Truſt, or ſo glorious a Rule? One
who never obliged the Nation by
one ſingle act of goodneſs, or va-
lour in all the courſe of his Life;
and who never ſignaliz'd either to
the advantage of one Man of all
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the Kingdom: A Prince unfortunate in his Principles and Morals: And whoſe ſole, ſingle Ingratitude to his Majeſty, for ſo many Royal Bounties, Honours, and Glories heap'd upon him, is of its ſelf enough to ſet any honeſt, generous Heart againſt him; What is it bewitches you ſo? Is it his Beauty? Then *Philander* has a greater Title than *Ceſario*; and not one other Merit has he; ſince in Piety, Chaſtity, Sobriety, Charity and Honour; he as little excels, as in Gratitude, Obedience and Loyalty. What then, my dear *Philander*? Is it his weakneſs? Ah, there's the Argument: You all propoſe, and think to govern ſo ſoft a King: But believe me, Oh unhappy *Philander*! Nothing is more ungovernable than a Fool; nothing more obſtinate, wilful, conceited and cunning; and for his gratitude, Let

the

the World judge what he muſt prove to his Servants, who has dealt ſo ill with his Lord and Maſter? How he muſt reward thoſe that preſent him with a Crown, who deals ſo ungraciouſly with him who gave him Life, and who ſet him up an happier object than a Monarch: No, no, *Philander*; he that can cabal, and contrive to dethrone a Father, will find it eaſy to diſcard the wicked and hated inſtruments, that aſſiſted him to mount it; decline him then, Oh fond and deluded *Philander*; decline him early, for you of all the reſt ought to do ſo; and not to ſet a helping hand to load him with Honours, that choſe you out from all the World to load with Infamy: Remember that; remember *Mertilla*, and then renounce him; do not you contribute to the adoring of his unfit Head with a Diadem,

the

the moſt glorious of Ornaments, who unadorn'd yours with the moſt inglorious of all reproaches. Think of this, Oh thou unconſidering, noble Youth; lay thy Hand upon thy generous Heart, and tell it all the fears, all the reaſonings of her that loves thee more than Life, a thouſand Arguments I could bring, but theſe few unſtudied (falling in amongſt my ſofter thoughts) I beg thou wilt accept of, till I can more at large deliver the glorious Argument to your Soul; let this ſuffice to tell thee, that like *Caſſandra*, I rave and propheſy in vain; this Aſſociation will be the eternal Ruin of *Philander*; for let it ſucceed or not, either way thou art undone; if thou purſueſt it, I muſt infallibly fall with thee, if I reſolve to follow thy good or ill Fortune; for you cannot intend Love and Ambition,

Silvia and *Cæsario* at once: No, persuade me not; the Title to one or t'other must be laid down, *Silvia* or *Cæsario* must be abandoned; this is my fixt resolve, if thy too powerful Arguments convince not in spight of reason; for they can do't; thou hast the tongue of an Angel, and the Eloquence of a God, and while I listen to thy Voice, I take all thou sayest for wondrous Sense --- Farewell; about two Hours hence I shall expect you at the Gate that leads into the Garden Grove---Adieu! remember

SILVIA

To

To *Silvia*.

HOW comes my Charming *Silvia* ſo skill'd in the Myſteries of State? Where learnt her tender Heart the Notions of rigid Buſineſs? Where her ſoft Tongue, form'd only for the dear Language of Love, to talk of the concerns of Nations and Kingdoms? 'Tis true, when I gave my Soul away to my dear Councellor, I reſerv'd nothing to my ſelf, not even that ſecret that ſo concern'd my Life, but laid all at her Mercy; my generous Heart could not love at a leſs rate, than to laviſh all, and be undone for *Silvia*; 'tis glorious ruin, and it pleaſes me, if it advance one ſingle joy, or add one demonſtration of my Love to *Silvia*; 'tis not enough that we tell thoſe we love all they love to hear; but one ought

to tell 'em too, every ſecret that we know; and conceal no part of that Heart one has made at preſent to the Perſon one loves; 'tis a Treaſon in Love not to be pardoned; I am ſenſible that when my Story is told (and this happy one of my Love ſhall make up the greateſt part of my Hiſtory) that thoſe that love not like me, will be apt to blame me, and charge me with weakneſs, for revealing ſo great a Truſt to a Woman, and amongſt all that I ſhall do to arrive at Glory, that will brand me feebleneſs; but *Silvia* when Lovers ſhall read it; the Men will excuſe me, and the Maids bleſs me! I ſhall be a fond, admir'd preſident for them to point out to their remiſs reſerving Lovers, who will be reproached for not purſuing my example. I know not what opinion Men generally have of the weakneſs

weakneſs of Women; but 'tis ſure a vulgar error, for were they like my adorable *Silvia!* Had they had her wit, her vivacity of ſpirit, her Courage, her generous Fortitude, her Command in every graceful look and action, they were moſt certainly fit to rule and reign; and Man was only born robuſt and ſtrong, to ſecure them on thoſe Thrones they are formed (by Beauty, Softneſs, and a thouſand Charms which Men want) to poſſeſs. Glorious Woman was born for Command and Dominion; and tho Cuſtom has uſurpt us the name of Rule over all; we from the beginning found our ſelves (in ſpight of all our boaſted prerogative) Slaves and Vaſſals to the Almighty Sex. Take then my ſhare of Empire, ye Gods! And give me Love! Let me toil to gain, but let *Silvia* triumph and

reign, I ask no more than the led ſlave at her Chariot Wheels, to gaze on my Charming Conqueresſ, and wear with joy her Fetters! Oh how proud I ſhould be to ſee the dear Victor of my Soul ſo elevated, ſo adorn'd with Crowns and Scepters at her Feet, which I had won; to ſee her ſmiling on the adoring Crown, diſtributing her Glories to young waiting Princes; there dealing Provinces, and there a Coronet. Heavens! methinks, I ſee the lovely Virgin in this ſtate, her Chariot ſlowly driving through the multitude that preſs to gaze upon her, ſhe dreſt like *Venus*, richly, gay and looſe, her Hair and Robe blown by the flying Winds, diſcovering a houſand Charms to view; thus the young Goddeſs lookt, then when ſhe drove her Chariot down, deſcending Clouds to meet the Love-ſick

God

God in cooling Shades; and ſo would look my *Silvia*! Ah my ſoft, lovely Maid; ſuch thoughts as theſe fir'd me with Ambition: For me. I ſwear by every power that made me love, and made thee wondrous fair; I deſign no more by this great enterprize, than to make thee ſome glorious thing, elevated above what we have ſeen yet on Earth: to raiſe thee above Fate or Fortune, beyond that pity of thy duller Sex, who underſtand not thy Soul, nor can never reach the flights of thy generous Love! No, my Soul's Joy, I muſt not leave thee liable to their little natural Malice and Scorn, to the impertinence of their Reproaches. No, my *Silvia*, I muſt on, the great deſign muſt move forward; though I abandon it, 'twill advance; it is already too far to put a ſtop to it; and now I am en-

tred, it is in vain to retreat, if we are proſperous, it will to all Ages be call'd a glorious Enterprize; but if we fail, it will be baſe, horrid and infamous; for the World judges of nothing but by the ſucceſs; that Cauſe is always good that is proſperous, that is ill that is unſucceſsful. Should I now retreat, I run many hazards; but to go on I run but one; by the firſt I ſhall alarm the whole Cabal with a jealouſy of my diſcovering, and thoſe are Perſons of too great Senſe and Courage, not to take ſome private way of revenge, to ſecure their own Stakes; and to make my ſelf uncertainly ſafe by a diſcovery indeed, were to gain a refuge ſo ignoble, as a Man of Honour would ſcorn to purchaſe life at; not wou'd that baſeneſs ſecure me. But in going on, Oh *Silvia*! When three Kingdoms ſhall lie unpoſſeſt, and be expoſed, as it were,

were, amongſt the raffling Crowd, who knows but the chance may be mine, as well as any others, who has but the ſame hazard, and throw for it? If the ſtrongeſt Sword muſt do it (as that muſt do it) Why not mine ſtill? Why may not mine ſtill? Why may not mine be that fortunate one? *Ceſario* has no more right to it than *Philander*; 'tis true, a few of the Rabble will pretend he has a better title to it, but they are a ſort of eaſy Fools, laviſh in nothing but noiſe and nonſenſe; true to change and inconſtancy, and will abandon him to their own fury for the next that cries Haloo: Neither is there one part of fifty (of the Fools that cry him up) for his Intereſt, tho they uſe him for a Tool to work with, he being the only great Man that wants ſenſe enough to find out the Cheat,

which they dare impoſe upon. Can any body of reaſon believe if they had deſigned him good, they would let him bare fac'd have owned a party ſo oppoſite to all Laws of Natute, Religion, Humanity and common Gratitude? When his Intereſt, if deſigned, might have been carried on better, if he had ſtill diſſembled and ſtayed in Court: No, believe me, *Silvia*, the Politicians ſhew him, to render him odious to all Men of tolerable ſenſe of the party; for what reaſon ſoever they have who are diſobliged (or at leaſt think themſelves ſo) to ſet up for Liberty, the World knows *Ceſario* renders himſelf the worſt of Criminals by it, and has abandoned an Intereſt more glorious and eaſy than Empire to ſide with, and aid People that never did, or ever can oblige him; and he is ſo dull as

to imagine that for his ſake, who never did us ſervice or good (unleſs Cuckolding us be good) We ſhould venture life and fame to pull down a true Monarch, to ſet up his Baſtard over us. *Ceſario* muſt pardon me, if I think his Politicks are ſhallow as his Parts, and that his own Intereſt has undone him; for of what advantage ſoever the deſign may be to us, it really ſhocks one's Nature to find a Son engaged againſt a Father, and to him ſuch a Father: Nor when time comes, ſhall I forget the ruin of *Mertilla*. But let him hope on -- and ſo will I, as do a thouſand more for ought I know; I ſet out as fair as they, and will ſtart as eagerly; if I miſs it now, I have Youth and Vigour ſufficient for another Race, and while I ſtand on Fortunes Wheel as ſhe rouls it round, it may be my turn

to

to be o'th top; for when 'tis ſet in motion, believe me, *Silvia*, it is not eaſily fixt; however let it ſuffice, I am now in, paſt a retreat, and to urge it now to me, is but to put me into inevitable danger; at beſt it can but ſet me where I was; that is worſe than death when every Fool is aiming at a Kingdom; What Man of tolerable Pride and Ambition can be unconcern'd, and not put himſelf into a poſture of catching, when a Diadem ſhall be thrown among the Crowd? It were inſenſibility, ſtupid Dulneſs, not to lift a Hand, or make an effort to ſnatch it as it flies: tho the glorious falling weight ſhould cruſh me, it is great to attempt, and if Fortune do not favour Fools, I have as fair a Graſp for it; as any other adventurer.

This, my *Silvia*, is my Senſe of a buſineſs you ſo much dread; I may riſe,

riſe, but I cannot fall; therefore, my *Silvia*, urge it no more; Love gave me ambition, and do not divert the glorious effects of your wonderous Charms, but let them grow, and ſpread, and ſee what they will produce for my lovely *Silvia*, the advantages will moſt certainly be hers:-- But no more: How came my Love ſo dull to entertain thee ſo many minutes thus with reaſons for an affair, which one ſoft hour with *Silvia* will convince to what ſhe would have it; believe me, it will, I will ſacrifice all to her repoſe, nay, to her leaſt command, even the Life of

(*My Eternal Pleaſure*)

Your PHILANDER.

I have no longer patience, I muſt be coming towards the Grove, tho it will do me no good, more than knowing I am ſo much nearer my Adorable Creature.

I conjure you burn this, for writing in haſte, I have not counterfeited my Hand.

To

To *Silvia.*

Writ in a Pair of Tablets.

MY Charmer, I wait your Commands in the Meadow behind the Grove, where I ſaw *Dorinda*, *Dorillus* his Daughter, entring with a Basket of Cowſlips for *Silvia*, unneceſſarily offering ſweets to the Goddeſs of the Groves, from whence they (with all the reſt of their gaudy Fellows of the Spring) aſſume their raviſhing Odours. I take every opportunity of telling my *Silvia* what I have ſo often repeated, and ſhall be ever repeating with the ſame Joy while I live, that I love my *Silvia* to Death and Madneſs; that my Soul is on the Wrack, till ſhe ſend me the happy advancing Word. And yet believe

believe me, lovely Maid, I could grow old with waiting here the bleſſed moment, though ſet at any diſtance (within the compaſs of Life, and impoſſible to be till than arrived to) but when I am ſo near approacht it, Love from all parts rallies and haſtens to my Heart for the mighty incounter, till the poor panting overloaded Victim dies with the preſſing weight. No more, ----- You know it, for it is, and will be eternally *Silvia's.*

POSTSCRIPT.

Remember, my Adorable, it is now ſeven a Clock: I have my Watch in my Hand, waiting and looking on the ſlow-pac'd Minutes. Eight will quickly arrive I hope, and then it is dark enough to hide me: think where I am, and who I am, waiting near Silvia, *and her* Philander.

I think, my dear Angel you have the other Key of theſe Tablets, if not they are eaſily broke open: you have an Hour good to write in, *Silvia*; and I ſhall wait unimployed by any thing but thought. Send me word how you were like to have been ſurprized; it may poſſibly be of advantage to me in this Night's dear Adventure. I wondered at the Superſcription of my Letter indeed, of which *Dorillus* could give me no other Account, than that you were ſurprized, and he received it with difficulty; give me the Story now, do it in Charity, my Angel. Beſides, I would imploy all thy Moments, for I am jealous of every one that is not dedicated to *Silvia's Philander.*

To *Philander.*

I Have received your Tablets, of which I have the Key, and Heaven only knows (for Lovers cannot, unleſs they lov'd like *Silvia*, and her *Philander*) what pains and pantings my Heart ſuſtained at every thought that brought me of thy near approach; every Moment I ſtart, and am ready to faint with Joy, Fear, and ſomething not to be expreſt that ſeizes me. To add to this, I have buſied my ſelf with dreſſing my Apartment up with Flowers, ſo that I fancy the ceremonious Buſineſs of the Light looks like the preparations for the dear Joy of the Nuptial Bed; that too is ſo adorn'd and deck'd with all that's ſweet and gay; all which poſſeſſes me with ſo raviſhing and ſolemn

a Confuſion, that it is even approaching to the moſt profound ſadneſs it ſelf. Oh *Philander*, I find I am fond of being undone; and unleſs you take a more than mortal Care of me, I know this Night ſome fatal miſchief will befall me; what it is I know not, either the loſs of *Philander*, my Life, or my Honour, or all together, which a diſcovery only of your being alone in my Apartment, and at ſuch an Hour, will moſt certainly draw upon us: Death is the leaſt we muſt expect, by ſome ſurprize or other, my Father being raſh, and extreamly jealous, and the more ſo of me, by how much more he is fond of me, and nothing would inrage him like the diſcovery of an enterview like this; though you have Liberty to range the Houſe of *Bellfont* as a Son, and are indeed

deed at Home there; but when you come by ſtealth; when he ſhall find his Son and Virgin Daughter, the Brother and the Siſter ſo retired; ſo entertained. ---- What but Death can enſue? Or what is worſe, eternal ſhame? Eternal confuſion on my Honour? What Excuſe, what Evaſions, Vows and Proteſtations will convince him, or appeaſe *Mertilla's* Jealouſy; *Mertilla*, my Siſter, and *Philander's* Wife? Oh God! that cruel thought will put me into ravings; I have a thouſand ſtreams of killing reflection that flow from that original Fountain! Curſe on the Alliance that gave you a welcome to *Bellfont*. Ah *Philander*, Could you not have ſtayed ten ſhort Years longer? Alas, you thought that was an Age in Youth, but it is but a Day in Love: Ah Could not your

eager

eager Youth have led you to a thouſand Diverſions, a thouſand times have baited in the long Journey of Life without hurrying on to the laſt Stage, to the laſt Retreat, but the Grave; and to me ſeem as irrecoverable as impoſſible to retrieve thee? -- Could no kind Beauty ſtop thee on thy way, in Charity or Pity? *Philander* ſaw me then. And though *Mertilla* was more fit for his Careſſes, and I but capable to pleaſe with Childiſh Prattle; Oh could he not have ſeen a promiſing Bloom in my Face, that might have foretold the future Conqueſts I was born to make? Oh was there no prophetick Charm that could beſpeak your Heart, ingage it, and prevent that fatal Marriage? You ſay, my Adorable Brother, we were deſtined from our Creation for one another; that the Decree

of

of Heaven, or Fate, or both, deſigned us for this mutual Paſſion: Why then, Oh why did not Heaven, Fate, or Deſtiny, do the mighty work, when firſt you ſaw my Infant Charms? But oh *Philander*, Why do I vainly rave? Why call in vain on time that's is fled and gone? Why idly wiſh for ten Year's Retribution? That will not yield a Day, an Hour, a Minute: No, no, 'tis paſt, 'tis paſt and flown for ever, as diſtant as a thouſand Years to me, as irrecoverable. Oh *Philander*, What haſt thou thrown away? Ten glorious Years of raviſhing Youth, of unmatched heavenly Beauty, on one that knew not half the value of it! *Silvia* was only born to ſet a Rate upon it, was alone capable of Love, ſuch Love as might deſerve it: Oh why was that Charming Face ever laid on any Boſom

that

that knew not how to ſigh and pant, and heave at every touch of ſo much diſtracting Beauty! Oh why were thoſe dear Arms, whoſe ſoft preſſings that raviſh where they circle; deſtined for a Body cold and dull, that could ſleep inſenſibly there, and not ſo much as dream the while what the tranſporting pleaſure ſiginified; but unconcerned received the wondrous Bleſſings, and never knew its Price, or thanked her Stars She has thee all the day, to gaze upon, and yet ſhe lets thee paſs her careleſs ſight, as if there were no Miracles in view: She does not ſee the little Gods of Love that play eternally in thy Eyes; and ſince ſhe never received a Dart from thence, believes there's no Artillery there. She plays not with thy Hair, nor Weaves her ſnovvy fingers in thy Curls of

Jet,

Jet, ſets it in order, and adores its Beauty: The Fool with flaxen Wigg had done as well for her; a dull white Coxcomb had made as good a Property; a Husband is no more, at beſt no more. Oh thou Charming Object of my eternal wiſhes, Why wert thou thus diſpoſed? Oh ſave my Life, and tell me what indifferent impulſe obliged thee to theſe Nuptials: Had *Mertilla* been recommended or forced by the Tyranny of a Father into thy Arms, or for baſe Lucre thou hadſt choſen her, this had excuſed thy Youth and Crime; obedience or vanity I could have pardoned, ---- But oh ----'tvvas Love! Love, my *Philander*! Thy raving Love, and that which has undone thee was a Rape rather than a Marriage; you fled vvith her. Oh Heavens, mad to poſſeſs, you ſtole the unloving Prize!

Prize ! --- Yes, you loved her, falſe as you are you did; Perjured and faithleſs. Loved her; --- Hell and Confuſion on the World; it was ſo ---- Oh *Philander*, I am loſt----

This Letter was found in pieces torn.

To

To *Monſieur* the Count of--

My Lord,

THeſe Pieces of Paper which I have put together as well as I could, were writ by my Lady to have been ſent by *Dorinda*, when on a ſudden ſhe roſe in rage from her Seat, tore firſt the Paper, and then her Robes and Hair, and indeed nothing has eſcap'd the Violence of her Paſſion; nor could my Prayers or Tears retrieve them or calm her: 'tis however chang'd at laſt to mighty Paſſions of Weeping, in which Imployment I have left her on her Repoſe, being commanded away. I thought it my Duty to give your Lordſhip this account, and to ſend the pieces of Paper, that your Lordſhip may gueſs at the

occaſion of the ſudden ſtorm which ever riſes in that fatal quarter; but in putting them in order, I had like to have been ſurpriz'd by my Lady's Father, for my Lord the Count having long ſollicited me for Favours, and taking all Opportunities of entertaining me, found me alone in my Chamber, imployed in ſerving your Lordſhip; I had only time to hide the Papers, and to get rid of him, having given him an Aſſignation to night in the Garden Grove to give him the hearing to what he ſays he has to propoſe to me: Pray Heaven all things go right to your Lordſhip's Wiſh this Evening, for many ominous things happen'd to day. Madam, the Counteſs had like to have taken a Letter writ for your Lordſhip to day; for the Ducheſs of—— coming to make her a Viſit, came

on a ſudden with her in my Lady's Apartment, and ſurpriz'd her writing in her Dreſſing Room, giving her only time to ſlip the Paper into her Comb-box. The firſt Ceremonies being paſt, as Madam the Ducheſs uſes not much, ſhe fell to Commend my Lady's Dreſſing Plate, and taking up the Box and opening it, found the Letter, and Laughing, cry'd, Oh, have I found you making Love? At which my Lady, with an infinite Confuſion, would have retriev'd it,—— But the Ducheſs not quitting her hold, cry'd,—— Nay, I am reſolv'd to ſee in what manner you write to a Lover, and whether you have a Heart tender or cruel; at which ſhe began to read aloud, My Lady to bluſh and change Colour a Hundred times in a Minute; I ready to dye with fear, Madam the

Counteſs in infinite Amazement, my Lady interrupting every word the Ducheſs read by Prayers and Intreaties, which heighten'd her Curioſity, and being Young and Airy, regarded not the Indecency, to which ſhe prefer'd her Curioſity, who ſtill Laughing, cry'd, She was reſolved to read it out, and know the Conſtitution of her Heart; when my Lady, whoſe Wit never fail'd her, cry'd, I beſeech you Madam, let us have ſo much Compliſance for *Melinda* to ask her Conſent in this Affair, and then I am pleas'd you ſhould ſee what Love I can make upon occaſion: I took the Hint, and with a real Confuſion, cry'd----I implore you Madam, not to diſcover my weakneſs to Madam the Ducheſs; I would not for the World———Be thought to love ſo paſſionately as your Ladiſhip in favour of *Alexis* has

has made me profeſs under the name of *Silvia* to *Philander*. This incourag'd my Lady, who began to ſay a-thouſand pleaſant things of *Alexis*, *Dorillus* his Son, and my Lover, as your Lordſhip knows, and who is no inconſiderable Fortune for a Maid, inrich'd only by your Lordſhip's Bounty. My Lady after this, took the Letter, and all being reſolved it ſhould be read, ſhe her ſelf did it, and turn'd it ſo prettily into Burleſque Love by her manner of Reading it, that made Madam the Ducheſs Laught extremely; who, at the end of it, cry'd to my Lady--Well, Madam, I am ſatisfied you have not a heart wholly inſenſible of Love, that could ſo well expreſs it for another. Thus they rallied on, 'till careful of my Lover's Repoſe, the Ducheſs urg'd the Letter might be immediately ſent away, at

which my Lady readily folding up the Letter, writ, *For the Conſtant* Alexis, on the out-ſide: I took it, and beg'd I might have leave to retire to write it over in my own Hand, they permitted me, and I carried it after Sealing it to *Dorillus*, who waited for it, and wondering to find his Son's name on it, cry'd, -- Miſtreſs *Melinda*, I doubt you have miſtook my preſent Buſineſs, I wait for a Letter from my Lady to my Lord, and you give me one from your ſelf to my Son *Alexis*; 'twill be very welcome to *Alexis* I confeſs, but at this time I had rather oblige my Lord than my Son; I laughing, reply'd, He was miſtaken, that *Alexis*, at this time, meant no other than my Lord, which pleas'd the good Man extremely, who thought it a good Omen for his Son, and ſo went his way ſatisfied; as every Body was, except

except the Counteſs, who fancy'd ſomething more in it than my Lady's Inditing for me; and after, Madam, the Ducheſs was gone, ſhe went ruminating and penſive to her Chamber, from whence I am confident ſhe will not depart to Night, and will poſſibly ſet Spies in every corner; at leaſt 'tis good to fear the worſt, that we may prevent all things that would hinder this nights Aſſignation: As ſoon as the Coaſt is clear, I'll wait on your Lordſhip, and be your Conductor, and in all things elſe am ready to ſhew my ſelf,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble

and moſt obedient Servant,

MELINDA.

Silvia *has order to wait on your Lordſhip as ſoon as all is clear.*

To *Melinda.*

OH *Melinda*, what have you told me? Stay me with an immediate account of the recovery and calmneſs of my Adorable Weeping *Silvia*, or I ſhall enter *Belfont* with my Sword drawn, bearing down all before me 'till I make my way to my Charming Mourner: Oh God! *Silvia* in a Rage! *Silvia* in any Paſſion but that of Love? I cannot bear it, no, by Heaven I cannot; I ſhall do ſome Outrage either on my ſelf or at *Belfont*. Oh thou dear Advocate of my tendereſt Wiſhes, thou Confident of my never dying Flame, thou kind adminiſtring Maid, ſend ſome relief to my breaking Heart---Haſte and tell me, *Silvia* is calm, that her bright Eyes ſparkle with Smiles; or if they Lan-

Languiſh, ſay 'tis with Love, with expecting Joys; that her dear Hands are no more imployed in Exerciſes too rough and unbecoming their Native Softneſs. Oh Eternal God! taring perhaps her Divine Hair, brighter than the Sun's reflecting Beams, injuring the heavenly Beauty of her Charming Face and Boſom, the Joy and Wiſh of all Mankind that look upon her: Oh Charm her with Prayers and Tears, ſtop her dear Fingers from the rude Aſſaults, bind her fair Hands: Repeat *Philander* to her, tell her he's Fainting with the news of her Unkindneſs and Outrage on her lovely ſelf, but tell her too, I die adoring her; tell her I rave, I tear, I curſe my ſelf,----For ſo I do; tell her I would break out into a Violence that ſhould ſet all *Belſont* in a Flame, but for my Care of her.

Heaven and Earth ſhould not reſtrain me,---No, they ſhould not,--But her leaſt Frown ſhould ſtill me, tame me, and make me a calm Coward: Say this, ſay all, ſay any thing to charm her Rage and Tears. Oh I am mad, ſtark mad, and ready to run on that frantick Buſineſs I die to think her guilty of: Tell her how it would grieve her to ſee me torn and mangled; to ſee that Hair ſhe loves, ruffl'd and diminiſh'd by Rage, violated by my inſupportable Grief, my ſelf quite bereſt of all Senſe but that of Love, but that of Adoration for my charming, cruel, inſenſible, who is poſſeſt with every Thought, with every Imagination that can render me unhappy, born away with every Fancy that is in diſfavour of the wretched *Philander*. Oh *Melinda*, write immediately,

or

or you will behold me enter a moſt deplorable object of Pity.

When I receiv'd yours, I fell into ſuch a Paſſion that I forc'd my ſelf back to *Dorillus* his Houſe, leſt my Tranſports had hurried me to *Belfont*, where I ſhould have undone all: But as I can reſt no where, I am now returning to the Meadow again, where I will expect your aid or die.

From Dorillus *his Cottage, almoſt nine a Clock.*

To *Philander.*

I Muſt own my Charming *Philander*, that my Love is now arrived to that Exceſs, that every Thought which before but diſcompos'd me, now puts me into a Violence of Rage unbecoming my

Sex:

Sex; or any thing but the mighty occaſion of it, Love, and which only had power to calm what it had before ruffled into a deſtructive Storm; but like the anger'd Sea, which pants and heaves and retains ſtill an uneaſie Motion long after the rude Winds are appeas'd and huſh'd to ſilence. My Heart beats ſtill, and heaves with the ſenſible remains of the late dangerous Tempeſt of my Mind, and nothing can abſolutely calm me but the approach of the all-powerful *Philander*; though that Thought poſſeſſes me with ten thouſand Fears, which I know will vaniſh all at thy appearance, and aſſume no more their dreadful Shapes till thou art gone again: bring me then that kind Ceſſation, bring me my *Lyſander* and ſet me above the Thoughts of Cares, Frights or any other Thoughts but

thoſe of tender Love: haſte then thou Charming Object of my Eternal Wiſhes, and of my new Deſires, haſte to my Arms, my Eyes, my Soul,——But oh be wondrous careful there, do not betray the eaſie Maid that truſts thee amidſt all her ſacred ſtore.

'Tis almoſt dark, and my Mother is retir'd to her Chamber, my Father to his Cabinet, and has left all that Apartment next the Garden wholly without Spies. I have, by truſty *Silvia*, ſent you a Key, *Melinda* got made to the Door, which leads from the Garden to the Back-ſtairs to my Apartment, ſo carefully lock'd, and the original Key ſo cloſely guarded by my jealous Father: that way I beg you to come a way; but too well known to *Lyſander*, and by which he has made many an Eſcape to and from *Mertilla*.

Oh

Oh Damn that Thought, what makes it torturing me,-----Let me change it for thoſe of *Lyſander*, the advantage will be as great as bartering Hell for Heaven; haſte then, *Lyſander:* But what need I bid thee, Love will lend thee his Wings; thou who commandeſt all his Artillery, put them on, and fly to thy Languiſhing

SILVIA.

O I faint with the dear thought of thy Approach.

To the Charming Silvia.

WIth much ado, with many a Sigh, a panting Heart, and many a languiſhing Look back, towards happy *Belfont*, I have recover'd *Dorillus* his Farm, where

where I threw me on a Bed, and lay without Motion, and almoſt without Life for two Hours; 'till at laſt, through all my Sighs, my great Concern, my Torment, my Love and Rage broke ſilence, and burſt into all the different complaints both ſoft and mad by turns, that ever poſſeſt a Soul extravagantly ſeiz'd with frantick Love, Ah *Silvia*, what did I not ſay? How did I not Curſe, and who, except my Charming Maid? For yet my *Silvia* is a Maid; Yes, yes, ye Envying Powers, ſhe is, and yet the ſacred and ineſtimable Treaſure was offer'd a trembling Victim to the o'erjoy'd and fancy'd Deity, for then and there, I thought my ſelf happier than a Triumphing God; but having overcome all Difficulties, all the Fatigues and Toils of Loves long Sieges, vanquiſh'd the mighty Fantom of the Fair,

Fair, the Giant Honour, and routed all the numerous Hoſt of Womens little Reaſonings, paſt all the bounds of peeviſh Modeſty: Nay, even all the looſe and ſilken Counterſcarps that fenc'd the Sacred Fort, and nothing ſtop'd my glorious purſuit: Then, then, ye Gods, juſt then, by an over Tranſport, to fall juſt fainting before the ſurrendering Gates, unable to receive the yielding treaſure! Oh *Silvia!* what *Demon*, malicious at my Glory, ſeiz'd my Vigor? What God, envious of my mighty Joy, rendred me a ſhameful Object of his Raillery? Snatcht my (till then) never failing Power, and left me dying on thy Charming Boſom. Heavens, how I lay! Silent with wonder, rage and extaſie of Love, unable to complain, or rail or ſtorm, or ſeek for eaſe, but with my Sighs alone, which made up all my breath; my mad

deſires

deſires remain'd, but all unactive, as Age or Death it ſelf, as cold and feeble, as unfit for Joy, as if my Youthful Fire had long been paſt, or *Silvia* had never been bleſt with Charms. Tell me, thou wondrous perfect Creature, tell me, where lay the hidden Witchcraft? Was *Silvia*'s Beauty too Divine to mix with Mortal Joys? Ah no, 'twas Raviſhing, but Humane all. Yet ſure 'twas ſo approaching to Divinity, as chang'd my Fire to awful Adoration, and all my wanton Heat to reverend Contemplation. ---But this is Nonſenſe all, 'twas ſomething more that gave me Rage, Deſpair and Torments inſupportable: No, 'twas no dull Devotion, tame Divinity, but mortal killing Agony, unlucky Diſappointment, unnatural Impotence. Oh I am loſt, enchanted by ſome Magick Spell: Oh what can *Silvia* ſay?

ſay? What can ſhe think of my fond Paſſion; She'll ſwear 'tis all a Cheat, I had it not. No, it could not be, ſuch Tales I've often heard, as often laught at too; of diſappointed Lovers; wou'd *Silvia* wou'd believe (as ſure ſhe may) mine was exceſs of Paſſion: What! my *Silvia!* being arriv'd to all the Joy of Love, juſt come to reap the glorious Recompence, the full reward, the Heaven for all my Sufferings, do I lie gazing only and no more? A dull, a feeble unconcern'd Admirer! Oh my Eternal Shame!--- Curſe on my Youth, give me, ye Powers, Old Age, for that has ſome excuſe, but Youth has none: 'tis Dullneſs, Stupid Inſenſibility: Where ſhall I hide my head, when this lewd Story's told? When it ſhall be confirm'd, *Philander* the Young, the Brisk and Gay *Philander*, who never fail'd the Woman he

he ſcarce wiſht for; never bauk'd the Amorous conceated Old, nor the Ill-favour'd Young; yet when he had extended in his Arms the Young, the Charming Fair and Longing *Silvia*, the untouch'd, unſpotted, and till then, unwiſhing lovely Maid, yielded, defenceleſs, and unguarded all, he wanted Power to ſeize the trembling Prey: Defend me Heaven from Madneſs. Oh *Silvia*, I have reflected on all the little Circumſtances that might occaſion this Diſaſter, and damn me to this degree of Coldneſs, but I can fix on none: I had, 'tis true, for *Silvia*'s ſake, ſome apprehenſions of Fear of being ſurpriz'd; for coming through the Garden, I ſaw at the farther end a Man, at leaſt I fancy'd by that light it was a Man, who perceiving the glimps of ſomething approach from the Grove, made ſoftly towards me,

but

but with ſuch Caution, as if he feared to be miſtaken in the Perſon, as much as I was to approach him: and reminding what *Melinda* told me of an Aſſignation ſhe had made to *Monſieur* the Count--- Imagin'd it him; nor was I miſtaken when I heard his voice calling in low tone---*Melinda.*---At which I mended my pace, and e'er he got half way the Garden recover'd the Door, and ſoftly unlocking it, got in unperceiv'd and faſten'd it after me, well enough aſſur'd that he ſaw not which way I vaniſh'd: however it fail'd not to alarm me with ſome Fears on your dear account, that diſturb'd my Repoſe, and which I thought then not neceſſary to impart to you, and which indeed all vaniſh'd at the ſight of my Adorable Maid: When entering thy Apartment, I beheld thee extended on a Bed of Roſes, in Garments

ments which, if poſſible, by their wanton looſe Negligence and Gaiety, augmented thy natural Charms: I trembling, fell on my Knees by your Bed-ſide, and gaz'd a while, unable to ſpeak for Tranſports of Joy and Love: You too were ſilent, and remain'd ſo, ſo long that I ventur'd to preſs your Lips with mine, which all their eager Kiſſes could not put in motion, ſo that I fear'd you fainted; a ſudden Fright that in a Moment chang'd my Fever of Love into a cold Ague fit; but you reviv'd me with a Sigh again, and fired me anew, by preſſing my Hand, and from that ſilent ſoft Incouragement, I, by degrees, raviſh'd a thouſand Bliſſes; yet ſtill between your tempting Charming Kiſſes, you would cry----Oh my *Philander*, do not injure me,-----Be ſure you preſs me not to the laſt

Joys

Joys of Love ;-----Oh have a Care or I am undone for ever; reſtrain your roving Hands,- ---Oh whether would they wander,-----My Soul, my Joy, my everlaſting Charmer, Oh whether would you go.———Thus with a Thouſand Cautions more, which did but raiſe what you deſign'd to calm, you made me but the madder to poſſeſs: not all the Vows you bid me call to mind, could now reſtrain my wild and head-ſtrong Paſſion; my raving Raging (but my ſoft) deſire: No, *Silvia*, No, it was not in the power of feeble Fleſh and Blood to find reſiſtance againſt ſo many Charms; yet ſtill you made me ſwear, ſtill I proteſted, but ſtill burnt on with the ſame torturing Flame, till the vaſt Pleaſure even became a Pain: To add to this, I ſaw (Yes, *Silvia*, not all your Art and Modeſty could hide it) I ſaw the

the Raviſhing Maid as much inflam'd as I; ſhe burnt with equal Fire, with equal Languiſhment: Not all her care could keep the Sparks concealed, but it broke out in every word and look; her trembling Tongue, her feeble fainting Voice betray'd it all; Sighs interrupting every Syllable; a Languiſhment I never ſaw till then dwelt in her Charming Eyes, that contradicted all her little Vows; her ſhort and double Breathings heav'd her Breaſt, her ſwelling ſnowy Breaſt, her Hands that graſp'd me trembling as they clos'd, while ſhe permitted mine unknown, unheeded to traverſe all her Beauties, till quite forgetting all I'd faintly promiſed, and wholly abandoning my Soul to Joy, I ruſht upon her, who all fainting lay beneath my uſeleſs weight, for on a ſudden all my power was fled

ſwifter

ſwifter than Lightning hurried through my infeebled Veins, and vaniſht all: Not the dear lovely Beauty which I preſt, the Dying Charms of that fair Face and Eyes, the Claſps of thoſe ſoft Arms, nor the bewitching accent of her Voice, that murmur'd Love half ſmother'd in her Sighs, nor all my Love, my vaſt, my mighty Paſſion, could call my fugitive Vigor back again: Oh no, the more I look---- The more I touch'd and ſaw, the more I was undone. Oh pity me, my too too lovely Maid, do not revile the Faults which you alone create. Conſider all your Charms at once expos'd, conſider every Senſe about me raviſh'd, o'ercome with Joys too mighty to be ſupported: No wonder if I fell a ſhameful Sacrifice to the fond Deity, conſider how I waited, how I ſtrove, and ſtill burnt on, and every tender

der touch ſtill added Fuel to the vigorous Fire; which by your delay conſum'd it ſelf in burning, I want Philoſophy to make this out, or Faith to fix my Unhappineſs on any Chance or natural Accident, but this, my Charming *Silvia*, I am ſure, that had I lov'd you leſs, I'd been leſs wretched: Nor had we parted *Silvia*, on ſo ill terms, nor had I left you with an opinion ſo diſadvantagious for *Lyſander*, but for that unhappy noiſe at your Chamber Door, which alarming your Fear, occaſion'd your recovery from that dear Trance, to which Love and ſoft Deſire had reduc'd you and me from the moſt tormenting ſilent Agony that diſappointed Joy ever poſſeſt a fond expecting heart with. Oh Heavens! to have my *Silvia* in my power, favor'd by ſilence, night and ſafe retreat! then, then, to be

a tame cold ſigher only, as if my *Silvia* gave that Aſſignation alone by ſtealth, undreſt, all looſe and languiſhing, fit for the mighty Buſineſs of the Night, only to hear me prattle, ſee me gaze, or tell her what a pretty ſight it was to ſee the Moon ſhine through the dancing Boughs. O Damn my harden'd dullneſs,——But no more,——I am all fire and madneſs at the thought,-But I was ſaying, *Silvia*, we have both recover'd then when the Noiſe alarm'd us. I long to know whether you think we were betray'd, for on that knowledge reſts a mighty part of my Deſtiny: I hope we are not, by an Accident that befel me at my going away, which (but for my untimely force of leaving my lovely *Silvia*, which gave me pains inſupportable) would have given me great diverſion. You know our

fear

fear of being diſcover'd, occaſion'd my diſguiſe, for you found it neceſſary I ſhould depart, your fear had ſo prevail'd, and that in *Melinda*'s Night-gown and Head-dreſs; thus attir'd with much ado, I went and left my Soul behind me, and finding no body all along the Gallery, nor in my paſſage from your apartment into the Garden, I was a thouſand times about to return to all my Joys; when in the midſt of this almoſt ended diſpute, I ſaw by the light of the Moon (which was by good fortune under a Cloud and could not diſtinctly direct the ſight) a Man taking towards me with cautious ſpeed, which made me advance with the more haſte to recover the Grove, believing to have eſcap'd him under the Covert of the Trees; for retreat I could not without betraying which way I went; but juſt at

the entrance of the Thicket, he turning ſhort made up to me, and I perceiv'd it *Monſieur* the Count, who taking me for *Melinda*, who it ſeems he expected, caught hold of my Gown as I would have paſs'd him, and cry'd, Now *Melinda*, I ſee you are a Maid of Honour,—Come retire with me into the Grove where I have a preſent of a Heart and ſomething elſe to make you, that will be of more advantage to you than that of *Alexis* though ſomething younger.—I all confounded knew not what to reply, nor how, leſt he ſhould find his miſtake, at leaſt if he diſcover'd not who I was: Which ſilence gave him occaſion to go on, which he did in this manner; What not a word, *Melinda*, or do you deſign I ſhall take your ſilence for conſent? If ſo, come my pretty Creature, let us not loſe the hour

Love

Love has given us; at this he would have advanc'd, leading me by the hand which he preſt and kiſt very amorouſly: Judg my Adorable *Silvia* in what a fine condition your *Lyſander* then was in. What ſhould I do? to go had diſappointed him worſe than I was with thee before; not to go, betray'd me: I had much ado to hold my Countenance, and unwilling to ſpeak. While I was thus imploy'd in thought, *Monſieur*--Pulling me (eager of joys to come,) and I holding back, he ſtop'd and cry'd, ſure, *Melinda*, you came not hither to bring me a denial. I then reply'd, whiſpering,—Softly, Sir for Heavens ſake (ſweetning my voice as much as poſſible) conſider I'm a Maid, and would not be diſcover'd for the world. Who can diſcover us? reply'd my Lover, what I take from thee ſhall never

be miſt, not by *Alexis* himſelf upon thy Wedding Night; —Come ---Sweet Child come: ——With that I puli'd back and whiſper'd--Heavens would you make a Miſtreſs of me? ----Says he----A Miſtreſs, what would ſt thou be a Cherubin? Then I replied as before---I am no Whore, Sir, ——No crys he, but I can quickly make thee one, I have my Tools about me Sweet-heart, therefore let's loſe no time but fall to work: this laſt raillery from the briſk old Gentleman, had in ſpight of Reſolution almoſt made me burſt out into loud Laughter, when he took more gravity upon him, and cry'd ---Come, come, *Melinda*, why all this fooliſh argument at this hour in this place, and after ſo much ſerious Courtſhip, believe me I'll be kind to thee for ever; with that he clapt fifty Guineas in a Purſe into one

one hand, and ſomething elſe that ſhall be nameleſs into the other, preſents that had been both worth *Melinda*'s acceptance: All this while was I ſtudying an evaſion; at laſt, to ſhorten my pleaſant adventure, looking round, I cry'd ſoftly, are you ſure, Sir, we are ſafe--For Heavens ſake ſtep towards the Garden Door and ſee, for I would not be diſcover'd for the World,--Nor I, cry'd he——but do not fear all's ſafe: ——However ſee (whiſper'd I) that my Fear may not diſturb your Joys. With that he went toward the Houſe, and I ſlipping into the Grove, got immediately into the Meadow, where *Alexis* waited my coming with *Brilljard*, ſo I left the expecting Lover, I ſuppoſe, ranging the Grove for his fled Nimph, and I doubt will fall heavy on poor *Melinda*, who ſhall have the Guineas

either to reſtore or keep as ſhe and the angry Count can agree: I leave the Management of it to her Wit and Conduct.

This account I thought neceſſary to give my Charmer, that ſhe might prepare *Melinda* for the aſſault, who underſtanding all that paſs'd between us, may ſo diſpoſe of matters, that no diſcovery may happen by miſtake, and I know my *Silvia* and ſhe can find a thouſand excuſes for the ſuppos'd *Melinda*'s flight. But my Adorable Maid, my buſineſs here was not to give an account of my Adventure only, nor of my ravings, but to tell my *Silvia*, on what my Life depends; which is, in a Permiſſion to wait on her again this inſuing Night; make no excuſe, for if you do, by all I adore in Heaven and Earth, I'll end my Life here where I received

ved it. I'll ſay no more, nor give your Love Inſtructions, but wait impatiently here the Life or Death of your

LYSANDER.

'Tis Six a Clock, and yet my Eyes have not clos'd themſelves to ſleep: Alexis *and* Brilljard *gives me hopes of a kind return to this and have brought their Flute and Violin to charm me into a ſlumber: If* Silvia *love, as I am ſure ſhe does, ſhe'll wake me with a dear Conſent to ſee me, if not, I only wake to ſleep for ever.*

To my fair Charmer.

WHen I had ſeal'd the incloſed, my Page whom I had order'd to come to me with an account of any buſineſs extraordinary, is this Morning arriv'd with a Letter from *Ceſario*, which I have ſent here inclos'd, that my *Silvia* may ſee how little I regard the World, or the mighty Revolution in hand, when ſet in Competition with the leaſt hope of beholding her adorable Face, or hearing her Charming Tongue when it whiſpers the ſoft Dictates of her tender Heart into my raviſh'd Soul; one moments Joy like that ſurmounts an Age of dull Empire. No, let the buſie unreguarded Rout periſh, the Cauſe fall or

ſtand

ſtand alone for me: Give me but Love, Love and my *Silvia*; I ask no more of Heaven; to which vaſt Joy could you but imagine (Oh wondrous Miracle of Beauty!) how poor and little I eſteem the valued Trifles of the World, you would in return contemn your part of it, and live with me in ſilent Shades for ever. Oh! *Silvia*, what haſt thou this Night to add to the Soul of thy

PHILANDER!

To the Count of——

I'Le allow you my dear, to be very fond of ſo much Beauty as the World muſt own adorns the lovely *Silvia:* I'll permit Love too to Rival me in your Heart, but not out-rival Glory; haſte then, my Dear, to the advance of that, make no delay, but with the Mornings dawn, let me find you in my Arms, where I have ſomething that will ſurprize you to relate to you: You were laſt Night expected at—— It behoves you to give no Umbrage to Perſons who's Intereſt renders them enough jealous. We have two new Advancers come in of Youth and Mony, teach them not negligence;

gligence; be careful and let nothing hinder you from taking Horſe immediately, as you value the Repoſe and Fortune of

My Dear,

Your CESARIO.

I call'd laſt Night on you, and your Page following me to my Coach, whiſper'd me—if I had any earneſt buſineſs with you, he knew where to find you; I ſoon imagin'd where, and bid him call within an hour for this, and poſt with it immediately, though dark.

To *Philander.*

AH! what have I done *Philander*, and where ſhall I hide my guilty bluſhing Face? Thou haſt undone my Eternal Quiet: Oh thou haſt ruin'd my everlaſting Repoſe, and I muſt never, never look abroad again: Curſe on my Face that firſt debauch'd my Virtue, and taught thee how to Love! Curſe on my tempting youth, my ſhape, my air, my eyes, my voice, my hands, and every Charm that did contribute to my fatal love, a laſting Curſe on all—But thoſe of the adorable *Philander*, and thoſe—even in this raging Minute, my furious Paſſion dares not approach with an indecent Thought: No, they are ſacred all, Madneſs it ſelf would ſpare 'em, and ſhouldſt thou now behold me

as

as I ſit, my Hair diſhevel'd, ruffl'd and diſorder'd, my eyes bedewing every word I write, when for each Letter I let fall a tear; then (preſt with thought) ſtarting, I dropt my Pen, and fell to rave anew, and tear thoſe Garments whoſe looſe negligence help'd to betray me to my ſhameful ruin, wounding my Breaſt, but want the Reſolution to wound it as I ought; which when I but propoſe, Love ſtays the Thought, raging and wild as 'tis, the Conqueror checks it, with whiſpering only *Philander* to my Soul; the dear Name calms me to an eaſineſs, gives me the Pen into my trembling Hand, and I purſue my ſilent ſoft complaint: Oh! ſhouldſt thou ſee me thus, in all theſe ſudden different change of Paſſions, thou wouldſt ſay *Philander*, I were mad indeed; Madneſs it ſelf can find no ſtranger motions:

motions: And I would calmly ask thee, for I am calm again, how comes it my Adorable *Philander*, that thou canſt poſſeſs a Maid with ſo much Madneſs? who art thy ſelf a Miracle of ſoftneſs, all ſweet and all ſerene, the moſt of Angel in thy Compoſition that ever mingled with Humanity; the very words fall ſo gently from thy Tongue,—are utter'd with a Voice ſo raviſhingly ſoft, a tone ſo tender and ſo full of Love, 'twould charm even frenzy, calm rude diſtraction, and wildneſs would become a ſilent Liſtener; there's ſuch a ſweet ſerenity in thy Face, ſuch innocence and ſoftneſs in thy Eyes, ſhould deſart Savages, but gaze on thee, ſure they would forget their native Foreſt wildneſs, and be inſpir'd with eaſie Gentleneſs: Moſt certainly this God-like power thou haſt.

Why

Why then? Oh tell me in the Agony of my Soul, why muſt thoſe Charms that bring Tranquility and Peace to all, make me alone a wild, unſeemly raver? Why has it contrary effects on me? Oh! all I act and ſay is perfect madneſs: Yet this is the leaſt unaccountable part of my moſt wretched Story;——Oh! I muſt ne'er behold thy lovely Face again, for if I ſhould, ſure I ſhould bluſh my Soul away; no, no, I muſt not, nor ever more believe thy dear deluding Vows: Never thy charming perjur'd Oaths, after a Violation like to this. Oh Heaven, what have I done? Yet by that Heaven I ſwear I dare not ask my ſoul, leſt it inform me how I was to blame, unleſs that fatal Minute would inſtruct me how to Revenge my wrongs upon my heart, my fond betraying heart,——Deſpair

ſpair and Madneſs ſeiſe me; darkneſs and horror hide me from human Sight, after an eaſineſs like this; ——What to yield, —— To yield my honour! Betray the ſecrets of my Virgin wiſhes—My new deſires, my unknown ſhameful Flame,——Hell and Death! Where got I ſo much confidence? Where learnt I the harden'd and unbluſhing Folly? To wiſh was ſuch a fault, as is a crime unpardonable to own; to ſhew deſire is ſuch a Sin in Virtue as muſt deſerve reproach from all the world; but I, unlucky I, have not only betray'd all theſe, but with a tranſport void of ſenſe and ſhame, I yield to thy Arms,——I'll not indure the thought,——By Heaven! I cannot; there's ſomething more than Rage that animates that thought: ſome Magic Spell, that in the midſt of all my

ſenſe

ſenſe of Shame keeps me from true Repentance; this angers me, and makes me know my Honour but a fantom: Now I could curſe again my Youth and Love; but Oh! when I have done, alas *Philander*, I find my ſelf as guilty as before; I cannot make one firm reſolve againſt thee, or if I do, when I conſider thee, they weigh not all one lovely Hair of thine. 'Tis all in vain, the Charming Cauſe remains, *Philander*'s ſtill as lovely as before, 'tis him I muſt remove from my fond Eyes and Heart, him I muſt baniſh from my touch, my ſmell, and every other ſenſe; by Heaven! I cannot bear the mighty preſſure, I cannot ſee his Eyes, and touch his Hands, ſmell the Perfume every Pore of his breaths forth, taſte thy ſoft Kiſſes, hear thy Charming Voice, but I am all on a flame: No, 'tis theſe I muſt

muſt exclaim on, not my Youth, 'tis they debauch my Soul, no natural propenſity in me to yield, or to admit of ſuch deſtructive fires. Fain I would put it off, but 'twill not do, I am the Aggreſſor ſtill; elſe, why is not every living Maid undone, that does but touch or ſee thee? Tell me why? No, the fault's in me, and thou art innocent.——Were but my Soul leſs delicate, were it leſs ſenſible of what it loves and likes in thee, I yet were dully happy; but Oh there is a nicety there ſo charm'd, ſo apprehenſive of thy Beauties, as has betray'd me to unreſt for ever: ———Yet ſomething I will do to tame this lewd Betrayer of my right, and it ſhall plead no more in thy behalf; no more, no more diſperſe the Joys which it conceives through every Vein, (cold and inſenſible by Nature)

to

to kindle new Desires there.—No more shall fill me with unknown Curiosity; no, I will in spight of all the Perfumes that dwell about thee, in spight of all the Arts thou hast of Looking, of Speaking and of Touching; I will I say assume my native Temper, I will be calm, be cold, and unconcern'd, as I have been to all the World,——But to *Philander*,——The Almighty Power he has is unaccountable;—By yonder breaking day that opens in the East, opens to see my shame,—I swear——By that great Ruler of the Day, the Sun, by that Almighty Power that rules them both, I swear——I swear *Philander*, charming lovely Youth! Thou art the first e'er kindl'd soft Desires about my Soul, thou art the first that ever did inform me that there was such a sort of wish about

me.

me. I thought the vanity of being belov'd, made up the greateſt part of the Satisfaction; 'twas joy to ſee my Lovers ſigh about me, adore and praiſe me, and increaſe my Pride by every look, by every word and action; and him I fancied beſt I favour'd moſt, and he paſt for the happy fortune; him I have ſuffer'd too, to kiſs and preſs me, to tell me all his Tale of Love, and ſigh, which I would liſten to with Pride and Pleaſure, permitted it, and ſmil'd him kind returns; nay, by my life, then thought I lov'd him too, though I could have been content to have paſt my life at this gay rate, with this fond hoping Lover, and thought no farther than of being great, having rich Coaches, ſhewing Equipage, to paſs my hours in dreſſing, in going to the Opera's and the Tower, make Viſits where

I liſt, be ſeen at Balls; and having ſtill the vanity to think the Men would Gaze and Languiſh where I came, and all the Women envy me, I thought no farther on —But thou *Philander* haſt made me take new meaſures, I now can think of nothing but of thee, I loath the ſound of Love from any other Voice, and Converſation makes my Soul impatient, and does not only dull me into Melancholy, but perplexes me out of all Humour, out of all patient Sufferance, and *I* am never ſo well pleas'd when from *Philander*, as when *I* am retir'd, and curſe my Character and Figure in the World, becauſe it permits me not to prevent being viſited; one Thought of thee, is worth the Worlds *I*njoyment; *I* hate to dreſs, *I* hate to be agreeable to any Eyes but thine; *I* hate the

the noiſe of Equipage and Crowds, and would be more content to live with thee in ſome lone ſhaded Cottage, than be a Queen, and hinder'd by that Grandure one moments Converſation with *Philander*: Maiſt thou deſpiſe and loath me, a Curſe the greateſt that *I* can invent, if this be any thing but real honeſt truth. No, no, *Philander*, *I* find *I* never lov'd till now, *I* underſtood it not, nor knew not what thoſe Sighs and Preſſings meant which others gave me; yet every ſpeaking glance thy Eyes put on, inform my Soul what 'tis they plead and languiſh for: If you but touch my hand, my breath grows faint and ſhort, my blood glows in my Face, and runs with an unuſual warmth through every Vein, and tells my heart what 'tis *Philander* ails, when he falls ſighing on my Boſom;

Boſom; oh then I fear, I anſwer every Look, and every Sigh and Touch, in the ſame ſilent but intelligible Language, and underſtood I fear too well by thee: 'Till now I never fear'd Love as a Criminal. Oh tell me not miſtaken fooliſh Maids, true Love is innocent, ye cold, ye dull, ye unconſidering Lovers; though I have often heard it from the Grave and Wiſe, and preacht my ſelf that Doctrin: I now renounce it all, 'tis falſe, by Heaven! 'tis falſe, for now I love, and know it all a fiction; yes, and love ſo, as never any Woman can equal me in Love, my Soul being all compos'd (as I have often ſaid) of ſofter Materials. Nor is it fancy ſets my Rates on Beauty, there's an intrinſick value in thy Charms, which ſurely none but I am able to underſtand, and to

thoſe that view thee not with my judging Eyes, Uglineſs fancy'd wou'd appear the ſame, and pleaſe as well. If all could love or judge like me, why does *Philander* paſs ſo unregarded by a thouſand Women, who never ſigh'd for him? What makes *Mertilla* who poſſeſſes all, looks on thee, feels thy Kiſſes, hears thee ſpeak, and yet wants ſenſe to know how bleſt ſhe is; 'tis want of Judgment all, and how, and how can ſhe that judges ill, Love well?

Granting my Paſſion equal to its Object, you muſt allow it infinite, and more in me than any other Woman, by how much more my Soul is compos'd of tenderneſs; and yet I ſay I own, for I may own it, now Heaven and you are Witneſs of my Shame, I own with all this Love, with all this

this Paſſion, ſo vaſt, ſo true and ſo unchangeable, that I have Wiſhes, new unwonted Wiſhes; at every Thought of thee, I find a ſtrange Diſorder in my Blood, that pants and burns in every Vein, and makes me bluſh, and ſigh, and grow impatient, aſham'd and angry; but when I know it the effects of Love, I am reconcil'd, and wiſh and ſigh anew; but when I ſit and gaze upon thy Eyes, thy Languiſhing thy lovely dying Eyes; play with thy ſoft white hand, and lay my glowing Cheek to thine. —Oh God! What Language can expreſs my Tranſport, all that is tender, all that is ſoft deſire ſeizes every trembling Limb, and 'tis with pain conceal'd.—— Yes, yes, *Philander*, 'tis the fatal Truth, ſince thou haſt found it, I confeſs it too, and yet I love

thee dearly ; long, long it was that I eſſay'd to hide the guilty flame, if Love be guilt ; for I confeſs I did diſſemble a coldneſs which I was not Miſtreſs of: there lies a Woman's Art, there all her boaſted Virtue, it is but well diſſembling, and no more. ——But mine alas is gone, for ever fled; this, this feeble guard that ſhould ſecure my Honour, thou haſt betray'd and left it quite defenceleſs. Ah what's a Woman's Honour when 'tis ſo poorly guarded! No wonder that you conquer with ſuch eaſe, when we are only ſafe by the mean arts of baſe Diſſimulation, an ill as ſhameful as that to which we fall. Oh ſilly refuge! What fooliſh Nonſenſe, fond Cuſtom can perſwade; yet ſo it is, and ſhe that breaks her Laws, loſes her Fame, her Honour

nour and Eſteem. Oh Heavens! how quickly loſt it is! Give me, ye Powers, my Fame, and let me be a Fool; let me retain my Virtue and my Honour, and be a dull inſenſible——But Oh where is it? I have loſt it all; 'tis irrecoverably loſt: Yes, yes, ye charming perjur'd Man, 'tis gone, and thou haſt quite undon me.——

What though I lay extended on my Bed, undreſt, unapprehenſive of my fate, my Boſom looſe and eaſie of acceſs, my Garments ready, thin, and wantonly put on, as if they would with little force ſubmit to the fond ſtraying Hand: What then, *Philander*, muſt you take the advantage? Muſt you be perjur'd becauſe I was tempting? 'Tis true, I let you in by ſtealth by night, whoſe ſilent darkneſs fa-

vour'd your Treachery; but Oh *Philander* were not your Vows as binding by a glimmering Taper, as if the Sun with all his Awful Light had been a looker on? I urg'd your Vows as you preſt on,——But Oh I fear it was in ſuch a way ſo faintly and ſo feebly, I upbraided you, as did but more advance your Perjuries. Your ſtrength encreas'd, but mine alas declin'd; till I quite fainted in your Arms, left you triumphant Lord of all: No more my faint denials do perſwade, no more my trembling hands reſiſt your force, unguarded lay the treaſure which you toil'd for, betray'd and yielded to the lovely Conqueror.—— But Oh tormenting,——When you ſaw the ſtore, and found the Prize no richer, with what contempt, (yes, falſe dear Man.)

with

with what contempt you view'd the unvalu'd Trophy: What! defpis'd, was all you call a Heaven of Joy and Beauty expos'd to view, and then neglected? Were all your Prayers heard, your Wiſhes granted, and your Toils rewarded, the trembling Victim ready for the Sacrifice, and did you want Devotion to perform it, and did you thus receive the expected Bleſſing——Oh——By Heaven I'll never ſee thee more, and 'twill be Charity to thee, for thou haſt no excuſe in ſtore that can convince my Opinion that I am hated, loathed,——I cannot bear that thought,——Or if I do, it ſhall only ſerve to fortifie my fixt reſolve never to ſee thee more,—— And yet I long to hear thy falſe Excuſe, let it be quickly then; 'tis my diſdain invites

thee ——— To ſtrengthen which, there needs no more than that you let me hear your poor defence. ——— But 'tis a tedious time to that ſlow hour wherein I dare permit thee, but hope not to incline my Soul to love: No, I am yet ſafe if I can ſtop but here, but here be wiſe, reſolve and be my ſelf.'

SILVIA.

To

To *Philander.*

AS my Page was coming with the inclos'd he met *Alexis* at the Gate with yours, and who would not depart without an anſwer to it ;——to go or ſtay is the Queſtion. Ah, *Philander!* why do you preſs a heart too ready to yield to love and you! alas, I fear you gueſs too well my anſwer, and your own Soul might ſave me the bluſhing trouble of a reply. I am plung'd in paſt hope of a retreat, and ſince my fate has pointed me out for ruin, I cannot fall more glorioufly. Take then, *Philander*, to your dear Arms, a Maid that can no longer reſiſt, who is diſarm'd of all defenſive Power : She yields, ſhe yields, and does confeſs it too; and ſure ſhe muſt be more than mortal that can hold

out againſt thy Charms and Vows. Since I muſt be undone and give all away, I'll do it generouſly, and ſcorn all mean reſerves: I will be brave in Love, and laviſh all; nor ſhall *Philander* think I Love him well unleſs I do. Take, charming Victor, then, what your own Merits, and what Love has given you; take, take at laſt the dear reward of all your ſighs and tears, your vows and ſufferings. But ſince, *Philander*, 'tis an Age to night, and till the approach of thoſe dear ſilent hours, thou knowſt I dare not give thee admittance: I do conjure thee, go to *Ceſario*, whom I find too preſſing, not to believe the concerns great; and ſo jealous I am of thy dear ſafety, that every thing alarms my fears; oh! ſatisfie 'em then and go, 'tis early yet, and if you take Horſe immediately,

you

you will be there by eight this Morning; go, I conjure you; for though 'tis an unſpeakable ſatisfaction to know you are ſo near me, yet I prefer your ſafety and honour to all conſiderations elſe. You may ſoon diſpatch your Affairs, and render your ſelf time enough on the place appointed, which is where you laſt night waited, and 'twill be at leaſt eight at night before 'tis poſſible to bring you to my Arms. Come in your Chariot, and do not heat your ſelf with riding; have a care of me and my life in the preſervation of all I love. Be ſure you go, and do not, my *Philander*, out of a punctilio of Love, neglect your dear ſafety——Go then, *Philander*, and all the Gods of Love preſerve and attend thee on thy way, and bring thee ſafely back to *Silvia*.

To *Silvia.*

OH, thou moſt charming of the Sex! thou lovely dear delight of my tranſported Soul! thou everlaſting treaſure of my heart! what haſt thou done? given me an over joy, that fails but very little of performing what griefs exceſs had almoſt finiſh'd before: Eternal bleſſings on thee, for a Goodneſs ſo Divine, Oh, thou moſt excellent and deareſt of thy Sex! I know not what to do or what to ſay. I am not what I was, I do not ſpeak, nor walk, nor think as I was wont to do; ſure the exceſs of joy is far above dull ſenſe, or formal thinking, it cannot ſtay for ceremonious method. I rave with pleaſure, rage with the dear thought of coming Extaſie. Oh *Silvia*, *Silvia*, *Silvia!*

via! my Soul, my vital Blood, and without which I could as well ſubſiſt——Oh, my adorable, my *Silvia*! methinks I preſs thee, kiſs thee, hear thee ſigh, behold thy Eyes, and all the wondrous beauty of thy face; a ſolemn joy has ſpread it ſelf through every vein, through every ſenſible artery of my heart, and I can think of nothing but of *Silvia*, the lovely *Silvia*, the blooming flowing *Silvia*; and ſhall I ſee thee? ſhall I touch thy hands, and preſs thy dear, thy charming body in my Arms, and taſte a thouſand joys, a thouſand raviſhments? oh God! ſhall I? oh *Silvia*, ſay; but thou haſt ſaid enough to make me mad, and I forgetting of thy ſafety and my own, ſhall bring thy wild adoring ſlave to *Belfont*, and throw him at thy feet, to pay his humble gratitude for this great condeſcen-

deſcention, this vaſt bounty.

Ah, *Silvia!* how ſhall I live till night? and you impoſe too cruelly upon me in conjuring me to go to *Ceſario*; alas! does *Silvia* know to what ſhe expoſes her *Philander*? whoſe joy is ſo tranſporting great, that when he comes into the grave Cabal he muſt betray the ſtory of his heart, and in lieu of the mighty buſineſs there in hand be raving ſtill on *Silvia*, telling his joy to all the amazed liſteners, and anſwering queſtions that concern our great affair, with ſomething of my love; all which will paſs for madneſs and undo me: no, give me leave to rave in ſilence, and unſeen 'mong the trees, they'll humour my diſeaſe, anſwer my murmuring joy, and Echo's flatter it, repeat thy name, repeat that *Silvia*'s mine! and never hurt her fame; while the Cabals, buſi-

neſs

neſs and noiſie Town will add confuſion to my preſent tranſport, and make me mad indeed: no, let me alone, thou ſacred lovely creature, let me be calm and quiet here, and tell all the inſenſibles I meet in the woods what *Silvia* has this happy minute deſtin'd me: Oh, let me record it on every bark, on every Oak and Beech, that all the world may wonder at my fortune, and bleſs the generous Maid; let it grow up to Ages that ſhall come, that they may know the ſtory of our loves, and how a happy youth, they call'd *Philander*, was once ſo bleſt by Heaven as to poſſeſs the charming, the ador'd and lov'd by all, the glorious *Silvia!* a Maid, the moſt divine that ever grac'd a Story; and when the Nymphs would look for an Example of Love and Conſtancy, let them point out *Philander* to

their

their doubted Swains, and cry, ah! love but as the young *Philander* did, and then be fortunate, & then reap all your wiſhes: and when the Shepherd would upbraid his Nymph, let him but cry, —ſee here what *Silvia* did to ſave the young *Philander*; but oh! there never will be ſuch another Nymph as *Silvia*; Heaven form'd but one to ſhew the World what Angels are, and ſhe was form'd for me, yes ſhe was—in whom I wou'd not quit my glorious intereſt to reign a Monarch here, or any boſted gilded thing above! take all, take all, ye Gods, and give me but this happy coming night! oh, *Silvia*, *Silvia*! by all any promis'd joys I am undone if thy accident ſhould raviſh this night from me: this night! no not for a leaſe of years to all eternity would I throw thee away: Oh! I am all flame,

all

all joyful fire and ſoftneſs; *methinks* 'tis Heaven where ever I look around me, air where I tread, & raviſhing Muſick when I ſpeak, becauſe 'tis all of *Silvia*--let me alone, oh let me cool a little, or I ſhall by an exceſs of joyful thought loſe all my hop'd for bliſs. Remove a little from me, go, my *Silvia*, you 're ſo exceſſive ſweet, ſo wondrous dazling, you preſs my ſenſes even to pain--away--let me take air—let me recover breath: oh let me lay me down beneath ſome cooling ſhade, near ſome refreſhing cryſtal murmuring ſpring, and fan the gentle air about me. I ſuffocate, I faint, with this cloſe loving, I muſt allay my joy or be undone———I'll read thy Cruel Letters, or I'll think of ſome ſad melancholy hour wherein thou haſt diſmis'd me deſparing from thy Preſence: or

while

while you preſs me now to be gone with ſo much earneſtneſs, you have ſome Lover to receive and entertain; perhaps 'tis only for the vanity to hear him tell his nauſeous Paſſion to you, breath on your lovely face, and daub your Garments with his fulſom imbrace: but oh, by Heaven, I cannot think that thought! and thou haſt ſworn thou canſt not ſuffer it—if I ſhou'd find thee falſe—but 'tis impoſſible—oh! ſhou'd I find *Foſcario* viſit thee, him whom thy Parents favor, I ſhou'd undo you all, by Heaven I ſhou'd—but thou haſt ſworn, what need *Philander* more? yes, *Silvia*, thou haſt ſworn and call'd Heaven's Vengeance down when-e'er thou gaveſt a look, or a dear ſmile in love to that pretending Fop; yet from his mighty fortune there is danger in him—what makes that thought

torment

torment me now?—be gone, for *Silvia* loves me, and will preſerve my Life———

I am not able, my adorable charmer, to obey your commands of going from the ſight of happy *Belfont*; no, let the great wheel of the vaſt deſign roul on—or for ever ſtand ſtill, for I'll not aid its motion to leave the mightier buſineſs of my love unfiniſh'd: no, let fortune and the duller Fools toil on—for I'll not bate a minute of my joys with thee to ſave the world, much leſs ſo poor a parcel of it; and ſure there is more ſolid pleſure ev'n in theſe expecting hours I wait to ſnatch my bliſs, than to be Lord of all the univerſe without it: then let me wait, my *Silvia*, in thoſe melancholy ſhades that part *Belfont* from *Dorillus*'s farm; perhaps my *Silvia* may walk that way ſo unattended that we might meet and loſe

our

our ſelves for a few Moments in thoſe intricate retreats: Ah, *Silvia!* I am dying with that thought--- Oh Heavens! what cruel deſtiny is mine? whoſe fatal circumſtances do not permit me to own my paſſion, and lay claim to *Silvia*, to take her without control to ſhades or Palaces, to live for ever with her, to gaze for ever on her, to eat, to loll, to riſe, to play, to ſleep, to act o'er all the pleaſures and the joys of life with her---But 'tis in vain I rave, in vain employ myſelf in the fools barren buſineſs, wiſhing,-this thought has made me ſad as death: Oh, *Silvia*! I can ne'er be truly happy——adieu, employ thy ſelf in writing to me, and remember my life bears date but only with thy Faith and Love.

Philander.

Try, my Adorable, what you can do to meet me in the Wood this afternoon, for there I'll live to day.

To

To *Philander.*

OBſtinate *Philander*, I conjure you by all your Vows, by all your ſacred love, by thoſe dear hours this happy night deſign'd in favour of you, to go without delay to *Ceſario*; 'twill be unſafe to diſobey a Prince in his jealous circumſtances. The fatigue of the journey cannot be great, and you well know the torment of my fears; oh! I ſhall never be happy or think you ſafe till you have quitted this fatal intereſt: Go, my *Philander*---and remember whatever toils you take will be rewarded at night in the Arms of

Silvia.

To Silvia.

WHatever Toils you take ſhall be rewarded in the Arms of *Silvia!*—By Heaven, I am inſpired to act wonders: Yes, *Silvia*, yes, my adorable Maid, I am gone, I fly as ſwift as lightning, or the ſoft darts of love ſhot from thy charming Eyes, and I can hardly ſtay to ſay—adieu—

To the Lady-----

Dear Child,

LONG foreſeeing the miſery whereto you muſt arrive by this fatal correſpondence with my unhappy Lord, I have often, with tears and prayers, implor'd you to decline ſo dangerous a paſſion;

I have never yet acquainted our parents with your misfortunes, but I fear I must at last make use of their Authority for the prevention of your ruin. 'Tis not, my dearest Child, that part of this unhappy story that relates to me, that grievs me, but purely that of thine.

Consider, oh young noble Maid, the infamy of being a Prostitute! and yet the act it self in this fatal Amour is not the greatest sin, but the manner which carries an unusual horrour with it; for 'tis a Brother too, my Child, as well as a lover, one that has lain by thy unhappy Sister's side so many tender years, by whom he has a dear and lovely off-spring, by which he has more fixt himself to thee by relation and blood: Consider this, oh fond heedless girl! and suffer not a momentary Joy to rob thee of the eternal Fame, me of my

eternal

eternal repoſe, and fix a brand upon our noble houſe, and ſo undo us all.-----Alas, conſider after an action ſo ſhameful, thou muſt obſcure thy ſelf in ſome remote corner of the World, where honeſty and honor never are heard of: No thou canſt not ſhew thy face, but 'twill be pointed at for ſomething monſtrous: for a hundred Ages may not produce a ſtory ſo leudly infamous and looſe as thine. Perhaps (fond as you are) you imagin the ſole joy of being belov'd by him, will attone for thoſe affronts and reproaches you will meet with in the cenſuring world: But Child, remember and believe me, there is no laſting faith in ſin; he that has broke his Vows with Heaven and me, will be again perjur'd to Heaven and thee, and all the World!——he once thought me as lovely, lay at my feet, and ſigh'd

ſigh'd away his ſoul, and told ſuch pitious ſtories of his Sufferings, ſuch ſad, ſuch mournful tales of his departed reſt, his broken heart and everlaſting Love, that ſure I thought it had been a ſin not to have credited his charming perjuries; in ſuch a way he ſwore, with ſuch a grace he ſigh'd, ſo artfully he mov'd, ſo tenderly he look'd. Alas, dear Child, then all he ſaid was new, unuſual with him, never told before, now 'tis a beaten road, 'tis learn'd by heart, and eaſily addreſt to any fond believing Woman, the tatter'd, worn-out fragments of my Trophies, the dregs of what I long ſince drain'd from off his fickle heart; then it was fine, then it was briſk & new, now pall'd and dull'd by being repeated often. Think, my Child, what your victorious beauty merits, the victim of a heart uncon-

quer'd by any but your eyes: Alas, he has been my captive, my humble whining ſlave, diſdain to put him on your fetters now; alas, he can ſay no new thing of his heart to thee, 'tis love at ſecond hand, worn out, and all its gaudy luſter tarniſh't; beſides, my Child, if thou hadſt no Religion binding enough, no Honor that could ſtay thy fatal courſe, yet nature ſhould oblige thee, and give a check to the unreaſonable enterpriſe. The griefs and diſhonour of our noble Parents, who have been eminent for virtue and piety, oh ſuffer 'em not to be reguarded in this cenſuring World as the moſt unhappy of all the race of old nobility; thou art the darling child, the joy of all, the laſt hope left, the refuge of their ſorrow; for they, alas, have had but unkind ſtars to influence their unadvis'd off-ſpring: no want

of

of virtue in their Education, but this laſt blow of Fate muſt ſtrike 'em dead: Think, think of this, my Child, and yet retire from ruin; haſte, fly from deſtruction which purſues thee faſt; haſte, haſte, and ſave thy Parents and a Siſter, or what's more dear, thy Fame; mine has already receiv'd but too many deſperate wounds, and all through my unkind Lord's growing Paſſion for thee, which was moſt fatally founded on my ruin, and nothing but my ruin could advance it; and when my Siſter, thou haſt run thy race, made thy ſelf loath'd, undone and infamous as hell, deſpis'd, ſcorn'd and abandon'd by all, lampoon'd, perhaps diſeas'd; this faithleſs Man, this cauſe of all will leave thee too, grow weary of thee, nauſeated by uſe, he may perhaps conſider what ſins, what evils, and what inconve-

enges and ſhames thou'ſt brought him to, and will not be the laſt ſhall loath and hate thee: For though youth fanſie it have a mighty race to run of pleaſing vice and vanity, the courſe will end, the goal will be arriv'd to at the laſt, where they will ſighing ſtand, look back and view the length of pretious time they've fool'd away; when travers'd o'er with honour and diſcretion, how glorious were the journey, and with what joy the wearied traveller lies down & basks beneath the ſhades that ends the happy courſe.

Forgive, dear Child, this advice and perſue it, 'tis the effect of my pity, not anger, nor could the name of rival ever yet have power to baniſh that of ſiſter from my Soul—farewel, remember me; pray Heaven thou haſt not this night made a forfeit of thy honor

and

and that this which comes from a tender bleeding heart may have the fortune to inſpire thee with grace to avoid all temptations for the future, ſince they muſt end in ſorrow; which is the eternal prayer of,

Deareſt Child,
Your affectionate Siſter.

To *Philander.*

ASk me not, my deareſt Brother, the reaſon of this ſudden change, ask me no more from whence proceeds this ſtrange coldneſs, or why this alteration; it is enough my deſtiny has not decreed me for *Philander*: Alas, I ſee my errour, and looking round about me, find nothing but approaching horrour and confuſion

in my purſuit of love: Oh whither was I going? to what dark paths, what everlaſting ſhades had ſmiling love betrai'd me had I purſu'd him farther? but I at laſt have ſubdu'd his force, and the fond Charmer ſhall no more renew his arts and flatteries; for I'm reſolv'd as Heaven, as fixt as fate and death, and I conjure you, trouble my repoſe no more, for if you do (regardleſs of my honour, which if you lov'd you wou'd preſerve) I'll do a deed ſhall free me from your importunities, that ſhall amaze and cool your vitious flame: no more-- remember you have a noble Wife, companion of your Vows, and I have honour, both which are worth preſerving, and for which, though you want generous Love, you'll find neither that nor Courage wanting in

Silvia.

To

To Silvia.

YES, my Adorable *Silvia*, I will purſue you no farther, only for all my pains, for all my ſufferings, for my tormenting ſleepleſs nights, & thoughtful anxious days; for all my faithleſs hopes, my fears, my ſighs, my prayers and my tears, for my unequall'd and unbound paſſion, and my unwearied purſuits in love, my ne'er dying flame, and laſtly, for my death; I only beg in recompenſe for all, this laſt favour from your pity; That you will deign to view the bleeding wound that pierc'd the trueſt heart that ever fell a ſacrifice to love: you'll find mybody lying beneath that ſpreading Oak, ſo ſacred to *Philander*, ſince 'twas there he firſt took into his greedy raviſh'd Soul the dear,

the ſoft confeſſion of thy Paſſion, tho now forgotten and neglected all——make what haſte you can, you'll find there ſtretch'd out the mangled Carcaſs of the loſt

Philander.

Ah! *Silvia*, was it for this that I was ſent in ſuch haſte away this morning to *Ceſario?* did I for this neglect the world, our great affair, and all that Prince's intereſt, and fly back to *Belfont*, on the wings of Love, were in lieu of receiving a dear bleſſing from thy hand, do I find——never ſee me more——good Heaven ——but, with my life, all my complaints are ended; only 'twould be ſome eaſe even in death to know what happy Rival 'tis has arm'd thy cruel hand againſt *Philander*'s heart.

To

To *Philander.*

STay, I conjure thee ſtay thy Sacrilegious hand; for the leaſt wound it gives the Lord of all my wiſhes, I'll double on my breaſt a thouſand fold; ſtay then, by all thy vows, thy love, and all the hopes I swear thou haſt this night a full recompence of all thy pains from yielding *Silvia*; I do conjure thee ſtay—for when the news arrives thou art no more, this poor, this loſt, abandon'd heart of mine ſhall fall a victim to thy cruelty; no, live, my *Philander*, I conjure thee, and receive all thou canſt aſk, and all that can be given by

Silvia.

To Philander.

OH, my charming *Philander*! how very ill have you recompenc'd my laſt ſoft commands? which were that you ſhould live: and yet at the ſame moment, while you are reading of the dear Obligation, and while my Page was waiting your kind return, you deſperately expos'd your life to the mercy of this innocent Rival, betraying unadviſedly at the ſame time, my honour and the ſecret of your love, & where to kill or to be kill'd, had been almoſt equally unhappy: 'twas well my Page told me you diſarm'd him in this rancounter; yet you he ſaysare wounded, ſome ſacred drops of blood are fallen to the earth and loſt, the leaſt of which are pretious enough to ranſom captive Queens: oh! haſte

Phi-

Philander, to my Arms for cure, I die with fear there may be danger——haſte, and let me bath the dear, the wounded part in floods of tears, lay it to my warm Lips, and bind it with my torn Hair: Oh! *Philander*, I rave with my concern for thee, and am ready to break all laws of decency and duty, and fly, without conſidering, to thy ſuccour, but that I fear to injure thee much more by the diſcovery, which ſuch an unadvis'd abſence would make; pray Heaven the unlucky adventure reach not *Belfont*; *Foſcario* has no reaſon to proclaim it, and thou art too generous to boaſt the conqueſt, and *Silvia* was the only witneſs, and he's as ſilent & as ſecret as the Grave; but why, *Philander*, was he ſent me back without reply? what meant that cruel ſilence——ſay, my *Philander*, will you not

obey,

obey me?——will you abandon me? can that dear tongue be perur'd? and can you this night diſappoint your *Silvia?* what have I done, oh obſtinately cruel, irreconcilable——what, for my firſt offence? a little poor reſentment and no more? a little faint care of my gaſping honour, cou'd that diſpleaſe ſo much? beſides I had a cauſe, which you ſhall ſee; a Letter that wou'd cool loves hotteſt fires, and turn it to devotion; by Heaven 'twas ſuch a check—ſuch a ſurpriſe——but you your ſelf ſhall judg it after that, I could ſay leſs than bid eternally farewel to love—at leaſt to thee—but I recanted ſoon; one ſad dear word, one ſoft reſenting line from thee, gain'd Love the day again, and I deſpis'd the cenſures of the duller world; yes, yes, and I confeſs'd you had o'er-come, and did this

merit

merit no reply? I asked the Boy a thouſand times what you ſaid, how and in what manner you receiv'd it, chid him, and laid your ſilent fault on him, till he with tears convinc'd me, and ſaid he found you haſtning to the Grove, —and when he gave you my commands——you look'd upon him with ſuch a ſtedfaſt, wild and fixt regard, ſurveying him all o'er while you were opening it——as argu'd ſome unuſual motion in you; then cried be gone--I cannot anſwer flattery——good Heaven, what can you mean? but e'er he got to the farther end of the Grove, where ſtill you walk'd a ſolemn death-like pace, he ſaw *Foſcario* paſs him unattended, and looking back, ſaw your rancounter, ſaw all that hapned between you, then ran to your aſſiſtance, juſt as you parted; ſtill you were rough-

ly

ly ſullen, and neither took notice of his proffer'd ſervice, nor that you needed it, although you bled apace; he offer'd you his aid to tie your wounds up --but you reply'd---be gone, and do not trouble me---Oh, cou'd you imagin I cou'd live with this neglect? cou'd you, my *Philander?* Oh, what would you have me do? if nothing but my death or ruin can ſuffice for my attonement, I'll ſacrifice either with joy; yes, I'll proclaim my paſſion aloud, proclaim it at *Belfont*, own the dear criminal flame, fly to my *Philander*'s aid and be undone; for thus I cannot, no I will not live, I rave, I languiſh, faint and die with pain; ſay that you live, oh, ſay but that you live, ſay you are coming to the Meadow behind the Garden-grove in order to your approach to my Arms: Oh, ſwear that all

your

your Vows are true; oh, ſwear that you are *Silvia*'s; and in return, I'll ſwear that I am yours without reſerve, whatever Fate is deſtin'd for your

Silvia.

I die with Impatience, either to ſee or hear from you; I fear 'tis yet too ſoon for the firſt — oh therefore ſave me with the laſt, or I ſhall rave, and wildly betray all by coming to Dorillus *his Farm, or ſeeking you where e'er you cruelly have hid your ſelf from.*

Silvia.

To Silvia.

AH, *Silvia*, how have you in one day deſtroy'd that repoſe I have been deſigning ſo many years! oh, thou falſe—but wondrous fair creature! why did Heaven ordain ſo much beauty & ſo much perfidy, ſo much excellent wit and ſo much cunning, (things inconſiſtent in any but in *Silvia*) in one divine frame, but to undo Mankind: yes, *Silvia*, thou wert born to Murther more believing Men than the unhappy and undon *Philander*. Tell me, thou charming Hypocrite, why haſt thou thus deluded me? why, oh, why was I made the miſerable object of thy fatal Vow breach? What have I done, thou lovely fickle Maid, that thou ſhouldſt be my murtherer? and why doſt thou

call

call me from the grave with ſuch dear ſoft commands as wou'd awake the very quiet dead, to torture me anew, after my Eyes (curſe on their fatal Senſe) were too ſure witneſſes of thy infidelity? Oh, fickle Maid, how much more kind 't had been to have ſent me down to earth, with plain heart-breaking truth, than a mean ſubtil falſhood, that has undon thy credit in my Soul: Truth, tho 'twere cruel, had been generous in thee, though thou wert perjur'd, falſe, forſworn——thou ſhouldſt not have added to it that yet baſer ſin of treachery: you might have been provok'd to have kill'd your friend, but it were baſe to ſtab him unawares, defenceleſs and unwarn'd; ſmile in my face and ſtrike me to the heart; ſooth me with all the tendereſt marks of paſſion—— nay with an Invitation too, that

wou'd

wou'd have gain'd a credit in one that had been jilted o'er th' world, flatter'd and ruin'd by all thy cozening Sex, and all to ſend me vain and pleas'd away, only to gain a day to entertain another Lover in. Oh, fantaſtick Woman! deſtructive glorious thing, what needed this deceit? hadſt thou not with unwonted induſtry perſwaded me to have haſted to *Ceſario*, by Heaven, I'd dully liv'd the tedious day in traverſing th' flowry Meads and ſilent Groves, laid by ſome murmuring ſpring had ſigh'd away the often counted hours, and thought on *Silvia* till the bleſt minute of my raviſhing approach to her; had been a fond believing and impos'd on Coxcomb, and ne'r had dreamt the treachery, ne'er ſeen the ſnake that bask'd beneath the gay, the ſmiling flowers; ſecurely thou hadſt cozen'd me, reap'd thy new

joys

joys, and made my Rival ſport at the expence of all my happineſs: Yes, yes, your haſty importunity firſt gave me jealouſie, made me impatient with *Ceſario*, and excuſe my ſelf to him by a hundred Inventions; neglected all to haſten back, where all my joys, where all my killing fears and torments reſided---but when came--how was I welcom'd? with your confirming Billet; yes, *Silvia*, how! let *Dorillus* inform you, between whoſe Arms I fell dead, ſhame on me, dead---and the firſt thought my Soul conceiv'd when it return'd, was, not to die in jeſt. I anſwer'd your commands, and haſtned to the Grove, where---- by all that's ſacred, by thy ſelf I ſwear (a dearer oath than Heaven and Earth can furniſh me with) I did reſolve to die; but oh, how ſoon my ſoft my ſilent paſſion turn'd to

loud

rage, rage easier to be born, to dire despair, to fury and revenge; for there I saw *Foscario*, my young, my fair, my rich and powerful Rival, he hasted through the grove all warm and glowing from the fair false ones Arms; the blushes which thy eyes had kindl'd were fresh upon his cheeks, his looks were sparkling with th'new blown fire his heart so briskly burnt with, a glad, a peaceful smile drest all his face, trick'd like a Bridegroom, while he perfum'd the air as he past through it——none but the Man that loves and dotes like me is able to express my sense of rage: I quickly turn'd the Sword from my own heart to send it to his elevated one, giving him only time to ——draw——that was the word, and I confess your Spark was wondrous ready, brisk with success, vain with your new-given favors

he

he only cry'd——if *Silvia* be the quarrel—I am prepar'd—and he maintain'd your cauſe with admirable Courage, I confeſs, though chance or fortune luckily gave me his ſword, which I wou'd fain have rendred back, and that way wou'd have died, but he refuſed to arm his hand anew againſt th'man that had not took advantage of him, and thus we parted: Then 'twas that malice ſupported me with life, and told me I ſhou'd ſcorn to die for ſo perfidious and ſo ruinous a creature; but charming and bewitching ſtill, 'twas then I borrow'd ſo much calmneſs of my leſſening anger, to read the Billet o're your Page had brought me, which melted all the rough remaining part of rage away into tame languiſhment: Ah, *Silvia!* this heart of mine was never form'd by Nature to hold out long in ſtubborn

ſullen-

fullenneſs; I am already on the excuſing part, and fain would think thee innocent and juſt; deceive me prettily, I know thou canſt, ſooth my fond heart, and ask how it could harbour a faithleſs thought of *Silvia*——do——flatter me, proteſt a little, ſwear my Rival ſaw thee not, ſay he was there by chance——ſay any thing; or if thou ſawſt him, ſay with how cold a look he was receiv'd——oh, *Silvia*, calm my Soul, deceive it, flatter it, & I ſhall ſtill believe and love thee on——yet ſhouldſt thou tell me truth, that thou art falſe, by Heaven I do adore thee ſo, I ſtill ſhould love thee on; ſhou'd I have ſeen thee claſp him in thy Arms, print kiſſes on his Cheeks and Lips and more——ſo fondly and ſo doatingly I love, I think I ſhou'd forgive thee; for I ſwear by all the Powers that pity frail mor-

mortality, there is no joy, no life, no Heaven without thee! Be falſe, be cruel, perjur'd, infamous, yet ſtill I muſt adore thee; my Soul was form'd of nothing but of love, and all that love, and all that Soul is *Silvia*'s, but yet ſince thou haſt fram'd me an excuſe, be kind and carry it on---to be deluded well, as thou canſt do't, will be the ſame to innocence as loving; I ſhall not find the cheat: I'll come then——and lay my ſelf at thy feet, and ſeek there that repoſe, that dear content which is not to be found in this vaſt world beſides; though much of my Heart's joy thou haſt abated, and fixt a ſadneſs in my Soul that will not eaſily vaniſh——Oh *Silvia*, take care of me, for I am in thy power, my life, my fame, my ſoul are in thy hands, be tender of the Victims, and remember if any action

of

of thy life ſhou'd ſhew a fading love, that very moment I perceive the change, you ſhall find dead at your feet the abandoned

Philander.

Sad as Death, I am going towards the Meadow, in order to my approach towards Silvia, *the World affording no repoſe to me, but when I am where the dear Charmer is.*

To Philander *in the Meadow.*

AND can you be jealous of me, *Philander*? I mean ſo poorly jealous as to believe me capable of falſhood, of vow-breach, and what's worſe, of loving any thing but the adorable *Philander*?

Oh,

Oh, I cou'd not once believe ſo cruel a thought cou'd have entred into the imaginations of a Soul ſo intirely poſſeſt with *Silvia*, and ſo great a judge of Love! Abandon me, reproach me, hate me, ſcorn me, whenever I harbour any thing in mine ſo deſtructive to my repoſe and thine. Can I *Philander*, give you a greater proof of my paſſion, of my Faithful never-dying paſſion, than being undone for you? Have I any other proſpect in all this ſoft adventure, but ſhame, diſhonour, reproach, eternal infamy, and everlaſting deſtruction, even of Soul and Body: I tremble with fear of future puniſhment; but Oh, Love will have no devotion (mixt with his ceremonies) to any other Deity; and yet alas, I might have Lov'd another, and have been ſav'd, or any Maid but *Silvia*, might have poſ-

 ſeſs'd

ſeſs'd without damnation. But 'tis a Brother I purſue, it is a Sifter gives her Honour up, and none but *Cannace* that ever I read in ſtory, was ever found ſo wretched as to love a Brother with ſo criminal a flame, and poſſibly I may meet her Fate. I have a Father too as great as *Æolus*, as angry and revengeful where his Honour is concern'd; and you found, my dearest Brother, how near you were laſt night to a diſcovery in the Garden: I have ſome reaſon too to fear this night's adventure, for as ill fate would have it (loaded with other thoughts) I told not *Melinda* of your adventure laſt night with *Monſieur* the Count, who meeting her early this morning, had like to have made a diſcovery, if he have not really ſo already; ſhe ſtrove to ſhun him, but he cried out — *Melinda*, you cannot fly me

me by light, as you did last night in the dark—she turn'd and beg'd his pardon for neither coming nor designing to come, since she had resolv'd never to violate her vows to *Alexis*; not coming, cried he, not returning again, you meant *Melinda*, secure of my heart and my purse, you fled with both: *Melinda*, whose Honour was now concern'd, and not reminding your escape in her likeness, Blushing, she sharply denied the Fact, and with a disdain that had laid aside all respect left him; nor can it be doubted, but he fansied (if she spoke truth) there was some other intrigue of Love carried on at *Bellfont*. Judge my charming *Philander*, if I have not reason to be fearful of thy safety and my fame, and to be jealous that so wise a Man as *Monsieur*, did not take that parly to be held with a Spirit last

night, or that 'twas an Apparition he courted: But if there be no boldneſs like that of Love, nor courage like that of a Lover; ſure there never was ſo great a Heroine as *Silvia*. Undaunted, I reſolve to ſtand the ſhock of all, ſince 'tis impoſſible for me to leave *Philander* any doubt or jealouſie that I can diſſipate, and Heaven knows how far I was from any thought of ſeeing *Foſcario* when I urg'd *Philander* to depart. I have, to clear my Innocence, ſent thee the Letter I received two hours after thy abſence, which falling into my Mother's hands, whoſe Favourite he is, he had Permiſſion to make his viſit; which within an Hour he did, but how received by me, be thou the judge, whene'er it is thy Fate to be oblig'd to entertain ſome Woman to whom thy Soul has an intire averſion: I

forc'd

forc'd a Complaiſance againſt my nature, indur'd his wrecking courtſhip with a Fortitude that became the great Heart that bears thy ſacred Image, as Martyrs do, I ſuffer'd without murmuring or the leaſt ſign of the pain I endur'd—— 'tis below the dignity of my mighty Paſſion to juſtifie it farther, let it plead its own cauſe, it has a thouſand ways to do it, and thoſe all ſuch as cannot be reſiſted, cannot be doubted, eſpecially this laſt proof of ſacrificing to your repoſe the never more to be doubted

SILVIA.

About an hour hence I ſhall expect you to advance.

To the Lady——

Madam,

'TIS not always the divine graces wherewith Heaven has adorn'd your reſplendent beauties, that can maintain the innumerable conqueſts they gain, without a noble Goodneſs, which may make you ſenſibly compaſſionate the poor and forlorn captives you have undone: But, moſt fair of your Sex, 'tis I alone that have a deſtiny more cruel and ſevere, and find my ſelf wounded from your very frowns, and ſecur'd a ſlave as well as made one; the very ſcorn from thoſe triumphant Stars, your Eyes, have the ſame effects as if they ſhin'd with the continual ſplendour of raviſhing Smiles, and I can no more ſhun their killing influence, than their all-ſaving aſpects,

aſpects, and I ſhall expire contented, ſine I fall by ſo glorious a Fate; if you will vouchſafe to pronounce my doom from that Storehouſe of perfection, your mouth, from lips that open like the bluſhing Roſe, ſtrow'd o'er with morning dew, and from a breath ſweeter than holy Incenſe; in order to which, I approach you, moſt excellent beauty, with this moſt humble petition, that you will deign to permit me to throw my unworthy ſelf before the Throne of your Mercy, there to receive the ſentence of my Life or Death, a happineſs though incomparably too great for ſo mean a Vaſſal, yet with that reverence and awe I ſhall receive it, as I wou'd the ſentence of the Gods, and which I will no more reſiſt than I wou'd the Thunderbolts of *Jove*, or the revenge of angry *Juno*: For, Ma-

dam, my immenſe Paſſion knows no *medium* between life and death, and as I never had the Preſumption to aſpire to the glory of the firſt, I am not ſo abject as to fear I am wholly depriv'd of the glory of the laſt; I have too long lain convicted, extend your Mercy, and put me now out of pain: You have often wreck'd me to confeſs my Promethian Sin; ſpare the cruel Vulture of Deſpair, take him from my heart in Pity, and either by killing words, or blaſting lightning from thoſe refulgent Eyes, pronounce the death of

Madam,

Your admiring Slave,

Foſcario.

To Silvia.

My everlaſting Charmer,

I Am convinc'd and pleas'd, my fears are vaniſh't and a Heaven of ſolid Joy is open'd to my view, and I have nothing now in proſpect but Angel-brightneſs, glittering Youth, dazling Beauty, charming Sounds, and raviſhing Touches, and all around me Ecſtaſies of Pleaſure, unconceivable Tranſports without concluſion; *Mahomet* never fanſied ſuch a Heaven, not all his Paradiſe promis'd ſuch laſting Felicity, or ever provided there the Recompenſe of ſuch a Maid as *Silvia*, ſuch a bewitching Form, ſuch ſoft, ſuch glorious Eyes, where the Soul ſpeaks and dances, and betrays Love's-ſecrets in every killing Glance, a Face,

where every motion, every feature ſweetly languiſhes, a Neck all-tempting——and her lovely Breaſt inviting preſſes from the eager Lips; ſuch Hands, ſuch claſping Arms, ſo white ſo ſoft and tender! no, nor one of all his Heavenly enjoyments, though promis'd years of fainting in one continued extaſie, can make one moment's joy with charming *Silvia*. Oh, I am wrapt (with hafe imagination) with much a vaſter pleaſure than any other dull appointment can diſpence——Oh, thou bleſſing ſent from Heaven to eaſe my toils of life! thou ſacred dear delight of my fond doating Heart, Oh, whither wilt thou lead me, to what vaſt heights of Love? Into extreams as fatal and as dangerous as thoſe exceſſes were that rendred me ſo cold in your opinion. Oh, *Silvia*, *Silvia*, have a

care

care of me, manage my o'erjoy'd Soul and all its eager passions, chide my fond heart, be angry if I faint upon thy Bosom, and do not with thy tender voice recall me, a voice that kills outright, and calls my fleeting Soul out of its Habitation: Lay not such charming Lips to my cold Cheeks, but let me lie extended at thy feet untouch'd, unsigh't upon, unpress'd with Kisses: Oh, change those tender trembling words of Love into rough sounds and noises unconcern'd, and when you see me dying, do not call my Soul to mingle with thy sighs; yet shouldst thou but one word, one look or tear, by Heaven, I shou'd be mad; oh, never let me live to see declension in thy Love! no, no, my Charmer, I cannot bear the least suppos'd decay in those dear fondnesses of thine; and sure none

c'e.

er became a Maid ſo well, nor ever were receiv'd with Adoratious like to mine!

Pardon, my Adorable *Silvia*, the raſhneſs of my Paſſion in this rancounter with *Foſcario*; I am ſatisfied he is too unhappy in your disfavour to merit the being ſo in mine; but 'twas ſufficient I then ſaw a Joy in his Face, a pleas'd gaiety in his Looks to make me think my Rage reaſonable and my Quarrel juſt; by the ſtile he writes, I dread his Senſe leſs than his Perſon; but you, my lovely Maid, have ſaid enough to quit me of my Fears for both—— the night comes on——I cannot call it envious, though it rob me of the Light that ſhould aſſiſt me to finiſh this, ſince it will more glorioufly repay me in a happier Place——come on then, thou bleſt retreat of Lovers, I forgive thy Interruptions here

here, ſince thou wilt conduct to the Arms of *Silvia*——the Adoring.

Philander.

If you have any Commands for me, this Weeder of the Gardens, whom I met going in thither, will bring it back; I wait in the Meadow, and date this from the dear Primroſe-Bank, where I have ſat with Silvia.

To Philander.

After the happy Night.

'TIS done; yes, *Philander*, 'tis done, and after that what will not Love and Grief oblige me to own to you? Oh, by what inſenſible degrees a Maid in love may arrive to ſay any thing to her Lover without bluſhing? I have

have known the time, the blest innocent time when but to think I lov'd *Philander* wou'd have cover'd my face with ſhame, and to have ſpoke it wou'd have fill'd me with Confuſion ——have made me Tremble, Bluſh, and bend my guilty Eyes to Earth, not daring to behold my Charming Conqueror while I made that baſhful Confeſſion —— though now I am grown bold in Love, and I have known the time when being at Court, and coming from the Preſence, being offered ſome officious hand to lead me to my Coach, I have ſhrunk back with my Averſion to your Sex, and have conceal'd my Hands in my Pockets to prevent their being touch'd——a Kiſs would turn my Stomach, and amorous Looks (though they wou'd make me vain) gave me a hate to him that

sent 'em, and never any Maid resolved so much as I to tread the Paths of Honour, and I had many Precedents before me to make me careful: Thus I was arm'd with resolution, pride and scorn, against all Mankind, but alas, I made no defence against a Brother, but innocently lay expos'd to all his attacks of Love, and never thought it criminal till it kindled a new Desire about me. Oh, that I shou'd not die with shame to own it——yet see (I say) how from one soft degree to another, I do not only confess the shameful Truth, but act it too; what, with a Brother —Oh Heavens! a Crime so monstrous and so new——but by all thy Love, by those surprising Joys so lately experienc'd——I never will—no, no, I never can——repent it: Oh, incorrigible Passion, oh hardned Love! at least I might

have

have ſome remorſe, ſome ſighing after my poor departed Honour; but why ſhould I diſſemble with the Powers Divine, that know the Secrets of a Soul doom'd to Eternal Love? Yet I am mad, I rave and tear my ſelf, traverſe my guilty Chamber in a diſordred, but a ſoft Confuſion; and often opening the conſcious Curtains, ſurvey the print where thou and I were laſt night laid, ſurveying it with a thouſand tender ſighs, and kiſs and preſs thy dear forſaken ſide, imagin over all our ſolemn joys, every dear tranſport, all our raviſhing repeated bliſſes, then almoſt fainting, languiſhing, cry——*Philander!* oh, my charming little God! then lay me down in the dear place you preſs'd, ſtill warm and fragrant with the ſweet remains that thou haſt left behind thee on the Pillow, oh, my Soul's Joy! my

dear,

dear, eternal pleaſure! what ſoftneſs haſt thou added to my heart within a few ſhort hours? but oh, *Philander*——if (as I've oft been told) Poſſeſſion, which makes Women Fond and Doting, ſhould make thee cold and grow indifferent—if nauſeated with repeated joy, and having made a full diſcovery of all that was but once imaginary, when fancy rendred every thing much finer than experience, oh, how were I undon! for me, by all the Inhabitants of Heaven I ſwear, by thy dear Charming ſelf, and by thy Vows——thou ſo tranſcendſt all fancy, all dull Imagination, all wondring Ideas of what Man was to me, that I believe thee more than humane! ſome charm divine dwells in thy touches; beſides all theſe, thy charming look, thy love, the beauties that adorn thee, and thy wit, I ſwear there is a Secret

in

in Nature that renders thee more dear and fits thee to my Soul; do not ask it me, let it ſuffice, 'tis ſo, and is not to be told; yes, by it I know thou art the Man created for my Soul, and he alone that has the power to touch it; my Eyes and Fancy might have been diverted, I might have favour'd this above the other, prefer'd that Face, that Wit, or Shape, or Air—but to concern my Soul to make that capable of ſomething more than Love, 'twas only neceſſary that *Philander* ſhou'd be form'd, and form'd juſt as he is, that Shape, that Face, that Height, that dear Proportion; I wou'd not have a Feature, not a Look, not a Hair alter'd, juſt as thou art, thou art an Angel to me, and I, without conſidering what I am, what I might be, or ought, without conſidering the fatal Circumſtances of thy being

ing married (a thought that ſhocks my Soul when e'er it enters) or whate'er other thought that does concern my Happineſs or Quiet, have fixt my Soul to Love and my *Philander*, to love thee with all thy diſadvantages, and glory in my Ruin; theſe are my firm reſolves——theſe are my thoughts. But thou art gone, with all the Trophies of my Love and Honour, gay with the Spoils, which now perhaps are unregarded: The myſtery's now reveal'd, the mighty Secret's known, and now will be no wonder or ſurprize: But hear my Vows, by all on which my Life depends I ſwear——if ever I perceive the leaſt decay of Love in thee, if e'er thou breakſt an Oath a Vow, a Word, if e'er I ſee Repentance in thy Face, or Coldneſs in thy Eyes (which Heaven divert) by that bright Heaven I'll die:

die: you may believe me, ſince I had the courage and durſt love thee, and after that durſt ſacrifice my Fame, loſe all to juſtifie that Love, will when a Change ſo fatal ſhall arrive, find courage too to die; yes, die *Philander*, aſſure thy ſelf I will, and therefore have a care of

Silvia.

To *Philander.*

OH, where ſhall I find repoſe, where ſeek a ſilent Quiet, but in my laſt retreat the Grave! I ſay not this, my deareſt *Philander*, that I do, or ever can repent my Love, though the fatal Source of all: For already we are betray'd, our race of Joys, our courſe of

ſtoln

ſtoln Delight is ended e'er begun. I chid, alas, at Morning's dawn, I chid you to be gone, and yet, Heaven knows, I graſp'd you faſt, and rather would have died than parted with you; I ſaw the day came on, and curſt its buſie light, and ſtill you cried one bleſſed minute more, before I part with all the joys of life! and hours were minutes then, and day grew old upon us unawares, 'twas all abroad, and had call'd up all the houſhould Spies to pry into the ſecrets of our Loves, and thou, by ſome Tale-bearing flatterer, wert ſeen in paſſing through the Garden; the news was carried to my Father, and a mighty Conſult has been held in my Mother's Apartment, who now refuſes to ſee me, while I poſſeſt with Love, and full of wonder at my new Change, lull'd with dear Contemplation,

(for

(for I am alter'd much ſince yeſterday, however thou haſt charm'd me) imagining none knew our theft of Love, but only Heaven and *Melinda*: But oh, alas, I had no ſooner finiſh'd this incloſ'd, but my Father enter'd my Cabinet, but 'twas with ſuch a Look——as ſoon inform'd me, all was betray'd to him; a while he gaz'd on me with fierceneſs in his Eyes, which ſo ſurpriz'd and frighted me, that I, all pale and trembling, threw my ſelf at his feet; he ſeeing my diſorder, took me up, and fixt ſo ſtedfaſt and ſo ſad a Look on me, as would have broken any heart but mine, ſupported with *Philander*'s Image; I ſighed and wept—and ſilently attended when the Storm ſhould fall, which turn'd into a ſhower ſo ſoft and piercing, I almoſt died to ſee it; at laſt delivering me a Paper——here,

(cried

(cried he, with a ſigh and trembling interrupted Voice) read what I cannot tell thee. Oh, *Silvia*, cried he——thou joy and hope of all my aged years, thou object of my Dotage, how haſt thou brought me to my Grave with ſorrow? ſo left me with the Paper in my hand: Speechleſs unmov'd a while I ſtood, till he awak'd me by new ſighs and cries; for paſſing through my Chamber by chance, or by deſign, he caſt his melancholy Eyes towards my Bed, and ſaw the dear diſorder there, unuſual——then cried—— Oh, wretched *Silvia*, thou art loſt! and left me almoſt fainting; the Letter, I ſoon found, was one you'd ſent from *Dorillus* his Farm this Morning, after you had parted from me, which has betrayed us all, but how it came into their hands I ſince have underſtood,

derſtood, for as I ſaid, you were ſeen paſſing through the Garden, from thence (to be confirm'd) they dog'd you to the Farm, and waiting there your motions, ſaw *Dorillus* come forth with a Letter in his hand, which though he ſoon cenceal'd, yet not ſo ſoon but it was taken notice of, when haſting to *Belfont* the neareſt way, they gave an account to *Monſieur*, my Father, who going out to *Dorillus*, commanded him to deliver him the Letter; his Vaſſal durſt not diſobey, but yielded it with ſuch diſpute and reluctancy as he durſt maintain with a Man ſo great and powerful; before *Dorillus* return'd you had taken Horſe, ſo that you are a ſtranger to our misfortune —What ſhall I do? where ſhall I ſeek a Refuge from the danger that threatens us, a ſad and ſilent Grief appears throughout *Belfont*, and

and the face of all things are chang'd, yet none knows the unhappy cauſe but *Monſieur* my Father, and *Madam* my Mother, *Melinda*, and my ſelf; *Melinda* and my Page are both diſmiſt from waiting on me, as ſuppoſed confidents of this dear ſecret, and ſtrangers, creatures of *Madam* the Counteſs, put about me. Oh, *Philander*, what can I do? thy advice, or I am loſt; but how, alas, ſhall I either convey theſe to thee or receive any thing from thee, unleſs ſome God of Love in pity of our miſeries, ſhou'd offer us his aid; I'll try to corrupt my new Boy, I ſee good nature, pity and generoſity in his looks, he's well-born too, and may be honeſt.

Thus far *Philander*, I had writ when Supper was brought me, for yet my Parents have not deign'd to let me come into their preſence,

thoſe that ſerve me tell me *Mertilla* is this Afternoon arriv'd at *Belfont*; all's mighty cloſely carry'd in the Counteſſes Apartment. I tremble with the thought of what will be the reſult of the great Conſultation: I have been tempting of the Boy, but I perceive they are ſtrictly charg'd not to obey me; he ſays, againſt his will, he ſhall betray me, for they will have him ſearch'd, but he has promis'd me to ſee one of the Weeders, who working in the Garden, into which my Window opens, may from thence receive what I ſhall let down; if it be true, I ſhall get this fatal knowledg to you, that you may not only prepare for the worſt, but contrive to ſet at liberty

My heart is ready to break, and my eyes are drowned in Tears: Oh Philander, *how much unlike the laſt will prove this fatal night: farewell and think of* Silvia.

the unfortunate

Silvia.

This

This was Writ in the Cover to both the foregoing Letters to Philander.

Philander, all that I dreaded, all that I fear'd is fallen upon me: I have been arraign'd and convicted, three Judges, ſevere as the three infernal ones, ſate in condemnation on me, a Father, a Mother, and a Siſter; the fact, alas, was too clearly prov'd, and too many circumſtantial truths appear'd againſt me for me to plead, Not guilty. But, Oh Heavens! had you ſeen the tears, and heard the Prayers, threats, reproaches and upbraidings——theſe from an injur'd Siſter, thoſe my heart-broken Parents; a tender Mother here, a railing and reviling Siſter there—an angry Father and a guilty Conſcience----thou wouldſt have won-

dred at my fortitude, my courage and my reſolution, and all from Love! For ſurely I had died, had not thy love thy powerful love ſupported me; through all the accidents of life and fate, that can and will ſupport me; in the midſt of all their clamours and their railings I had from that a ſecret and a ſoft repoſe within, that whiſper'd me, *Philander* loves me ſtill; diſcarded and renounc'd by my fond Parents, Love ſtill replies, *Philander* ſtill will own thee; thrown from thy Mother's and thy Siſter's arms, *Philander*'s ſtill are open to receive thee: And though I rave, and almoſt dye to ſee them grieve, to think that I am the fatal cauſe, who makes ſo ſad confuſion in our Family: for, oh 'tis pitious to behold my Siſter's ſighs and tears, my Mother's ſad deſpair, my Father's raging and his weeping, by melancholy

lancholy turns: Yet even theſe deplorable objects, that wou'd move the moſt obdurate ſtubborn heart to pity and repentance, render not mine relenting; and yet I'm wondrous pitiful by nature, and I can weep and faint to ſee the ſad effects of my looſe wanton love, yet cannot find repentance for the dear charming ſin; and yet, ſhoud'ſt thou behold my Moterr's languiſhment, no bitter words proceeding from her lips, no tears fall from her down-caſt eyes, but ſilent and ſad as death ſhe ſits, and will not view the light; ſhoud'ſt thou, I ſay, behold it, thou woud'ſt if not repent, yet grieve that thou hadſt lov'd me: Sure love has quite confounded nature in me, I cou'd not elſe behold this fatal ruin without revenging it upon my ſtubborn heart, a thouſand times a-day I mak enew vows againſt the God

of Love, but 'tis too late, and I'm as often perjur'd——Oh, ſhou'd the Gods revenge the broken vows of Lovers, what Love-ſick man, what Maid betray'd like me, but wou'd be damn'd a thouſand times for every little love-quarrel, every kind reſentment makes us ſwear to love no more, and every ſmile, and every flattering ſoftneſs from the dear injurer, make us perjur'd: Let all the force of virtue, honour, intereſt joyn with my ſuffering Parents to perſwade me to ceaſe to love *Philander*, yet let him but appear, let him but look on me with thoſe dear charming eyes, let him but ſigh, or preſs me to his fragant cheek, fold me——and cry ——ah, *Silvia*, can you quit me——na, you muſt not, you ſhall not, nay, I know you cannot, remember you are mine——there is ſuch eloquence in thoſe dear words

when

when utter'd with a voice ſo tender and ſo paſſionate, that I believe 'em irreſiſtable——alas, I find 'em ſo—and eaſily break all the feebler vows I make againſt thee; yes, I muſt be undone, perjur'd, forſworn, incorrigible, unnatural, diſobedient, and any thing, rather than not *Philander*'s——turn then, my Soul, from theſe domeſtick, melancholy objects, and look abroad, look forward for a while on charming proſpects; look on *Philander*, the dear, the young, the amorous *Philander*, whoſe very looks infuſe a tender joy throughout the Soul, and chaſe all cares, all ſorrows and anxious thoughts from thence, whoſe wanton play is ſofter than that of young fledg'd Angels, and when he looks and ſighs, and ſpeaks, and touches, he is a very God: Where art thou, oh thou miracle of youth, thou

charming dear undoer! now thou haſt gain'd the glory of the conqueſt, thou ſlighteſt the rifled captive; What, not a line? two tedious days are paſt and no kind power relieves me with a word, or any tidings of *Philander*—— and yet thou mayſt have ſent—— but I ſhall never ſee it, till they raiſe up freſh witneſſes againſt me ——I cannot think thee wavering, or forgetful; for if I did, ſurely thou knowſt my heart ſo well, thou canſt not think 'twou'd live to think another thought: Confirm my kind belief, and ſend to me ——

There is a Gate well known to thee through which thou paſſeſt to *Bellſont*, 'tis in the road about half a league from hence, an old Man opens it, his Daughter weeds in the Garden, and will convey this to thee as I have order'd her, by the

the ſame meſſenger thou may'ſt return thine, and early as ſhe comes I'll let her down a ſtring, by which way unperceiv'd, I ſhall receive 'em from her: I'll ſay no more, nor inſtruct you how you ſhall preſerve your

Silvia.

To Silvia.

That which was left in her hands by Monſieur, *her Father in her Cabinet.*

My adorable Silvia,

I Can no more deſcribe to thee the torment with which I part from *Bellfont*, than I can that Heaven of joy I was rais'd to laſt night by the tranſporting effects of thy wondrous love; both are to exceſs, and both killing, but in different kinds. Oh, *Silvia*, by all my

unſpeakable raptures in thy arms, by all thy charms of beauty, too numerous and too raviſhing for fancy to imagin——If wear——by this laſt night, by this dear new diſcovery, thou haſt increas'd my love to that vaſt height, it has undone my peace—all my repoſe is gone——this dear, dear night has ruin'd me, it has confirm'd me now I muſt have *Silvia*, and cannot live without her, no, not a day, an hour——to ſave the world, unleſs I had the intire poſſeſſion of my lovely Maid: Ah, *Silvia*, I am not that indifferent dull Lover, that can be rais'd by one beauty to an appetite, and ſatisfie it with another, I cannot carry the dear flame you kindle, to quench it in the embraces of *Mertilla*; no, by the eternal powers, he that pretends to love, and loves at that courſe rate, needs fear no danger from that paſſion,

paſſion, he ne're was born to love or dye for love; *Silvia*, *Mertilla*, and a thouſand more were all the ſame to ſuch a dull inſenſible; no, *Silvia*, when you find I can return back to the once left matrimonial Bed, deſpiſe me, ſcorn me, ſwear (as then thou juſtly may'it) I love not *Silvia*: Let the hot brute drudge on (he who is fir'd by Nature, not by Love, whom any bodies kiſſes can inſpire) and eaſe the neceſſary heats of youth; Love is a nobler fire, which nothing can allay but the dear ſhe that rais'd it; no, no, my purer ſtream ſhall ne're run back to the fountain whence 'tis parted, nay, it cannot, it were as poſſible to love again where one has ceas'd to love, as carry the deſire and wiſhes back; by Heaven, to me there's nothing ſo unnatural; no, *Silvia*, it is you I muſt poſſeſs, you have compleat-

ed

ed my undoing now, and I muſt dye unleſs you give me all——but oh, I am going from thee——when are we like to meet——oh, how ſhall I ſuppport my abſent hours! thought will deſtroy me, for 'twill be all on thee, and thoſe at ſuch a diſtance will be inſupportable——what ſhall I do without thee? if after all the toils of dull inſipid life I cou'd return and lay me down by thee, *Herculean* labours wou'd be ſoft and eaſie——the harſh fatigues of war, the dangerous hurries of affairs of ſtate, the buſineſs and the noiſe of life, I cou'd ſupport with pleaſure, with wondrous ſatisfaction, cou'd treat *Mertilla* too with that reſpect, that generous care as wou'd become a Husband, I cou'd be eaſie every where, and every one ſhou'd be at eaſe with me; now I ſhall go and find no *Silvia* there, but ſigh and wan-

der

der like an unknown thing, on ſome ſtrange foreign ſhore; I ſhall grow peeviſh as a new wean'd child, no toys, no bauble of the gaudy world will pleaſe my wayward fancy: I ſhall be out of humour, rail at every thing, in anger ſhall demand, and ſullenly reply to every queſtion ask'd and anſwer'd, and when I think to eaſe my Soul by a retreat, a Thouſand ſoft deſires, a Thouſand wiſhes wreck me, pain me to raving, till beating the ſenſeleſs floor with my feet——I cry aloud——my *Silvia*! ——thus, thus, my charming dear, the poor *Philander* is employ'd when baniſh'd from his Heaven! if thus it us'd to be when only that bright outſide was ador'd, judge now my pain, now thou haſt made known a thouſand graces more——oh, pity me——for 'tis not in thy power to gueſs what I

ſhall

ſhall nowendure in abſence of thee; for thou haſt charm'd my Soul to an exceſs too mighty for a patient ſuffering: Alas, I dye already——

I am yet at *Dorillus* his Farm, lingring on from one ſwift minute to the other, and have not power to go; a thouſand looks all languiſhing I've caſt from eyes all drown'd in tears towards *Bellfont*, have ſight a thouſand wiſhes to my Angel, from a ſad breaking heart——Love will not let me go—and Honour calls me——alas, I muſt away; when ſhall we meet again? ah when, my *Silvia*?——oh charming Maid—thoul't ſee me ſhortly dead, for thus I cannot live, thou muſt be mine, or I muſt be no more—— I muſt away—farewell——may all the ſofteſt joys of Heaven attend thee——adieu—fail not to ſend a hundred times a day, if poſſible; I've order'd *Alexis* to do

nothing

nothing but wait for all that comes, and poſt a way with what thou ſend'ſt to me—again adieu, think on me——and till thou call'ſt me to thee, imagin nothing upon earth ſo wretched as *Silvia*'s own

Philander.

Know my Angel, that paſſing through the Garden this Morning, I met Erafto——*I fear, he ſaw we neer enough to know me, and will give an account of it, let me know what happens —adieu half dead, juſt taking Horſe to go from* Silvia.

To *Philander.*

Written in a Leaf of a Table-book.

I Have only time to ſay on *Thurſday* I am deſtin'd a Sacrifice to *Foſcario*, which day finiſhes the life of

Silvia.

To

To Silvia.

From Dorillus *his Farm.*

RAving and mad at the News your Billet brought me, I (without conſidering the effects that wou'd follow) am arriv'd at *Bellfont*; I have yet ſo much patience about me, to ſuffer my ſelf to be conceal'd at *Dorillus* his Cottage; but if I ſee thee not to night, or find no hopes of it——by HeavenI'll ſet *Bellfont* all in a flame but I will have my *Silvia*; be ſure I'll do't——what? to be married——*Silvia* to be married—and given from *Philander*——Oh, never think it, thou forſworn fair Creature——What? give *Foſcario* that dear charming Body? ſhall he be graſp'd in thoſe dear naked Arms? taſte all thy kiſſes, preſs thy ſnowy Breaſts, command thy

joys

joys and rifle all thy heaven? Furies and Hell environ me if he do —Oh, *Silvia*, faithleſs, perjur'd charming *Silvia*——and can'ſt thou ſuffer it——hear my vows, oh fickle Angel——hear me, thou faithleſs Raviſher! that fatal moment that the daring Prieſt offers to joyn your hands, and give thee from me, I'll ſacrifice your Lover; by Heaven I will, before the Altar ſtab him at your feet; the holy place, nor the numbers that attend ye, nor all your prayers nor tears ſhall ſave his heart; look to't and be not falſe——yet I'll not truſt thy Faith; no, ſhe that can think but falſely, and ſhe that can ſo eaſily be perjur'd——for, but to ſuffer it is ſuch a ſin——ſuch an undoing ſin——that thou art ſurely damn'd! and yet, by Heaven, that is not all the ruin ſhall attend thee: no, lovely Miſchief, no——you

ſhall

ſhall not ſcape till the damnation day; for I will rack thee, torture thee and plague thee, thoſe few hours I have to live (if ſpightful Fate prevent my juſt revengeupon *Foſcario*) and when I'm dead——as I ſhall quickly be kill'd by thy cruelty——know, thou fair Murtherer, I will haunt thy ſight, be ever with thee, and ſurround thy bed, and fright thee from the Raviſher; fright all thy looſe delights, and check thy joys——Oh, I am mad! ——I cannot think that thought, no, thou ſhalt never advance ſo far in wickedneſs, I'll ſave thee if I can——Oh, my adorable, why doſt thou torture me? how haſt thou ſworn ſo often and ſo loud that Heaven I am ſure has heard thee, and will puniſh thee? how did'ſt thou ſwear that happy bleſſed night, in which I ſaw thee laſt, claſp'd in my arms, weeping with eager

eager love, with melting ſoftneſs on my boſome———remember how thou ſwor'ſt———oh, that dear night———let me recover ſtrength——and then I'll tell thee more——I muſt repeat the ſtory of that night, which thou perhaps (oh faithleſs!) haſt forgot——— that glorious night when all the Heavens were gay, and every favouring power look'd down and ſmil'd upon our thefts of love, that gloomy night the firſt of all my joys, the bleſſed'ſt of my life——— trembling and fainting I approacht your chamber, and while you met and graſp'd me at the door, taking my trembling body in your arms —remember how I fainted at your feet, and what dear arts you us'd to call me back to life—remember how youkiſs'd and preſs'd my face ——emember what dear charming words you ſpoke———and when

when I did recover, how I ask'd you with a feeble doubtful voice ——Ah, *Silvia*, will you ſtill continue thus, thus wondrous ſoft and fond? will you be ever mine and ever true——what did you then reply, when kneeling on the Carpet where I lay, what, *Silvia*, did you vow? how invoke Heaven? how call its vengeance down if e're you lov'd another man again, if e're you touch'd or ſmil'd on any other, if e're you ſuffer'd words or acts of love but from *Philander*? both Heaven and Hell thou did'ſt awaken with thy oaths, one was an angry liſtener to what it knew thou'dſt break, the other laugh'd to know thou woud'ſt be perjur'd, while only I, poor I, was all the while a ſilent fond believer; your vows ſtopt all my language as your kiſſes did my lips, you ſwore and kiſs'd, and vow'd and claſp'd my neck

neck——oh charming flatterer! oh artful dear beguiler! thus into life and peace, and fond ſecurity you charm'd my willing Soul! 'Twas then, my *Silvia*, (certain of your heart and that it never cou'd be given away to any other) I preſs'd my eager joys, but with ſuch tender caution——ſuch fear and fondneſs, ſuch an awful paſſion; as overcame your faint reſiſtance, my reaſons and my arguments were ſtrong, for you were mine by love, by ſacred vows, and who cou'd lay a better claim to *Silvia*? how oft I cried——Why this riſiſtance, *Silvia*? my charming dear, whoſe are you? not *Philander*'s? and ſhall *Philander* not command his own ——you muſt——ah cruel——then a ſoft ſtruggle follow'd with half breath'd words, with ſighs and trembling hearts, and now and then ——ah cruel and unrea-

unreaſonable was ſoftly——ſaid on both ſides: thus ſtrove, thus argued———till both lay panting in each others arms, not with the toil, but rapture; I need not ſay what ſter follow'd this———what tender ſhowers of ſtrange indearing mixtures 'twixt joy and ſhame, 'twixt love and new ſurpriſe, and ever when I dried your eyes with kiſſes, unable to repeat any other language than—oh my *Silvia*! oh my charming Angel! while ſighs of joy, and cloſely graſping thee——ſpoke all the reſt——while every tender word and every ſigh, was Eccho'd back by thee; you preſs'd me———and you vow'd you lov'd me more than ever yet you did; then ſwore anew and in my boſom hid your charming bluſhing face, then with exceſs of love wou'd call on Heaven be witneſs oh ye powers (a thouſand

times

times ye cried) if ever Maid e're loved like *Silvia*———puniſh me ſtrangely, oh eternal powers, if e're I leave *Philander*, if e're I ceaſe to love him; no force, no art, not intereſt, honour, wealth, convenience, duty, or what other neceſſary cauſe—ſhall never be of force to make me leave thee——thus haſt thou ſworn, oh charming, faithleſs flatterer, thus 'twixt each raviſhing minute thou woud'ſt ſwear —and I as faſt believ'd—and lov'd thee more——haſt thou forgot it all, oh fickle charmer, haſt thou? haſt thou forgot between each awfull ceremony of love how you cried out, farewell the world and mortal cares, give me *Philander*, Heaven, I ask no more---haſt thou forgot all this? did all the live-long night hear any other ſound but thoſe my mutual vows, of invocations, broken ſighs, and ſoft and trembling

trembling whiſpers, ſay had we any other buſineſs for the tender hours? oh, all ye hoſt of Heaven, ye Stars that ſhone, and all ye powers the faithleſs lovely Maid has ſworn by, be witneſs how ſhe's perjur'd; reveng it all ye injur'd powers, revenge it, ſince by it ſhe has undone the faithfulleſt Youth, and broke the tendereſt heart——that ever fell a ſacrifice to love, and all ye little weeping Gods of love, revenge your murther'd victim——your

Philander.

To *Philander.*

In the Leaves of a Table-Book.

OH, my *Philander*, how dearly welcome, and how needleſs were thy kind reproaches? which

which I'll not endeavour to convince by Argument, but ſuch a deed as ſhall at once ſecure thy fears now and for the future; I have not a Minute to write in, place my dear *Philander*, your Chariot in St. *Vincent*'s Wood, and ſince I am not able to fix the hour of my flight, let it wait there my coming, 'tis but a little Mile from *Bellfont*, *Dorillus* is ſuſpected there, remove thy ſelf to the High-way-gate Cottage---there I'll call on thee---'twas lucky, that thy fears, or love, or jealouſie brought thee ſo near me, ſince I'd reſolv'd before upon my flight. Parents and Honor, Intereſt and Fame, farewell—I leave you all to follow my *Philander*——haſte the Chariot to the thickeſt part of the Wood, for I'm impatient to be gone, and ſhall take the firſt opportunity to fly to

my *Philander*——Oh, love me, love me, love me!

Under pretence of reaching the Jesamin which shades my Window, I unperceiv'd let down and receive what Letters you send by the honest Weeder; by her send your sense of my flight, or rather your direction, for 'tis resolv'd already.

To Silvia,

My lovely Angel,

SO carefull I will be of this dear mighty secret, that I will only say *Silvia* shall be obey'd, no more – nay, I'll not dare to think of it, lest in my rapture I shou'd name my joy aloud, and busie winds

winds ſhou'd bear it to ſome officious liſtner and undo me; no more, no more, my *Silvia*, extremes of joy (as grief) are ever dumb; Let it ſuffice, this bleſſing which you proffer, I had deſign'd to ask, as ſoon as you'd convinc'd me of your faith; yes, *Silvia*, I had ask'd it, though 'twas a bounty too great for any Mortal to conceive Heaven ſhou'd beſtow upon him; but if it do, that very moment I'll reſign the world, and barter all for love and charming *Silvia*. Haſte, haſte my life; my arms, my boſome and my Soul are open to receive the lovely fugitive; haſte, for this moment I am going to plant my ſelf where you directed.

Adieu.

To Philander.

After her Flight.

AH, *Philander*, how have you undone a harmleſs poor unfortunate? Alas, where are you? why wou'd you thus abandon me? Is this the Soul, the Boſom, theſe the Arms that ſhou'd receive me? I'll not upbraid thee with my love, or charge thee with my undoing; 'twas all my own, and were it yet to do, I ſhou'd again be ruin'd for *Philander*, and never find Repentance, no not for a thought, a word or deed of love, to the dear falſe forſworn; but I can dye, yes, hopeleſs, friendleſs——left by all, even by *Philander*——all but reſolution has abandon'd me, and that can lay me down when e'er I pleaſe in ſafe repoſe and peace: But oh, thou art not falſe, or if thou be'ſt, Oh, let me hear it from

from thy mouth, ſee thy repented love, that I may know there's no ſuch thing on Earth, as faith, as heneſty, as love or truth; however be thou true, or be thou falſe, be bold and let me know it, for thus to doubt, is torture worſe than death. What accident thou dear, dear Man, has hapned to prevent thee from purſuing my directions, and ſtaying for me at the Gate? where have I miſſ'd thee, thou joy of my Soul? By what dire miſtake have I loſt thee? And where, Oh, where art thou my charming Lover? I ſought thee every where, but like the languiſhing abandon'd Miſtreſs in the *Canticles*, I ſought thee, but I found thee not, no bed of Roſes wou'd diſcover thee; I ſaw no print of thy dear ſhape, nor heard no amorous ſigh that cou'd direct me—I ask'd the Wood and Springs, complain'd and call'd on

thee through all the Groves, but they confeſs'd thee not; nothing but Echo's anſwer'd me, and when I cried *Philander*---cried---*Philander*, thus ſearch'd I till the coming night and my increaſing fears made me reſolve for flight, which ſoon we did, and ſoon arriv'd at *Paris*, but whither then to go Heaven knows, I cou'd not tell, for I was almoſt naked, friendleſs and forlorn; at laſt, conſulting *Brilljard* what to do, after a thouſand revolutions he concluded to truſt me with a Siſter he had who was Married to a *Gideon* of the *Guard de Core*, he chang'd my name, and made me paſs for a Fortune he had ſtoln; but oh, no welcomes, nor my ſafe retreat were ſufficient to repoſe me all the inſuing night, for I had no news of *Philander*; no, not a dream inform'd me; a thouſand fears and jealouſies have kept me

me waking, and *Brilljard* who has been all night in purſuit of thee is now return'd ſucceſleſs and diſtracted as thy *Silvia*, for duty and generoſity has almoſt the ſame effects in him, with love and tenderneſs and jealouſie in me; and ſince *Paris* affords no news of thee, (which ſure it wou'd if thou wert in it, for oh, the Sun might hide himſelf with as much eaſe as great *Philander*) he is reſolv'd to ſearch St. *Vincent*'s Wood and all the adjacent Cottages and Groves; he thinks that you, not knowing of my eſcape, may yet be waiting thereabouts; ſince quitting the Chariot for fear of being ſeen, you might be ſo far advanc'd into the Wood, as not to find the way back to the Thicket where the Chariot waited: 'tis thus he feeds my hope and flatters my poor heart, thats fain wou'd think thee true——or if

thou be'ſt not——but curſt be all ſuch thoughts, and far from *Silvia*'s Soul; no, no thou art not falſe, it cannot be, thou art a God, and art unchangeable; I know by ſome miſtake, thou art attending me, as wild and impatient as I, perhaps thou think'ſt me falſe, and think'ſt I have not courage to purſue my love and fly; and thou perhaps art waiting for the hour wherein thou think'ſt I'll give my ſelf away to *Foſcario*: Oh cruel and unkind! to think I lov'd ſo lightly, to think I would attend that fatal hour; No *Philander*, no faithleſs, dear inchanter: Laſt night, the Eve to my intended Wedding-day, having repos'd my Soul by my reſolves for flight, and only waiting the lucky Minute for eſcape, I ſet a willing hand to every thing that was preparing for the Ceremony of the enſuing Morning; with

with that pretence I got me early to my Chamber, tried on a thouſand Dreſſes, and ask'd a thouſand queſtions, all impertinent, which would do beſt, which look'd moſt gay and rich, then dreſt my Gown with Jewels, deck'd my apartment up, and left nothing undone that might ſecure 'em both of my being pleas'd, and of my ſtay; nay, and to give the leſs ſuſpicion, I undreſs'd my ſelf even to my under Petticoat and Night-gown; I would not take a Jewel, not a Piſtol, but left my Women finiſhing my work, and careleſly, and thus undreſs'd, walk'd towards the Garden, and while every one was buſie in their office, getting my ſelf out of ſight, I poſted o'er the Meadow to the Wood as ſwift as *Daphne* from the God of day, till I arriv'd moſt luckily where I found the Chariot waiting, attended by

Brilljard; of whom, when I (all fainting and breathleſs with my ſwift flight) demanded his Lord, he lifted me into the Chariot, and cried; a little farther, *Madam*, you will find him; for he, for fear of making a diſcovery took yonder ſhaded path—towards which we went, but no dear viſion of my Love appear'd——and thus, my charming Lover, you have my kind adventure; ſend me ſome tidings back that you are found, that you are well, and laſtly, that you are mine, or this that thou'd have been my wedding day, will ſee it ſelf that of the death of

Silvia.

Paris, *Thurſday, from my Bed, for want of Cloaths, or rather, news from* Philander.

To Silvia.

MY life, my *Silvia*, my eternal joy, art thou then ſafe? and art thou reſerv'd for *Philander*? am I ſo bleſt by Heaven, by love, and my dear charming Maid? then let me dye in peace, ſince I have liv'd to ſee all that my Soul deſires in *Silvia*'s being mine; perplex not thy ſoft heart with fears or jealouſies, nor think ſo baſely, ſo poorly of my love to need more oaths or vows, yet to confirm thee I wou'd ſwear my breath away; but oh, it needs not here; —take then no care, my lovely Dear, turn not thy charming eyes or thoughts back on afflicting objects; oh think not on what thou haſt abandoned, but what thou art arriv'd to; look forward on the joys of love and Youth, for I will dedi-

dedicate all my remaining life to render thine ſerene and glad; and yet, my *Silvia*, thou art ſo dear to me, ſo wondrous precious to my Soul, that in my extravagance of love, I fear, I ſhall grow a troubleſom and wearying Coxcomb, ſhall dread every look thou giveſt away from me——a Smile will make me rave, a ſigh or touch make me commit a Murther on thee happy ſlave, or my own jealous heart, but all the World beſides is *Silvia*'s, all but another Lover; but I rave and run too faſt away, Ages muſt paſs a tedious term of years before I can be jealous, or conceive thou canſt be weary of *Philander*—I'll be ſo fond, ſo doating and ſo playing, thou ſhalt not have an idle Minute to throw away a look in, or a thought on any other; no, no, I have thee now, and will maintain my right

by

by dint and force of love——Oh, I am wild to ſee thee----but, *Silvia*, I am wounded--do not be frighted though, for 'tis not much or dangerous, but very troubleſom, ſince it permits me not to fly to *Silvia*, but ſhe muſt come to me in order to it. *Brilljard* has a Bill on my Goldſmith in *Paris* for a thouſand Piſtols to buy thee ſomething to put on; any thing that's ready, and he will conduct thee to me, for I ſhall rave my ſelf into a Fever if I ſee thee not to day—I cannot live without thee now, for thou art my life my everlaſting charmer: I have order'd *Brilljard* to get a Chariot and ſome unknown Livery for thee, and I think the continuance of paſſing for what he has already rendred thee, will do very well, till I have taken farther care of thy dear ſafety, which will be as ſoon as I am able to riſe; for moſt unfortu-

fortunately, my dear *Silvia*, quitting the Chariot in the Thicket for fear of being ſeen with it, and walking down a ſhaded path that ſuited with the melancholy, and fears of unſucceſs in thy adventure; I went ſo far, as e're I cou'd return to the place where I left the Chariot, 'twas gone——it ſeems with thee; I know not how you miſt me——but poſſeſs'd my ſelf with a Thouſand falſe fears, ſometimes that in thy flight thou mighteſt be purſued and overtaken, ſeiz'd in the Chariot and return'd back to *Bellfont*, or that the Chariot was found and ſeiz'd on upon ſuſpicion, though the Coach-man and *Brilljard* were diſguis'd paſt knowledge——or if thou wert gone, alas, I knew not whither, but that was a thought my doubts and fears would not ſuffer me to eaſe my Soul with; no,

I (as jealous lovers do) imagin'd the moſt tormenting things for my own repoſe, I imagin'd the Chariot taken, or at leaſt ſo diſcover'd as to be forc'd away without thee: I imagin'd that thou wert falſe— Heaven forgive me, falſe, my *Silvia*, and hadſt chang'd thy mind; mad with this thought (which I ſanſied moſt reaſonable and fixt it in my ſoul) I rav'd about the Wood, making a thouſand vows to be reveng'd on all; in order to it I left the Thicket, and betook my ſelf to the high road of the Wood, where I laid me down amongſt the Fern, cloſe hid, with Sword ready, waiting for the happy Bridegroom, whom I knew (it being the wedding eve) wou'd that way paſs that Evening; pleas'd with revenge which now had got even the place of love; I waited there not above a little hour, but heard the

tram-

trampling of a Horſe, and looking up with mighty joy, I found it *Foſcario*'s; alone he was, and unattended, for he'd outſtript his equipage, and with a lover's haſte and full of joy, was making towards *Bellfont*; but I (now fir'd with rage) leap'd from my Covert, cried, ſtay, *Foſcario*, e'er you arrive to *Silvia*, we muſt adjuſt an odd account between us--at which he ſtopping, as nimbly alighted; ——in fine, we fought, and many wounds were given and received on both ſides, till his People coming up, parted us juſt as we were fainting with loſs of Blood in each others Arms; his Coach and Chariot were amongſt his Equipage; into the firſt his Servants lifted him, when he cried out with a feeble voice, to have me, who now lay bleeding on the Ground, put into the Chariot, and to be

ſafely convey'd whereever I commanded, and ſo in haſte they drove him towards *Bellfont*, and me, who was reſolv'd not to ſtir far from it, to a Village within a Mile of it; from whence I ſent to *Paris* for a Surgeon and diſmiſt the Chariot, ordering in the hearing of the Coach-man, a Litter to be brought me immediately, to convey me that Night to *Paris*; but the Surgeon coming, found it not ſafe for me to be removed, and I am now willing to live, ſince *Silvia* is mine; haſte to me then, my lovely Maid, and fear not being diſcover'd, for I have given order here in the Cabaret where I am, if any enquiry is made after me, to ſay, I went laſt night for *Paris*: Haſte my Love, haſte to my Arms, as feeble as they are, they'll graſp thee a dear wellcome: I'll ſay no more, nor preſcribe rules to thy love,

love, that can inform thee beſt what thou muſt do to ſave the life of thy moſt paſſionate Adorer,

Philander.

To *Philander.*

I Have ſent *Brilljard* to ſee if the Coaſt be clear that we may come with ſafety; he brings you inſtead of *Silvia*, a young Cavalier that will be altogether as wellcome to *Philander*, and who impatiently waits his return at a little Cottage at the end of the Village.

To Silvia.

From the Baſtill.

I Know my *Silvia* expected me at home with her at dinner to day, and wonders how I cou'd live ſo long as ſince morning without the eternal joy of my Soul; but know, my *Silvia*, that a trivial misfortune is now fallen upon me, which in the midſt of all our Heaven of joys, our ſofteſt hours of life, has ſo often chang'd thy ſmiles into fears and ſighings, and ruffled thy calm Soul with cares: Nor let it now ſeem ſtrange or afflicting, ſince every day for this three months we have been alarm'd with new fears that have made thee uneaſie even in *Philander*'s arms; we knew ſome time or other the ſtorm wou'd fall on us, though we had for three happy months ſhel-

tred

tred our ſelves from its threatning rage; but Love I hope, has arm'd us both; for me——let me be depriv'd of all joys, (but thoſe my charmer can diſpenſe) all the falſe World's reſpect, the dull eſteem of Fools and formal Coxcombs, the grave advice of the cenſorious Wiſe, the kind opinion of ill judging Women, no matter, ſo my *Silvia* remain but mine.

I am, my *Silvia*, arreſted at the ſuit of *Monſieur* the Count, your Father, for a Rape on my lovely Maid: I deſire my Soul, you will immediately take Coach, and go to the Prince *Ceſario*, and he will Bail me out; I fear not a fair trial; and *Silvia*, thefts of mutual love were never counted Felony; I may die for Love, my *Silvia*, but not for Loving—go, haſte, my *Silvia*, that I may be no longer detain'd from the ſolid pleaſure and buſi-

neſs

neſs of my Soul——haſte, my lov'd dear——haſte and relieve

Philander.

Come not to me, leſt there ſhould be an order to detain my Dear.

To *Philander.*

I Am not at all ſurpriz'd, my *Philander*, at the accident that as befallen thee, becauſe ſo long xpected, and love and that has well fortified my heart that I pport our misfortune with a cou-ge worthy of her that loves and is lov'd by the glorious *Philander*; am arm'd for the worſt that can fall me, and that is my being ren-

rendred a publick ſhame, who have been ſo in the private whiſpers of all the Court for near theſe happy three months, in which I have had the wondrous ſatisfaction of being retir'd from the World with the charming *Philander*; my Father too knew it long ſince, at leaſt he cou'd not hinder himſelf from gueſſing it, though his fond indulgence ſuffer'd his Juſtice and his anger to ſleep, and poſſibly had ſtill ſlept had not *Mertilla*'s ſpight and rage (I ſhou'd ſay juſt reſentment, but I cannot) rouz'd up his drowſie vengeance: I know ſhe has ply'd him with her ſoftning eloquence, her prayers and tears to win him to conſent to make a publick buſineſs of it; but I am entred, love has arm'd my Soul, and I'll purſue my fortune with that height of fortitude as ſhall ſurpriſe the world; yes *Philander*, ſince I have

have loſt my honour, fame and friends, my intereſt and my Parents, and all for mightier love; I'll ſtop at nothing now, if there be any hazards more to run, I'll thank the ſpightful fates that bring 'em on, and will even tire them out with my unwearied paſſion--Love on, *Philander*, if thou darſt, like me; let 'em purſue me with their hate and vengeance, let Priſons, poverty and tortures ſeize me, it ſhall not take one grain of love away from my reſolv'd heart, nor make me ſhed a tear of penitence, for loving thee; no, *Philander*, ſince I know what a raviſhing pleaſure 'tis to live thine I will never quit the glory of dying alſo thy

Silvia.

Cesario, *my dear is coming to be your Bail; with* Monſieur *the Count of*———*I dy to ſee you after your ſuffering for* Silvia.

To

To Silvia.

BElieve me, charming *Silvia*, I live not thoſe hours I am abſent from thee, thou art my life, my Soul and my eternal felicity; while you believe this truth, my *Silvia*, you will not entertain a thouſand fears, if I but ſtay a moment beyond my appointed hour, eſpecially when *Philander*, who is not able to ſupport the thought that any thing ſhou'd afflict his lovely Baby, takes care from hour to hour to ſatisfie her tender doubting heart. My deareſt, I am gone into the City to my Advocates, my Tryal with *Monſieur* the Count, your Father, coming on to morrow, and 'twill be at leaſt two tedious hours e're I can bring my adorable her

Philander.

To

To Silvia.

I Was call'd on, my deareſt Child, at my Advocates, by *Ceſario*, there is ſome great buſineſs this Evening debated in the Cabal which is at *Monſieur*——in the City; *Ceſario* tells me there is a very diligent ſearch made by *Monſieur* the Count, your Father, for my *Silvia*, I die if you are taken, leſt the fright ſhould hurt thee; if poſſible, I would have thee remove this evening from thoſe Lodgings, leſt the People who are of the Royal party ſhould be induc'd through malice or gain, to diſcover thee; I dare not come my ſelf to wait on thee, leſt my being ſeen, ſhould betray thee, but I have ſent *Brillard* (whoſe zeal for thee ſhall be rewarded) to conduct thee to a little Houſe in the *Fauxbourgh* S. *Ger-*

mans, where lives a pretty Woman and Miſtreſs to *Chevalier Tomaſo*, called *Belinda*, a Woman of Wit, and diſcreet enough to underſtand what ought to be paid to a Maid of the quality and character of *Silvia*; ſhe already knows the ſtories of our loves; thither I'll come to thee and bring *Ceſario* to Supper, as ſoon as the Cabal breaks up; Oh, my *Silvia*, I ſhall one day recompence all thy goodneſs, all thy bravery, thy love and thy ſuffering for thy eternal Lover and Slave,

Philander.

To

To *Philander.*

SO hasty I was to obey *Philander*'s commands, that by the unwearied care and industry of the faithful *Brilljard*, I went before three a clock disguiz'd away to the place whither you order'd us, and was well receiv'd by the very pretty young Woman of the House, who has sense and breeding as well as Beauty: But oh, *Philander*, this flight pleases me not; Alas, what have I done? my fault is only love, and that sure I shou'd boast, as the most divine passion of the Soul; no, no *Philander*, 'tis not my Love's the criminal, no not the placing it on *Philander* the Crime, but 'tis thy most unhappy circumstances, thy being Married, and that was no crime to Heaven

till man made laws, and can laws teach to Damnation? if ſo, Curſe on the fatal hour that thou wert Married, curſe on the Prieſt that joyn'd ye, and curſt be all that did contribute to the undoing Ceremony----except *Philander*'s Tongue, that anſwer'd yes---Oh, Heavens! was there but one dear Man of all your whole Creation that could charm the Soul of *Silvia*? And could ye——oh, ye wiſe all-ſeeing Powers that knew my Soul, could ye give him away? How had my Innocence offended ye? our hearts you did create for mutual love, how came the dire miſtake; another would have pleas'd the indifferent *Mertilla*'s Soul as well, but mine was fitted for no other Man; only *Philander*, the ador'd *Philander*, with that dear form, that ſhape, that charming face, that hair, thoſe lovely ſpeaking eyes, that

that wounding ſoftneſs in his tender voice, had power to conquer *Silvia*; and can this be a ſiin? Oh, Heavens, can it? muſt laws which Man contriv'd for meer convenience, have power to alter the divine Decrees at our Creation--perhaps they argue to morrow at the Bar, that *Mertilla* was ordain'd by Heaven for *Philander*; no, no, he miſtook the Siſter, 'twas pretty near he came, but by a fatal error was miſtaken, his haſty Youth made him too negligently ſtop before his time at the wrong Woman, he ſhould have gaz'd a little farther on—and then it had been *Silvia*'s lot-- 'tis fine Divinity they teach, that cry Marriages are made in Heaven---folly and madneſs grown into grave cuſtom; ſhould an unheedy youth in heat of Blood take up with the firſt convenient ſhe that offers, though he

an Heir to ſome grave Politician, great and rich, and ſhe the outcaſt of the common Stews, coupled in height of Wine, and ſudden Luſt, which once allay'd, and that the ſober Morning wakes him to ſee his Error, he quits with ſhame the Jilt, and owns no more the Folly; ſhall this be call'd a heavenly Conjunction? Were I in height of youth, as now I am, forc'd by my Parents, oblig'd by Intereſt and Honor, to Marry the old, deform'd, diſeas'd, decrepid Count *Anthonio*, whoſe perſon, qualities and principles I loath, and rather than ſuffer him to conſummate his Nuptials, ſuppoſe I ſhould (as ſure I ſhou'd) kill my ſelf, 'twere Blaſphemy to lay this fatal Marriage to Heaven's charge—curſe on your Nonſenſe, ye impoſing Gownmen, curſe on your holy cant; you may as well call Rapes and Murthers,

Murthers, Treaſon and Robbery, the acts of Heaven; becauſe Heaven ſuffers 'em to be committed, is it Heaven's pleaſure therefore, Heaven's Decree? A trick, a wiſe device of Prieſts, no more—to make the nauſeated, tir'd out pair drag on the careful buſineſs of Life, drudg for the dull got Family with greater ſatisfaction, becauſe they're taught to think Marriage was made in Heaven; a mighty comfort that, when all the joys of life are loſt by it: Were it not nobler far that honor kept him juſt, and that good nature made him reaſonable proviſion? daily experience proves to us, no couple live with leſs content, leſs eaſe than thoſe who cry Heaven joins; who is't loves leſs than thoſe that Marry? and where love is not, there is hate and loathing, at beſt, diſguſt, diſquiet, noiſe and repentance: No,

Philander, that's a heavenly match when two Souls toucht with equal paſſion meet, (which is but rarely ſeen)—when willing vows, with ſerious Conſideration, are weigh'd and made, when a true view is taken of the Soul, when no baſe intereſt makes the haſty Bargain, when no conveniency or deſign of drudge, or ſlave ſhall find it neceſſary, when equal Judgments meet that can eſteem the bleſſings they poſſeſs, and diſtinguiſh the good of eithers love, and ſet a value on each others merits, and where both underſtand to take and pay; who find the beauty of each others minds, and rate 'em as they ought, whom not a formal ceremony binds (with which I've nought to do, but dully give a cold conſenting affirmative) but well conſider'd Vows from ſoft inclining Hearts, utter'd with

with love, with joy, with dear delight, when Heaven is call'd to witneſs; She is thy Wife, *Philander* he is my Husband, this is the match, this Heaven deſigns and means, how then, oh, how came I to miſs *Philander*? or he his

Silvia.

Since I writ this, which I deſign'd not an invective againſt Marriage when I began but to inform thee of my being where you directed; but ſince I writ this, I ſay the Houſe where I am, is broken open with Warrants and Officers for me, but being all undreſt and ill, the Officer has taken my word for my appearance to Morrow; it ſeems they ſaw me when I went from my Lodgings and purſued me; haſte to me, for I ſhall need your Counſel.

To

To Silvia.

MY eternal joy, my affliction is inexpreſſible at the news you ſend me of your being ſurpriz'd; I am not able to wait on thee yet——not being ſuffer'd to leave the Cabal, I only borrow this minute to tell thee the ſenſe of my Advocate in this caſe; which was, if thou ſhould'ſt be taken, there was no way, no Law to ſave thee from being raviſh'd from my arms, but that of Marrying thee to ſome body whom I can truſt; this we have often diſcours'd and thou haſt often vow'd thou'lt do any thing rather than kill me with a ſeparation; reſolve then, oh thou charmer of my Soul, to do a deed, that though the name would

would fright thee, only can preſerve both thee and me; it is—— and tho it have no other terrour in it than the name, I faint to ſpeak it----to Marry *Silvia*; yes, thou muſt marry; tho thou art mine as faſt as Heaven can make us, yet thou muſt Marry; I've pitch'd upon the property, 'tis *Brilljard*, him I can only truſt in this affair; it is but joining hands—no more, my *Silvia*,--*Brilljard*'s a Gentleman, tho a *Cadet*, and may be ſuppoſed, to pretend to ſo great a happineſs, and whoſe only Crime is want of Fortune; he's handſom too, well made, well bred, and ſo much real eſteem he has for me, and I've ſo oblig'd him, that I'm confident he'll pretend no farther than to the honour of owning thee in Court; I'll tie him from it, nay, he dares not do't, I'll truſt him with my Life---

but

but oh, *Silvia* is more--think of it, and this night we will perform it, there being no other way to keep *Silvia* eternally

Philander's.

To *Silvia.*

NOw, my adorable *Silvia*, you have truly need of all that heroick bravery of mind I ever thought thee Miſtreſs of; for *Silvia*, coming from thee this Morning, and riding full ſpeed for *Paris*, I was met, ſtopt and ſeiz'd for High-Treaſon, by the King's Meſſengers, and poſſibly may fall a ſacrifice to the anger of an incens'd Monarch; my *Silvia*, bear this laſt ſhock of Fate with a cou-

rage

rage worthy thy great and glorious Soul; 'tis but a little Separation, *Silvia*, and we ſhall one day meet again; by Heaven, I find no other ſting in Death but parting with my *Silvia*, and every parting wou'd have been the ſame; I might have died by thy diſdain, thou mightſt have grown weary of thy *Philander*, have lov'd another, and have broke thy Vows, and tortur'd me to Death theſe crueller ways; but fate is kinder to me, and I go bleſt with my *Silvia*'s Love, for which Heaven may do much, for her dear ſake, to recompence her Faith, a Maid ſo innocent and true to Sacred Love; expect the beſt, my lovely dear, the worſt has this Comfort in't, that I ſhall die, my Charming *Silvia*'s

Philander.

To *Philander.*

I'LL only ſay, thou dear Supporter of my Soul, that if *Philander* dies, he ſhall not go to Heaven without his *Silvia*,---By Heaven and Earth I ſwear it, I cannot live without thee, nor ſhalt thou die without thy

Silvia.

To Silvia.

SEE, ſee, my Adorable Angel, what Cares the Powers Above take of Divine Innocence, true Love and Beauty; oh, ſee what they have done for their darling *Silvia*; could they do leſs?

Know,

Know, my dear Maid, that after being examined before the King, I was found Guilty enough to be committed to the *Baſtile*, (from whence, if I had gone, I never had returned, but to my Death) but the Meſſenger into whoſe hands I was committed refuſing other Guards, being alone with me, in my own Coach, I reſolv'd to kill if I could no other way oblige him to favour my eſcape; I tried with Gold before I ſhew'd my Dagger, and that prevail'd, a way leſs criminal, and I have taken ſanctuary in a ſmall Cottage near the Sea-ſhore, where I wait for *Silvia*; and though my life depend upon my flight, nay, more, the life of *Silvia*, I cannot go without her; dreſs your ſelf then, my deareſt, in your Boys Cloaths, and haſte with *Briljard*, whither this Seaman will conduct thee

thee, whom I have hired to ſet us on ſome Shore of Safety; bring what News you can learn of *Ceſario*; I would not have him die poorly after all his mighty Hopes, nor be conducted to a Scaffold with ſhouts of Joy, by that uncertain Beaſt the Rabble, who us'd to ſtop his Chariot-wheels with fickle Adorations when e'er he look'd abroad ——by Heaven, I pity him; but *Silvia*'s Preſence will chaſe away all Thoughts, but thoſe of Love, from

Philander.

I need not bid thee haſte.

La Fin.

Love-Letters

FROM A

NOBLEMAN

TO HIS

SISTER:

Mixt with the

HISTORY

OF THEIR

ADVENTURES.

The Second Part, by the ſame Hand.

LONDON,

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at the *Judges Head* in *Chancery-Lane*, and *Joſeph Hindmarſh*, at the *Golden Ball* in *Cornhill*, 1693.

TO

Lemuel Kingdon, *Esq*;

SIR,

I Beg you will give me leave to expreſs my Gratitude in ſome meaſure, for the Favours I have received of you, and to make an Acknowledgement where I cannot pay a Debt. 'Tis only what was long ſince deſign'd you, when poſſibly it might have found ſomething a better welcome, by its having made (as then it muſt have done) a Voyage to have kiſs'd your Hands, and might perhaps then have contributed in

ſome ſmall degree to your Diverſion, in a place where there is found ſo little—— In order to it I ſent you the firſt part by one of your Officers, of which this is a Continuation. But being oblig'd to lay it by for other more material buſineſs, it has had the misfortune not to approach you till now, and to which Honour it has nothing to intitle it, but that of bearing your Name before it, which will put a value upon it to the World. And ſince I never was of a Nature to hoard any Good to my peculiar uſe, 'tis with great ſatisfaction I am, by this ſhort character of you, diſtributing a Bleſſing to that part of Mankind who have not that of knowing you. For there is an unſpeakable pow'r and pleaſure in obliging; and 'tis a pain to the good-natur'd to conceal any thing, whoſe Communication may gratifie the World, and I am uneaſie when a good Man is not as well under-

underſtood by every body as by my ſelf; and I boaſt that Honour here, with more Vanity than of any other Happineſs. Tho' I know, I ſhall be cenſur'd by your Lovers for ſaying ſo little where ſo much is due: But ſince I write to the number that do not know you, rather than thoſe that do, this will at leaſt ſuffice to ſhew how fine a thing Man can be, ſo qualify'd and ſet out by nature for eternal eſteem. For, Sir, there is in you ſomething, beſides the common Vertues of your Sex, ſo engaging, ſome Art in Nature ſo peculiar to your ſelf, ſo inſinuating into the Soul, that there is not found any thing ſo dull in Humankind as not to love, honour, and value you: Nor is that Man born that is your Enemy, no not even amongſt thoſe Phanatical Diſpoſitions, whoſe principles and opinions are ſo diſtant from thoſe Honeſt and Generous

ones of yours; at leaſt they love the Man tho' they rail at his Notions. eſteem the Perſon tho' they abominate the Loyalliſt; nor can I reflect on the excellency of your Temper, but I think you born to put the ill-natur'd World into good Humour. You are always eaſie without Affectation, merry without extravagance, generous, liberal, and good without vanity, ſedate and even without conſtraint, cheerful and calm as innocence, tho' the World ſtorm and reel with mad confuſion, ſtill from the ſerenity of your Looks we read the fair weather in your mind, which times or ſeaſons can never diſcompoſe, while all goes well with your King and Country. You have a greatneſs of Soul, which it ſeems as if fate durſt not oppreſs, and he who is ſo truly magnificent within, needs not trouble the World for Elbow-room, and who is ambitious of more

than

than you poſſeſs, does but purchaſe an empty name at the expence of his Repoſe and Senſe, and leſſens his Glory by equalling it to a Title. The Sun at noon is no wonder, but to ſee as great an illumination in a Star, tho' of the firſt magnitude, we gaze at with Admiration. Title (that Trifle which you can command when you pleaſe, and which 'tis far greater to merit than to wear,) ſerves rather to render Vice more apparent than to elevate the vertues. Heav'n has made you more truly happy, and has ſet no Bleſſing at too vaſt a diſtance for your reach; but has ſubdued even all your Wiſhes to your Pow'r, and left you almoſt nothing to ask: having ſuited your Fame and Fortune to the greatneſs of your Mind.

How ſoon at the choice of the moſt glorious Senate, that ever bleſt the Land, was your valu'd name ſnatch'd

by

by every glad and giving Voice, and made the Muſick of the happy Day, when black Excluſioners were juſtly damn'd from the Field, and only ſuch untainted Supporters of the Royal Cauſe, thought worthy to bear a part in ſo glorious a Concern, as Giving Cæſar his Due. *Here, Sir, you appear'd in your proper Sphere, diſperſing that darling vertue of your Soul, laviſhly giving, generouſly diſpoſing and dealing out according to your mighty Mind, and had the glory even of obliging a Monarch, than which nothing could be a greater ſatisfaction to you. But, Sir, you do all things with a perfect good Grace, and even Buſineſs, that toyle of Life, you render ſoft and eaſie, and as if you alone were created to manage the Concerns of the world, you make buſineſs your pleaſure and diverſion, and laugh at thoſe that fatigue themſelves with mighty*

affairs,

affairs, and who assume, like Trincilo, a dull Gravity, to be esteem'd great, wise, and busie, while you discover only the best and noblest part of business, the effects of it, the rest, the Gentleman so handsomly conceals, we perceive it no more than Fairy Housewifery, which is still acted in the shades and silence of the night, when Mortals are asleep, and who find all fair and clean in the Morning, but cannot guess at the invisible Hand that did it. I am so good a Subject that I wish all his Majesty's work done by such hands, heads and hearts, so effectual and so faithful; and then we shall fear no more Rebellions, but every Man shall bask securely under his own Vine that has one—For my part I have only escap'd fleaing by the Rebels, to starve more securely in my own native Province of Poetry, tho' I am as well pleas'd at our late Victory, and

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the growing Glories of my King, as he that has got a Commiſſion by it, if I may have this Happineſs added to it, of ſtill retaining the Honour of your Friendſhip, and be ſtill numbred in the Crowd of,

SIR,

Your moſt Obliged

Humble Servant,

A. B.

Love-

LETTERS
FROM A NOBLEMAN TO HIS SISTER

The Second Part by the ſame Hand.

The ARGUMENT.

AT the end of the firſt Part of theſe Letters, we left *Philander* impatiently waiting on the Sea-Shore for the approach of the lovely *Silvia*; who accordingly came to him

dreſt like a Youth, to ſecure her ſelf from a Diſcovery. They ſtaid not long to careſs each other, but he taking the welcome Maid in his Arms with a tranſported joy bore her to a ſmall Veſſel, that lay ready near the Beach; where with only *Brilljard* and two Men Servants, they put to Sea, and paſt into *Holland*, landing at the neareſt Port; where, after having refreſh'd themſelves for two or three days, they paſt forward towards the *Brill*, *Silvia* ſtill remaining under that amiable diſguiſe: but in their paſſage from Town to Town, which is ſometimes by Coach, and other times by Boat, they chanc'd one day to encounter a young *Hollander* of a more than ordinary Gallantry for that Country, ſo degenerate from good Manners and almoſt common Civility, and

and ſo far ſhort of all the good qualities that made themſelves appear in this young Nobleman. He was very handſom, well made, well dreſt, and very well attended; and whom we will call *Octavio*, and who, young as he was, was one of the States of *Holland*; he ſpoke admirable good French, and had a vivacity and quickneſs of Wit, unuſual with the Natives of that part of the World, and almoſt above all the reſt of his Sex: *Philander* and *Silvia* having already agreed for the Cabin of the Veſſel that was to carry them to the next Stage, *Octavio* came too late to have any place there but amongſt the common crowd; which the Maſter of the Veſſel, who knew him, was much troubl'd at, and addreſt himſelf as civilly as he cou'd to *Philander* to beg permiſſion for one Stranger of quality

to diſpoſe of himſelf in the Cabin for that day : *Philander* being well enough pl.as'd, ſo to make an acquaintance with ſome of power of that Country, readily conſented ; and *Octavio* enter'd with an addreſs ſo graceful and obliging, that at firſt ſight he inclin'd *Philander's* Heart to a Friendſhip with him, and on the other ſide the lovely perſon of *Philander*, the quality that appear'd in his Face and Mein oblig'd *Octavio* to become no leſs his Admirer. But when he ſaluted *Silvia*, who appear'd to him a Youth of Quality, he was extreamly charm'd with her pretty Gayety, and an unuſual Air and Life in her Addreſs and Motion, he felt a ſecret Joy and Pleaſure play about his Soul he knew not why, and was almoſt angry that he felt ſuch an emotion for a youth, tho' the moſt lovely that he ever

ver ſaw. After the firſt Compliments, they fell into Diſcourſe of a thouſand indifferent things: and if he were pleas'd at firſt ſight with the two Lovers, he was wholly charm'd by their Converſation, eſpecially that of the amiable Youth; who well enough pleas'd with the young Stranger, or elſe hitherto having met nothing ſo accompliſh'd in her ſhort Travels; and indeed deſpairing to meet any ſuch; ſhe put on all her Gayety and Charms of Wit, and made as abſolute a Conqueſt as 'twas poſſible for her ſuppos'd Sex to do over a Man, who was a great admirer of the other; and ſurely the lovely Maid never appear'd ſo charming and deſirable as that day; they din'd together in the Cabin; and after Dinner repos'd on little Matreſſes by each others ſide, where every Motion, every

Limb as careleſly ſhe lay, diſcover'd a thouſand Graces, and more and more enflam'd the now beginning Lover; ſhe cou'd not move, nor ſmile, nor ſpeak, nor order any charm about her, but had ſome peculiar Grace that begun to make him uneaſie; and from a thouſand little Modeſties both in her Bluſhes and Motions he had a ſecret hope ſhe was not what ſhe ſeem'd, but of that Sex whereof ſhe diſcover'd ſo many Softneſſes and Beauties; tho' to what advantage that hope wou'd amount to his Repoſe, was yet a diſquiet he had not conſider'd nor felt: Nor could he by any fondneſs between them or indiſcretion of Love, conceive how the lovely Strangers were allied; he only hop'd, and had no thoughts of Fear, or any thing that cou'd check his new begin-

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ning flame. While thus they pass'd the Afternoon, they ask'd a thousand Questions, Of Lovers, Of the Country and Manners, and their Security and Civility to Strangers; to all which *Octavio* answer'd as a Man, who wou'd recommend the Place and Persons purely to oblige their stay; for now Self-interest makes him say all things in favour of it; and of his own Friendship, offers them all the Service of a Man of Power, and who cou'd make an Interest in those that had more than himself; much he protested, much he offer'd, and yet no more than he design'd to make good on all occasions, which they receiv'd with an Acknowledgment, that plainly discover'd a Generosity and Quality above the common rate of Men; so that finding in each other occasions for Love and Friendship,

they mutually profeſt it, and nobly entertain'd it. *Octavio* told his name and quality, left nothing unſaid that might confirm the Lovers of his ſincerity. This begot a confidence in *Philander*, who in return told him ſo much of his Circumſtances as ſuffic'd to let him know he was a perſon ſo unfortunate to have occaſion'd the diſpleaſure of his King againſt him, and that he cou'd not continue with any repoſe in that Kingdom, whoſe Monarch thought him no longer fit for thoſe Honours he had before receiv'd: *Octavio* renew'd his Proteſtations of ſerving him with his int'reſt and fortune, which the other receiving with all the gallant Modeſty of an unfortunate Man, they came a-ſhore where *Octavio*'s Coaches and Equipage waiting his coming to conduct him to his Houſe, he offer'd his new Friends the beſt

of

of 'em to carry them to their Lodging, which he had often preſs'd might be his own Palace; but that being refus'd as too great an honour, he wou'd himſelf ſee them plac'd in ſome one, which he thought might be moſt ſuitable to their Quality; they excus'd the trouble, but he preſs'd too eagerly to be deny'd, and he conducted them to a Merchant's Houſe not far from his own, ſo Love had contriv'd for the better management of this new Affair of his Heart, which he reſolv'd to purſue, be the fair Object of what Sex ſoever: But after having well enough recommended 'em to the Care of the Merchant he thought it Juſtice to leave 'em to their reſt, tho' with abundance of Reluctancy; ſo took his leave of both the lovely Strangers, and went to his own home. And after

a haſty Supper got himſelf put to Bed : Not to ſleep ; for now he had other Buſineſs : Love took him now to task and ask'd his heart a thouſand Queſtions. Then 'twas he found the Idea of that fair unknown had abſolute poſſeſſion there : Nor was he at all diſpleas'd to find he was a Captive ; his Youth and Quality promiſe his Hopes a thouſand Advantages above all other Men : but when he reflected on the Beauty of *Philander*, on his Charming Youth and Converſation, and every Grace that adorns a Conqueror, he grew inflam'd, diſordered, reſtleſs, angry, and out of Love with his own Attractions ; conſider'd every Beauty of his own Perſon, and found 'em, or at leaſt thought 'em, infinitely ſhort of thoſe of his now fanſi'd Rival ; yet 'twas a Rival that he cou'd not hate, nor did his

paſſion

paſſion abate one thought of his Friendſhip for *Philander*, but rather more encreas'd it, inſomuch that he once reſolv'd it ſhou'd ſurmount his Love if poſſible, at leaſt he left it on the upper hand, till time ſhou'd make a better diſcovery. When tir'd with thought we'll ſuppoſe him aſleep, and ſee how our Lovers far'd. Who being lodg'd all on one Stair-Caſe (that is *Philander*, *Silvia*, and *Brilljard*) it was not hard for the Lover to ſteal into the longing Arms of the expecting *Silvia*; no Fatigues of tedious Journeys and little Voyages had abated her Fondneſs or his Vigour; the night was like the firſt, all Joy! all Tranſport! *Brilljard* lay ſo near as to be a Witneſs to all their Sighs of Love, and little ſoft Murmurs, who now began from a Servant to be permitted as an humble Com-

panion

panion; ſince he had had the Honour of being married to *Silvia*, though yet he durſt not lift his Eyes or Thoughts that way: yet it might be perceiv'd he was melancholy and ſullen when e'er he ſaw their Daliances; nor cou'd he know the Joys his Lord nightly ſtole, without an Impatience; which if but minded or known perhaps had coſt him his Life. He began from the Thoughts ſhe was his Wife, to fancy fine Enjoyment, to fancy Authority which he durſt not aſſume, and often wiſh'd his Lord wou'd grow cold as poſſeſſing Lovers do, that then he might advance his hope, when he ſhou'd ever abandon or ſlight her: He cou'd not ſee her kiſs'd without bluſhing with Reſentment, but if he has aſſiſted to undreſs him for her Bed, he was ready to die with

with Anger, and wou'd grow ſick, and leave the Office to himſelf: He cou'd not ſee her naked Charms, her Arms ſtretch'd out to receive a Lover with impatient Joy without Madneſs; to ſee her claſp him faſt when he threw himſelf into her ſoft white Boſom, and ſmother him with Kiſſes: No, he cou'd not bear it now, and almoſt loſt his Reſpect when he beheld it, and grew ſawcy unperceiv'd. And 'twas in vain that he look'd back upon the Reward he had to ſtand for that neceſſary Cypher a Husband. In vain he conſider'd the Reaſons why, and the occaſion wherefore: he now ſeeks for Preſidents of uſurp'd Dominion, and thinks ſhe is his Wife, and has forgot that he's her Creature, and *Philander*'s Vaſſal. Theſe Thoughts diſturb'd him all the Night, and

a certain Jealouſie, or rather Curioſity to liſten to every Motion of the Lovers, while they were employ'd after a different manner.

Next Day it was debated what was beſt to be done as to their Conduct in that place: or whether *Silvia* ſhould yet own her Sex or not; but ſhe pleas'd with the Cavalier in her ſelf, begg'd ſhe might live under that diſguiſe. Which indeed gave her a thouſand Charms to thoſe which Nature had already beſtow'd on her Sex; and *Philander* was well enough pleas'd ſhe ſhould continue in that agreeable dreſs, which did not only add to her Beauty, but gave her a thouſand little Priviledges, which otherwiſe wou'd have been deny'd to Women, though in a Country of much Freedom. Every Day ſhe appear'd in the *Tour*, ſhe fail'd

not

not to make a Conqueſt on ſome unguarded Heart of the fair Sex: Nor was it long e'er ſhe receiv'd *Billet Deux* from moſt of the moſt accompliſh'd who cou'd ſpeak and write *French*. This gave them a pleaſure in the midſt of their unlucky Exile; and ſhe fail'd not to boaſt her Conqueſts to *Octavio*, who every day gave all his Hours to Love, under the diſguiſe of Friendſhip, and every Day receiv'd new Wounds, both from her Converſation and Beauty, and every day confirm'd him more in his firſt belief, that ſhe was a Woman: and that confirm'd his Love. But ſtill he took care to hide his Paſſion with a Gallantry that was natural to him, and to very few beſides; and he manag'd his Eyes, which were always full of Love ſo equally to both, that when he was ſoft and fond it appear'd

appear'd more his natural Humour than from any particular Cauſe; and that you may believe that all the arts of Gallantry, and Graces of good Management were more peculiarly his than anothers, his Race was illuſtrious, being deſcended from that of the Princes of *Orange* and great Birth will ſhine through and ſhow it ſelf in ſpight of Education and Obſcurity: But *Octavio* had all thoſe Additions that render a Man truly Great and Brave; and this is the Character of him that was next undone by our unfortunate and fatal Beauty. At this rate for ſometime they liv'd thus diſguis'd under feign'd Names. *Octavio* omitting nothing that might oblige 'em in the higheſt degree, and hardly any thing was talk'd of but the new and beautiful Strangers, whoſe Conqueſts in all places over

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the Ladies are well worthy, both for their Rarety and Comedy, to be related intirely by themſelves in a Novel. *Octavio* every day ſaw with abundance of pleaſure the little Revenges of Love on thoſe Womens hearts who had made before little Conqueſts over him, and ſtrove by all the gay Preſents he made a young *Fillmond* (for ſo they call'd *Silvia*,) to make him appear unreſiſtable to the Ladies; and while *Silvia* gave them new Wounds, *Octavio* fail'd not to receive 'em too among the Crowd, till at laſt he became a confirm'd Slave to the lovely Unknown; and that which was yet more ſtrange, ſhe captivated the Men no leſs than the Women, who often gave her *Serinades* under her Window, with Songs fitted to the Courtſhip of a Boy, all which added to

their

their Diverſion : But Fortune had ſmil'd long enough, and now grew weary of obliging, ſhe was reſolved to undeceive both Sexes, and let 'em ſee the errors of their love; for *Silvia* fell into a Feaver ſo violent that *Philander* no longer hop'd for her recovery, inſomuch that ſhe was oblig'd to own her Sex and take Women Servants out of decency. This made the firſt diſcovery of who and what they were, and for which every body languiſht under a ſecret Grief. But *Octavio* who now was not only confirm'd ſhe was a Woman, but that ſhe was neither Wife to *Philander*, nor cou'd in almoſt all poſſibility ever be ſo: That ſhe was his Miſtreſs, gave him hope that ſhe might one day as well be conquer'd by him ; and he found her Youth, her Beauty, and her Quality, merited all his Pains of laviſh

viſh Courtſhip. And now there remains no more than the fear of her dying to oblige him immediately to a diſcovery of his Paſſion, too violent now by his new Hope to be longer conceal'd, but Decency forbids he ſhou'd now purſue the dear deſign; he waited and made Vows for her recovery; viſited her, and found *Philander* the moſt deplorable Object that Deſpair and Love cou'd render him, who lay eternally weeping on her Bed, and no Counſel or Perſwaſion cou'd remove him thence; but if by chance they made him ſenſible 'twas for her Repoſe, he wou'd depart to eaſe his Mind by new Torments, he wou'd rave and tear his delicate Hair, ſigh and weep upon *Octavio*'s Boſom, and a thouſand times begin to unfold the Story, already known to the

Generous

generous Rival; deſpair and hopes of pity from him, made him utter all: And one day, when by the Advice of the Phyſician he was forc'd to quit the Chamber to give her reſt, he carried *Octavio* to his own, and told him from the beginning, all the Story of his Love with the charming *Silvia*; and with it all the Story of his Fate: *Octavio* ſighing (tho' glad of the Opportunity) told him his Affairs were already but too well known, and that he fear'd his Safety from that Diſcovery, ſince the States had oblig'd themſelves to harbour no declar'd Enemy to the *French* King. At this News our young Unfortunate ſhew'd a Reſentment that was ſo moving, that even *Octavio*, who felt a ſecret Joy at the Thoughts of his departure, cou'd no longer refrain from Pity and Tenderneſs,

even

even to a Wiſh that he were leſs unhappy, and never to part from *Silvia*: But Love ſoon grew again triumphant in his heart, and all he cou'd ſay was, that he wou'd afford him the aids of all his Power in this Encounter; which with the acknowledgments of a Lover, whoſe Life depended on it, he receiv'd and parted with him, who went to learn what was decreed in Council concerning him. While *Philander* return'd to *Silvia* the moſt dejected Lover that ever Fate produc'd; where he had not ſigh'd away above an hour but he receiv'd a Billet by *Octavio*'s Page from his Lord; he went to his own Apartment to read it, fearing it might contain ſomething too ſad for him to be able to hold his Temper at the reading of, and which wou'd infallibly have diſturb'd the repoſe of *Silvia*, who

ſhar'd

ſhar'd in every cruel Thought of *Philander*'s: when he was alone he open'd it, and read this.

Octavio *to* Philander.

My Lord,

I Had rather die than be the ungrateful Meſſenger of News, which I am ſenſible will prove ſo fatal to you, and which will be beſt expreſs'd in feweſt Words: 'Tis decreed, that you muſt rerire from the United Provinces in four and twenty Hours, if you will ſave a Life that is dear to me and *Silvia*, there being no other Security againſt your being render'd up to the King of *France*. Support it well, and hope all things from the aſſiſtance of,

From the Council,
Wedneſday,

Your Octavio.

Philander

Philander having finish'd the reading of this, remain'd a while wholly without life or motion, when coming to himself he sigh'd and cry'd——*Why——farewell trifling Life——If of the two Extreams one must be chosen, rather than I'll abandon* Silvia, *I'll stay and be deliver'd up a Victim to incensed* France——*'Tis but a Life——At best I never valu'd thee——And now I scorn to preserve thee at the Price of* Silvia's *Tears!* Then taking a hasty turn or two about his Chamber, he pawsing, cry'd——*But by my stay I ruin both* Silvia *and my self, her life depends on mine; and 'tis impossible hers can be preserv'd when mine is in danger: by retiring I shall shortly again be blest with her sight in a more safe Security; by staying I resign my self poorly to be made a publick Scorn*

to France, *and the cruel Murderer of* Silvia. Now 'twas, after an hundred Turns and Pawſes intermixt which Sighs and Ravings, that he reſolv'd for both their ſafeties to retire; and having a while longer debated within himſelf how, and where, and a little time ruminated on his hard purſuing Fate, grown to a calm of Grief (leſs eaſie to be born than Rage) he haſts to *Silvia*, whom he found ſomething more cheerful than before, but dares not acquaint her with the Commands he had to depart---But ſilently he views her, while Tears of Love and Grief glide unperceiveably from his fine Eyes, his Soul grows tenderer at every look, and Pity and Compaſſion joyning to his Love and his Deſpairs, ſet him on the wrack of Life, and now believing it leſs pain to die

than

than to leave *Silvia*, reſolves to diſobey, and dare the worſt that ſhall befal him; he yet had ſome glimmering hope, as Lovers have, that ſome kind chance will prevent his going or being deliver'd up, he truſts much to the Friendſhip of *Octavio*, whoſe power, joyn'd with that of his Uncle, (who was one of the States alſo, and whom he had an Aſcendant over, as his Nephew and his Heir) might ſerve him; he therefore ventures to move him to Compaſſion by this following Letter.

Philander *to* Octavio.

I Know, my Lord, that the Exerciſe of Vertue and Juſtice is ſo innate to your Soul, and ſo fixt to the very Principle of a generous Commonwealths man that

where thoſe are in competition, tis neither Birth, Wealth, or glorious Merit, that can render the unfortunate condemn'd by you, worthy of your Pity or Pardon : Your very Sons and Fathers fall before your Juſtice, and 'tis Crime enough to offend, (tho' innocently) the leaſt of your wholſom Laws to fall under the Extremity of their Rigour. I am not ignorant neither how flouriſhing this neceſſary Tyranny, this lawful Oppreſſion, renders your State ; how ſafe and glorious ; how ſecure from Enemies at home, (thoſe worſt of Foes) and how fear'd by thoſe abroad : purſue then, Sir, your juſtifiable Method, and ſtill be high and mighty, retain your ancient *Roman* Vertue, and ſtill be great as *Rome* her ſelf in her height of Glorious Commonwealths ; rule your ſtubborn Natives by Her excellent

Exam-

Examples, and let the heighth of your Ambition be only to be as ſeverely Juſt, as rigidly Good as you pleaſe, but like her too, be pitiful to Strangers, and diſpenſe a noble Charity to the diſtreſs'd, compaſſionate a poor wandring young Man, who flies to you for Refuge, loſt to his Native Home, loſt to his Fame, his Fortune, and his Friends; and has only left him the knowledge of his Innocence to ſupport him from falling on his own Sword, to end an unfortunate Life, purſu'd every where, and ſafe no where; a Life whoſe only Refuge is *Octavio*'s Goodneſs; nor is it barely to preſerve this Life that I have recourſe to that only as my Sanctuary, and like an humble Slave implore your Pity: Oh, *Octavio*, pity my Youth, and interceed for my ſtay yet a little longer: Your ſelf

makes one of the illuſtrious number of the grave, the wiſe, and mighty Council, your Uncle and Relations make up another conſiderable part of it, and you are too dear to all, to find a refuſal of your Juſt and Compaſſionate Application. Oh! what fault have I committed againſt you, that I ſhou'd not find a ſafety here: as well as thoſe charg'd with the ſame Crime with me, tho of leſs quality? Many I have encounter'd here of our unlucky Party, who find a ſafety among you: Is my Birth a Crime? Or does the greatneſs of that augment my guilt? have I broken any of your Laws, committed any Outrage? Do they ſuſpect me for a Spie to *France*? Or do I hold any Correſpondence with that ungrateful Nation? Does my Religion, Principle, or Opinion differ from yours? Can I

deſign

deſign the ſubverſion of your glorious State? Can I plot, cabal, or mutiny alone? Oh charge me with ſome offence, or your ſelves of injuſtice. Say, why I am deny'd my length of Earth amongſt you, if I die? Or why to breath the open Air, if I live, ſince I ſhall neither oppreſs the one, nor infect the other? but on the contrary am ready with my ſword, my youth, and Blood to ſerve you, and bring my little Aids on all occaſions to yours: and ſhou'd be proud of the Glory to die for you in Battle, who wou'd deliver me up a Sacrifice to *France*. Oh! where *Octavio* is the glory or vertue of this *Punctilio*, for 'tis no other? There are no Laws that bind you to it, no obligatory Article of Nations, but an unneceſſary complement made *à Nemine contradicente* of your Senate, that argues nothing

but ill nature, and cannot redound to any ones advantage; an ill Nature that's levell'd at me alone; for many I found here, and many ſhall leave under the ſame circumſtances with me; 'tis only me whom you have mark'd out the Victim to attone for all: well then, my Lord, if nothing can move you to a ſafety for this unfortunate, at leaſt be ſo merciful to ſuſpend your Cruelty a little, yet a little, and poſſibly I ſhall render you the Body of *Philander*, tho' dead, to ſend into *France*, as the trophy of your fidelity to that Crown: Oh yet a little ſtay your cruel Sentence, till my lovely Siſter, who purſu'd my hard Fortunes, declare my Fate by her life or death; Oh, my Lord, if ever the ſoft Paſſion of Love have touch'd your Soul, if you have felt the unreſiſtable force of young charms about your heart,

if

if ever you have known a Pain and Pleasure from fair Eyes, or the transporting Joys of Beauty, Pity a Youth undone by Love and Ambition, those powerful Conquerors of the young. ——— Pity, oh Pity a Youth that dies, and will e'er long no more complain upon your Rigors. Yes, my Lord, he dies without the force of a terrifying Sentence, without the grim Reproaches of an angry Judg, without the soon consulted Arbitrary ——— Guilty! of a severe and hasty Jury, without the ceremony of the Scaffold, Ax, and Hang man, and the Clamors of inconsidering Crowds; all which melancholy Ceremonies render death so terrible, which else wou'd fall like gentle slumbers upon the eyelids, and which in Field I wou'd Encounter with that Joy I wou'd the sacred Thing I love! But oh,

I fear my Fate is in the lovely *Silvia* and in her dying Eyes you may read it, in her languiſhing Face you'll ſee how near it is approach'd. Ah! will you not ſuffer me to attend it there? by her dear ſide I ſhall fall as calmly as flowers from their Stalks, without regret or pain: Will you by forcing me to die from her, run me to a madneſs? to wild diſtraction? Oh think it ſufficient that I die here before half my Race of youth be run, before the light be half burnt out, that might have conducted me to a world of Glory! Alas, ſhe dies —— the lovely *Silvia* dies; ſhe is ſighing out a Soul to which mine is ſo intirely fix'd, that they muſt go upward together; yes, yes, ſhe breaths it ſick into my Boſom, and kindly gives mine its diſeaſe of death: let us at leaſt then die

in ſilent, quitted; and if it pleaſe Heaven to reſtore the languiſh'd Charmer, I will reſign my ſelf up to all your rigorous Honour; only let me bear my Treaſure with me, while we wander o'er the World to ſeek us out a ſafety in ſome part of it, where Pity and Compaſſion is no Crime; where Men have tender Hearts, and have heard of the God of Love; where Politicks are not all the buſineſs of the powerful, but where Civility and good nature reign.

Perhaps, my Lord, you'll wonder I plead no weightier Argument for my ſtay than Love, or the Griefs and Tears of a languiſhing Maid: But oh! they are ſuch Tears as every drop wou'd ranſom Lives, and nothing that proceeds from her charming Eyes can be valu'd at a leſs rate! In pity to her, to me, and your Amo-

rous Youths, let me bear her hence: For ſhou'd ſhe look abroad as her own Sex, ſhou'd ſhe appear in her natural and proper Beauty, alaſs they were undone. Reproach not (my Lord) the weakneſs of this Confeſſion, and which I make with more Glory than cou'd I boaſt my ſelf Lord of all the Univerſe: If it appear a fault to the more grave and wiſe, I hope my youth will plead ſomething for my excuſe. Oh ſay, at leaſt, 'twas pity that Love had the Aſcendant over *Philander's* Soul, ſay 'twas his Deſtiny, but ſay withal, that it put no ſtop to his advance to Glory; rather it ſet an Edge upon his Sword, and gave Wings to his Ambition! —Yes, try me in your Councils, prove me in your Camps, place me in any hazard——— But give me Love! and leave me to wait the Life or

Death

Death of *Silvia*, and then diſpoſe as you pleaſe,

My Lord,

Of Your Unfortunate

Philander.

Octavio *to* Philander.

My Lord,

I Am much concern'd that a Requeſt ſo reaſonable as you have made, will be of ſo little force with theſe Arbitrary Tyrants of State; and tho you have addreſt and appeal'd to me as one of that grave and rigid number, (though without one grain of their formalities, and I hope age, which renders us leſs Gallant, and more envious of the joys and liberties of youth

youth, will never reduce me to ſo dull and thoughtleſs a Member of State) yet I have ſo ſmall and ſingle a portion of their Power, that I am aſham'd of my incapacity of ſerving you in this great Affair. I bear the Honour and the Name, 'tis true, of glorious Sway; but I can boaſt but of the worſt and moſt impotent part of it, the Title only; but the buſie, abſolute, miſchievous Politician, finds no room in my Soul, my humour, or conſtitution; and plodding reſtleſs Power I have made ſo little the buſineſs of my gayer, and more careleſs youth, that I have even loſt my right of Rule, my ſhare of Empire amongſt them. That little power (whoſe unregarded loſs I never bemoan'd till it render'd me uncapable of ſerving *Philander*) I have ſtretch'd to the utmoſt bound for your ſtay; inſomuch

that

that I have receiv'd many reproaches from the wiſer Coxcombs, have had my Youths little Debauches hinted on, and Judgments made of you (diſadvantageous) from my Friendſhip to you; a Friendſhip, which, my Lord, at firſt ſight of you, found a being in my Soul, and which your Wit, your Goodneſs, your Greatneſs, and your Misfortunes has improv'd to all the degrees of it: Tho I am infinitely unhappy that it proves of no uſe to you here, and that the greateſt Teſtimony I can now render of it, is to warn you of your approaching danger, and haſten your departure, for there is no ſafety in your ſtay. I juſt now heard what was decreed againſt you in Council, which no pleading nor eloquence of Friendſhip had force enough to evade. Alas, I had but one ſingle Voice in the number, which

which I ſullenly and ſingly gave, and which unregarded paſt. Go then, my Lord, haſte to ſome place where good Breeding and Humanity reigns : Go and preſerve *Silvia*, in providing for your own Safety ; and believe me, till ſhe be in a Condition to purſue your Fortunes, I will take ſuch care that nothing ſhall be wanting, to her recovery here, in order to her following after you. I am, alas, but too ſenſible of all the pains you muſt endure by ſuch a ſeparation ; for I am neither inſenſible, nor uncapable of Love, or any of its violent Effects : Go then, my Lord, and preſerve the lovely Maid in your Flight, ſince your ſtay and danger will ſerve but to haſten on her death : Go, and be ſatisfied ſhe ſhall find a Protection ſuitable to her

her Sex, her Innocence, her Beauty, and her Quality; and that where ever you fix your ſtay, ſhe ſhall be reſign'd to your Arms by, my Lord,

Your Eternal Friend,
and Humble Servant,
Octavio.

Leaſt in this ſudden remove you ſhou'd want Money, I have ſent you ſeveral Bills of Exchange to what place ſoever you arrive, and what you want more (make no ſcruple to uſe me as a Friend) and command.

After this Letter, finding no Hopes; but on the contrary a dire neceſſity of departing, he told *Brilljard* his Misfortune, and ask'd his Counſel in this extremity of Affairs. *Brilljard* (who of a Servant was become

a

a Rival) you may believe, gave him ſuch advice as might remove him from the Object he ador'd. But after a great deal of diſſembl'd trouble, the better to hide his joy, he gave his advice for his going with all the Arguments that appear'd reaſonable enough to *Philander*. And at every period urg'd that his life being dear to *Silvia*, and on which hers ſo immediately depended, he ought no longer to debate, but haſten his Flight: To all which Counſel our Amorous *Hero*, with a Soul ready to make its way thro' his trembling Body, gave a ſighing unwilling Aſſent. 'Twas now no longer a Diſpute, but was concluded he muſt go, but how was only the queſtion. How ſhou'd he take his Farewel? How ſhou'd he bid adieu, and leave the dear Object of his Soul in an Eſtate ſo hazardous?

He

He form'd a thouſand ſad Ideas to torment himſelf with ; fancying he ſhou'd never ſee her more, that he ſhou'd hear that ſhe was dead, tho' now ſhe appear'd on this ſide of the Grave, and had all the ſigns of a declining Diſeaſe. He fanſy'd Abſence might make her cold, and abate her paſſion to him ; that her powerful Beauty might attract Adorers, and ſhe being but a Woman, and no part Angel but her Form, 'twas not expected ſhe ſhou'd want her Sexes Frailties. Now he cou'd conſider how he had won her, how by importunity and opportunity ſhe had at laſt yielded to him, and therefore might to ſome new Gameſter, when he was not by to keep her Heart in continual play : Then 'twas that all the deſpair of jealous Love, the throbs and piercing of a violent paſſion ſeiz'd his timorous and tender

tender Heart, he fanſy'd her already in ſome new Lovers Arms, and ran o'er all the ſoft Enjoyments he had had with her; and fanſy'd with tormenting thought, that ſo another wou'd poſſeſs her; till rackt with Tortures, he almoſt fainted on the *Repoſe* on which he was ſet: But *Brilliard* rous'd and endeavour'd to convince him, told him he hop'd his Fear was needleſs, and that he would take all the watchful care imaginable of her Conduct, be a ſpy upon her Vertue, and from time to time give him notice of all that ſhou'd paſs: Bid him conſider her Quality, and that ſhe was no common Miſtreſs, whom hire cou'd lead aſtray; and that if from the violence of her Paſſion, or her more ſevere Fate, ſhe had yielded to the moſt charming of Men, he ought as little to imagine ſhe cou'd be

again

again a Lover, as that ſhe cou'd find an Object of equal Beauty with that of *Philander*. In fine, he ſooth'd and flatter'd him into ſo much eaſe, that he reſolves to take his leave for a day or two under pretence of meeting and conſulting with ſome of the rebel Party; and that he wou'd return again to her by that time it might be imagin'd her Feaver might be abated, and *Silvia* in a condition to receive the news of his being gone for a longer time, and to know all his Affairs. While *Brilliard* prepar'd all things neceſſary for his departure, *Philander* went to *Silvia*; from whom, having been abſent two tedious Hours, ſhe caught him in her Arms with a tranſport of Joy, reproach'd him with want of Love, for being abſent ſo long: But ſtill the more ſhe ſpoke ſoft ſighing Words of

Love

Love, the more his Soul was ſeiz'd with Melancholy. His ſighs redoubl'd, and he cou'd not refrain from letting fall ſome Tears upon her Boſom —— Which *Silvia* perceiving with a look and a trembling in her Voice, that ſpoke her fear, ſhe cry'd, oh *Philander!* theſe are unuſual Marks of your Tenderneſs. Oh tell me, tell me quickly, what they mean. He anſwer'd with a ſigh, and ſhe went on —— 'Tis ſo, I am undone, 'tis your loſt Vows, your broken Faith you weep; yes, *Philander*, you find the Flower of my Beauty faded, and what you lov'd before you pity now, and theſe be the Effects of it. Then ſighing, as if his Soul had been departing on her Neck, he cry'd by Heaven, by all the Powers of Love, thou art the ſame dear Charmer that thou wert; then preſſing her

her body to his Boſom, he ſigh'd a new as if his heart were breaking—— I know (ſays ſhe) *Philander* there's ſome hidden cauſe that gives theſe Sighs their way, and that dear face a paleneſs. Oh tell me all; for ſhe that cou'd abandon all for thee, can dare the worſt of Fate: If thou muſt quit me—— Oh *Philander*, if it muſt be ſo, I need not ſtay the lingring death of a feeble Feaver: I know a way more noble and more ſudden. Pleas'd at her reſolution, which almoſt deſtroy'd his Jealouſie and Fears, a thouſand times he kiſs'd her, mixing his grateful Words and Thanks with Sighs; and finding her fair Hands (which he put often to his mouth) to encreaſe their Fires, and her pulſe to be more high and quick, fearing to relapſe her into her (abating) Feaver he forc'd a

ſmile

ſmile, and told her, he had no Griefs, but what ſhe made him feel; no torments but her ſickneſs, nor ſighs but for her pain, and left nothing unſaid, that might confirm her he was ſtill more and more her Slave; and concealing his Deſign in favour of her Health, he ceas'd not vowing and proteſting, till he had ſettled her in all the tranquillity of a recovering Beauty. And, as ſince her firſt Illneſs he had never departed from her Bed, ſo now this night he ſtrove to appear in her Arms with all that uſual Gayety of Love that her condition wou'd permit, or his Circumſtances cou'd feign, and leaving her aſleep at Day-break (with a force upon his Soul that cannot be conceiv'd) but by parting Lovers, he ſtole from her Arms and retiring to his Chamber,

he

he ſoon got himſelf ready for his Flight, and departed. We will leave *Silvia*'s Ravings to be expreſs'd by none but her ſelf, and tell you that after about Fourteen Days Abſence *Octavio* receiv'd this Letter from *Philander*.

Philander *to* Octavio.

BEing ſafely arrived at *Collen*, and by a very pretty and lucky Adventure lodg'd in the Houſe of the beſt Quality in the Town, I find my ſelf much more at eaſe than I thought it poſſible to be without *Silvia*, from whom I am nevertheleſs impatient to hear; I hope abſence appears not ſo great a Bugbear to her as 'twas imagin'd: For I know not what Effects it wou'd have

have on me to hear her Griefs exceeded a few ſighs and tears: thoſe my kind abſence has taught me to allow and bear without much pain: But ſhould her Love tranſport her to extreams of Rage and deſpair, I fear I ſhou'd quit my ſafety here, and give her the laſt proof of my Love and my Compaſſion, throw my ſelf at her Feet, and expoſe my live to preſerve hers. Honour wou'd oblige me to't. I conjure you, my dear *Octavio*, by all the Friendſhip you have vow'd me, (and which I no longer doubt,) let me ſpeedily know how ſhe bears my abſence, for on that knowledge depends a great deal of the ſatisfaction of my life, carry her this incloſ'd which I have writ her, and ſoften my ſilent departure, which poſſibly may appear rude and unkind, plead my pardon, and give her the Sto-

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ry of my neceſſity of offending, which none can ſo well relate as your ſelf; and from a Mouth ſo eloquent, to a Maid ſo full of Love, will ſoon reconcile me to her heart. With her Letter I ſend you a Bill to pay her 2000 Patacons, which I have paid *Vander Hanskin* here, as his Letter will inform you, as alſo thoſe Bills I receiv'd of you at my departure, having been ſupply'd by an *Engliſh* Merchant here, who gave me credit. 'Twill be an Age till I hear from you, and receive the news of the health of *Silvia*: Than which two Bleſſings nothing will be more welcom to,

Collen. Generous *Octavio*,

Your *Philander*

Direct your Letters for me to your Merchant *Vander Hanskin*.

Philander *to* Silvia.

THere is no way left to gain my *Silvia*'s Pardon, for leaving her, and leaving her in ſuch Circumſtances, but to tell her 'twas to preſerve a life which I believ'd entirely dear to her, but that unhappy Crime is too ſeverely puniſh'd by the cruelties of my Abſence: Believe me, lovely *Silvia*, I have felt all your Pains, I have burnt with your Feaver, and ſigh'd with your oppreſſions; ſay, Has my Pain abated yours? Tell me, and haſten my Health by the aſſurance of your recovery, or I have fled in vain from thoſe dear Arms to ſave a Life, of which I know not what account to give you, till I receive from you the knowledge of your perfect Health,

the

the true ſtate of mine. I can only ſay I ſigh, and have a ſort of a being in *Collen*, where I have ſome more aſſurance of Protection than I cou'd hope from thoſe int'reſted Brutes, who ſent me from you; yet brutiſh as they are, I know thou art ſafe from their clowniſh Outrages. For were they ſenſleſs as their Fellow-Monſters of the Sea, they durſt not prophane ſo pure an Excellence as thine; the ſullen Boars wou'd jouder out a welcome to thee, and gape, and wonder at thy awful Beauty, tho they want the tender Senſe to know to what uſe 'twas made. Or if I doubted their Humanity, I cannot the Friendſhip of *Octavio*, ſince he has given me too good a proof of it to leave me any fear, that he has not in my Abſence purſu'd thoſe generous Sentiments for *Silvia*, which he vow'd to *Philander*, and of which the

firſt Proof muſt be his relating the neceſſity of my Abſence, to ſet me well with my adorable Maid, who, better than I can inform her; and that I rather choſe to quit you only for a ſhort ſpace, than reduce my ſelf to the neceſſity of loſing you eternally. Let the ſatisfaction this ought to give you, retrieve your Health and Beauty, and put you into a condition of reſtoring to me all my Joys. That by purſuing the Dictates of your Love, you may again bring the greateſt Happineſs on Earth to the Arms of

Your *Philander.*

POSTSCRIPT.

My Affairs here are yet ſo unſettl'd, that I can take no order for your

your coming to me, but as ſoon as I know where I can fix with ſafety, I ſhall make it my buſineſs and my happineſs: Adieu. Truſt *Octavio* with your Letters only.

This Letter *Octavio* would not carry himſelf to her, who had omitted no day, ſcarce any hour, wherein he ſaw not or ſent not to the charming *Silvia*; but he found in that which *Philander* had writ to him, an Air of coldneſs, altogether unuſual with that paſſionate Lover, and infinitely ſhort in point of tenderneſs to thoſe he had formerly ſeen of his, and from what he had heard him ſpeak; ſo that he no longer doubted (and the rather becauſe he hop'd it) but that *Philander* found an abatement of that heat, which was wont to inſpire at a more Amorous rate; this appearing de-

clenſion he cou'd not conceal from *Silvia*, at leaſt to let her know he took notice of it; for he knew her Love was too quick ſighted and ſenſible to paſs it unregarded; but he with reaſon thought, that when ſhe ſhou'd find others obſerve the little ſlight ſhe had put on her, her Pride (which is natural to Women in ſuch Caſes) would decline and leſſen her Love, for his Rival. He therefore ſent his Page with the Letters incloſ'd in this from himſelf.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

Madam,

FRom a little neceſſary debauch I made laſt night with the Prince, I am forc'd to employ my Page in thoſe Duties I ought to have perform'd my ſelf: He brings you, Madam, a Letter from *Philander*,

Philander, as mine which I have alſo ſent you informs me; I ſhou'd elſe have doubted it; 'tis, I thing, his Character. and all he ſays of *Octavio* confeſſes the Friend, but where he ſpeaks of *Silvia* ſure he diſguiſes the Lover: I wonder the Mask ſhou'd be put on now to me, to whom before he ſo frankly diſcover'd the Secrets of his Amorous Heart. 'Tis a Myſtery I would fain perſwade my ſelf he finds abſolutely neceſſary to his Intereſt, and I hope you will make the ſame favourable Conſtructions of it, and not impute the leſſen'd zeal wherewith he treats the charming *Silvia* to any poſſible change or coldneſs, ſince I am but too fatally ſenſible, that no Man can arrive at the Glory of being belov'd by you, that had ever power to ſhorten one Link of that dear

chain that holds him, and you need but ſurvey that adorable Face, to confirm your Tranquility; ſet a juſt value on your Charms, and you need no Arguments to ſecure your everlaſting Empire, or to eſtabliſh it in what Heart you pleaſe. This fatal Truth I learnt from your fair Eyes, e'er they diſcover'd to me your Sex, and you may as ſoon change to what I then believ'd you, as I from adoring what I now find you: If all then, Madam, that do but look on you become your Slaves, and languiſh for you, love on, even without Hope, and die, what muſt *Philander* pay you, who has the mighty Bleſſing of your Love, your Vows, and all that renders the hours of amorous Youth Sacred, Glad, and Triumphant? But you know the conquering power of

your

your Charms too well to need either this daring Confeſſion, or a defence of *Philander*'s Vertue from,

Madam,

Your Obedient Slave,

Octavio.

Silvia had no ſooner read this with Bluſhes, and a thouſand fears, and trembling of what was to follow in *Philander*'s Letters both to *Octavio* and to her ſelf, but with an Indignation agreeable to her haughty Soul, ſhe cry'd —— *How* —— *ſlighted* ! *and muſt* Octavio *ſee it too : By Heaven, if I ſhou'd find it true, he ſhall not dare to think it* ; then with a generous Rage ſhe broke open *Philander*'s Letter ; and which ſhe ſoon perceiv'd did but too well prove the truth of

Octavio's Suſpicion, and her own Fears. She repeated it again and again, and ſtill ſhe found more cauſe of grief and anger; Love occaſion'd the firſt, and Pride the laſt: And, to a Soul perfectly haughty, as was that of *Silvia*, 'twas hard to gueſs which had the Aſcendant: She conſider'd *Octavio* to all the Advantages that Thought cou'd conceive in one who was not a Lover of him; ſhe knew he merited a Heart, tho ſhe had none to give him, ſhe found him Charming without having a tenderneſs for him, ſhe found him young and amorous without deſire towards him, ſhe found him great, rich, powerful and generous, without deſigning on him, and tho ſhe knew her Soul free from all Paſſion, but that for *Philander*, nevertheleſs ſhe bluſht and was angry, that he had thoughts

no

no more advantageous to the power of thoſe Charms, which ſhe wiſh'd might appear to him above her Sex, it being natural to Women to deſire Conqueſts, tho they hate the conquer'd; to glory in the Triumph, tho they deſpiſe the Slave: And ſhe believ'd, while *Octavio* had ſo poor a ſenſe of her beauty as to believe it cou'd be forſaken, he would adore it leſs: And firſt, to ſatisfie her Pride, ſhe left the ſofter buſineſs of her heart to the next tormenting hour, and ſent him this careleſs anſwer by his Page, believing if ſhe appear'd too angry it might look as if ſhe valu'd his Opinion, and therefore diſſembled her Thoughts, as Women in thoſe Caſes ever do, who when moſt angry ſeem the moſt Galliard, eſpecially when they have need of the friendſhip of thoſe they flatter.

Silvia *to* Octavio.

IS it indeed, *Octavio*, that you believe *Philander* cold, or wou'd you make that a pretext to the declaration of your own Paſſion; we *French* Ladies are not ſo nicely ty'd up to the formalities of vertue, but we can hear Love at both Ears; and if we receive not the Addreſſes of both, at leaſt we are perhaps vain enough not to be diſpleas'd, to find we make new Conqueſts. But you have made your Attack with ſo ill conduct, that I ſhall find force enough without more Aids to repulſe you. Alas, my Lord, did you believe my Heart was left unguarded when *Philander* departed? No, the careful charming Lover left a thouſand little Gods to defend it, of no leſs power than himſelf; young Deities,

ties who laugh at all your little Arts and Treacheries, and ſcorn to reſign their Empire to any feeble Cupids you can draw up againſt 'em: Your thick foggy Air breeds *Loves* too dull and heavy for noble flights, nor can I ſtoop to them. The Flemiſh Boy wants Arrows keen enough for Hearts like mine, and is a Bungler in his Art, too lazy and remiſs, rather a heavy *Bacchus* than a *Cupid*, a Bottle ſends him to his Bed of Moſs, where he ſleeps hard, and never dreams of *Venus*.

How poorly have you paid your ſelf, my Lord, (by this purſuit of your diſcover'd Love) for all the little Friendſhip you have rendred me? How well you have explain'd, you can be no more a Lover than a Friend, if one may judge the firſt by the laſt: Had you been thus obſtinate in your Paſſion before

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Philander went, or you had believ'd me abandon'd, I ſhould perhaps have thought, that you had lov'd indeed, becauſe I ſhould have ſeen you durſt, and ſhould have believ'd it true, becauſe it ran ſome hazards for me, the reſolution of it would have reconcil'd me then to the temerity of it, and the greateſt demonſtration you cou'd have given of it, wou'd have been the danger you wou'd have ran and contemned; and the preference of your Paſſion above any other conſideration. This, my Lord, had been generous, and like a Lover, but poorly thus to ſet upon a ſingle Woman in the diſguiſe of a Friend, in the dark ſilent melancholy hour of abſence from *Philander*, then to ſurpriſe me, then to bid me deliver! to pad for hearts! it was not like *Octavio*, that *Octavio Philander* made his Friend, and for

whoſe

whoſe dear ſake, my Lord, I will no further reproach you, but from a goodneſs, which, I hope, you will merit, I will forgive an Offence, which your ill-timing has render'd almoſt inexcuſable; and expect you will for the future conſider better how you ought to treat

SILVIA.

As ſoon as ſhe had diſmiſs'd the Page, ſhe haſted to her buſineſs of Love, and again read over *Philander's* Letter, and finds ſtill new occaſion for fear; ſhe had recourſe to pen and paper for a relief of that Heart which no other way cou'd find it; and after having wip'd the Tears from her Eyes, ſhe writ this following Letter.

Silvia

Silvia *to* Philander.

YES, *Philander*, I have received your Letter, and but I found my name there, ſhou'd have hop'd it was not meant for *Silvia*: Oh! 'tis all cold—Short--Short and cold as a dead Winter's day. It chill'd my blood, it ſhiver'd every vein. Where oh where haſt thou laviſh'd out all thoſe ſoft Words ſo natural to thy Soul, with which thou us'd to charm; ſo tun'd to the dear muſick of thy voice? what is become of all the tender things, which, as I us'd to read, made little nimble pantings in my heart, my bluſhes riſe, and tremblings in my blood, adding new fire to the poor burning Victim! Oh where are all thy pretty Flatteries of Love, that made me fond, and vain, and ſet a value on this trifling Beauty? Haſt thou

thou forgot thy wondrous Art of loving? Thy pretty cunnings, and thy ſoft deceivings? Haſt thou forgot 'em all? Or haſt forgot indeed to love at all? Has thy induſtrious paſſion gather'd all the ſweets, and left the rifled flower to hang its wither'd head, and die in ſhades neglected? for who will prize it now, now, when all its perfumes are fled? Oh my *Philander*, oh my charming Fugitive! was't not enough, you left me like falſe *Theſeus* on the ſhore, on the forſaken ſhore, departed from my fond, my claſping Arms; where I believ'd you ſafe, ſecure, and pleas'd, when ſleep and night, that favour'd you, and ruin'd me, had render'd 'em incapable of their dear loſs? Oh was it not enough, that when I found 'em empty and abandon'd, and the place cold where you had lain, and my poor trembling Boſom unpoſſeſt

poſſeſs'd of that dear load it bore, that I almoſt expired with my firſt Fears: Oh, if *Philander* lov'd, he wou'd have thought that cruelty enough, without the ſad Addition of a growing coldneſs: I wak'd, I miſs'd thee, and I call'd aloud, *Philander!* my *Philander*! But no *Philander* heard; then drew the cloſe drawn Curtains, and with a haſty and buſie view, ſurvey'd the Chamber over; but oh! in vain I view'd, and call'd yet louder, but none appear'd to my aſſiſtance but *Antonet* and *Brilliard* to torture me with dull Excuſes, urging a thouſand feign'd and frivolous Reaſons to ſatisfie my fears: But I, who lov'd, who doated even to madneſs, by nature ſoft, and timorous as a Dove, and fearful as a Criminal eſcap'd, that dreads each little noiſe, fancy'd their Eyes and guilty Looks confeſt the Treaſons of

their Hearts and Tongues, while they, more kind than true, ſtrove to convince my killing Doubts, proteſted, that you would return by Night, and feign'd a likely Story to deceive. Thus between hope and fear I languiſht out a day, Oh Heavens! a tedious day without *Philander*, who wou'd have thought, that ſuch a diſmal day ſhou'd not with the end of its reign have finiſh'd that of my Life: But then *Octavio* came to viſit me, and who till then I never wiſht to ſee, but now I was impatient for his coming, who by degrees told me that you were gone—I never ask'd him where, or how, or why, that you were gone was enough to poſſeſs me of all I fear'd, your being apprehended and ſent into *France*, your delivering your ſelf up, your abandoning me; all, all I had an eaſie faith for, without con-

conſulting more than That, Thou wert gone,—that very word yet ſtrikes a terrour to my Soul, diſables my trembling hand, and I muſt wait for reinforcements from ſome kinder thoughts. But, oh! from whence ſhou'd they arrive? from what dear preſent felicity, or proſpect of a future, tho never ſo diſtant, and all thoſe paſt ones, ſerve but to increaſe my pain; they favour me no more, they charm and pleaſe no more, and only preſent themſelves to my memory to compleat the number of my Sighs and Tears, and make me wiſh that they had never been, tho even with *Philander*? Oh, ſay, thou Monarch of my panting Soul, How haſt thou treated *Silvia*, to make her wiſh, that ſhe had never known a tender joy with thee: Is't poſſible ſhe ſhou'd repent her loving thee, and thou ſhou'dſt give her

her cauſe! ſay, dear falſe Charmer, is it? But Oh, there is no laſting Faith in Sin!—Ah—What have I done? How dreadful is the Scene of my firſt debauch, and how glorious that never to be regain'd proſpect of my Virgin Innocence, where I ſate inthron'd in awful vertue, crown'd with ſhining honour, and adorned with unſullied reputation, till thou, O Tyrant *Love*, with a charming uſurpation, invaded all my Glories; and which I reſign'd with greater pride and joy than a young Monarch puts 'em on. Oh, why then do I repent? as if the vaſt, the dear expence of pleaſures paſt were not enough to recompence for all the pains of Love to come? But why, O why do I treat thee as a Lover loſt already: Thou are not, canſt not, no, I'll not believe it, till thou thy ſelf confeſs it: Nor ſhall the

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omiſſion of a tender word or two make me believe thou haſt forgot thy Vows. Alaſs, it may be I miſtake thy Cares, thy hard Fatigues of Life, thy preſent ill Circumſtances (and all the melancholy Effects of thine and my misfortunes) for coldneſs and declining Love. Alas, I had forgot my poor, my dear *Philander* is now oblig'd to contrive for Life as well as Love; thou perhaps (fearing the worſt) art preparing Eloquence for a Council Table; and in thy buſie and guilty imaginations, haranguing it to the grave Judges, defending thy Innocence, or evading thy guilt: Feeing Advocates, excepting Juries, and confronting Witneſſes, when thou ſhould'ſt be giving ſatisfaction to my fainting love-ſick heart: Sometimes in thy labouring Fancy the horrour of a dreadful Sentence for an ignominious death

ſtrikes

ſtrikes upon thy tender Soul with a force that frights the little God from thence, and I am perſwaded there are ſome Moments of this melancholy nature, wherein your *Silvia* is even quite forgotten, and this too ſhe can think juſt and reaſonable, without reproaching thy heart with a declining Paſſion, eſpecially when I am not by to call thy fondneſs up, and divert thy more tormenting hours: But oh, for thoſe ſoft Minutes thou haſt deſign'd for Love, and haſt dedicated to *Silvia*, *Philander* ſhou'd diſmiſs the dull Formalities of rigid Buſineſs, the preſſing cares of Dangers, and have given a looſe to ſoftneſs. Cou'd my *Philander* imagine this ſhort and unloving Letter ſufficient to atone for ſuch an abſence? And has *Philander* then forgotten the pain with which I languiſh'd, when but abſent from him an hour? How

then

then can he imagine I can live, when distant from him so many Leagues, and so many days? while all the scanty comfort I have for life is, that one day we might meet again; but where, or when, or how—thou hast not love enough so much as to divine; but poorly leavest me to be satisfied by *Octavio*, committing the business of thy heart, the once great importance of thy Soul, the most necessary Devoirs of thy life, to be supply'd by another. Oh *Philander*, I have known a blessed time in our reign of Love, when thou wouldst have thought even all thy own power of too little force to satisfie the doubting Soul of *Silvia*: Tell me *Philander*, hast thou forgot that time? I dare not think thou hast, and yet (O God) I find an alteration, but Heaven divert the Omen: Yet something whispers to my Soul,

I am undone ! Oh where art thou my *Philander* ? Where's thy Heart ? And what has it been doing ſince it begun my Fate ? How can it juſtifie thy coldneſs, and thou this cruel abſence, without accounting with me for every parting hour ? My charming Dear was wont to find me Buſineſs for all my lonely abſent ones; and writ the ſofteſt Letters —— Loading the Paper with fond Vows and Wiſhes, which e're I had read o'er, another wou'd arrive, to keep eternal warmth about my Soul : nor wert thou ever wearied more with writing, than I with reading or with ſighing after thee ; but now ——— Oh ! there's ſome Myſtery in't I dare not underſtand. Be kind at leaſt and ſatisfie my Fears, for 'tis a wondrous pain to live in doubt, if thou ſtill lov'ſt me, ſwear it

o'er a new! and curſe me if I do not credit thee. But—if thou art declining,—or ſhould'ſt be ſent a ſhameful Victim into *France*—Oh thou deceiving Charmer, yet be juſt, and let me know my Doom: By Heaven this laſt will find a welcome to me, for it will end the Torment of my Doubts, and fears of loſing thee another way, and I ſhall have the Joy to die with thee; die belov'd, and die

Thy Silvia.

Having read over this Letter, ſhe fear'd ſhe had ſaid too much of her Doubts, and Apprehenſions of a change in him; for now ſhe flies to all the little Stratagems and Artifices of Lovers, ſhe begins to conſider the worſt, and to make her beſt of that, but quite abandon'd, ſhe could not believe her

her ſelf without flying into all the Rage that diſappointed Woman could be poſſeſs'd with, ſhe calls *Brilljard*, ſhews him his Lords Letters, and told him (while he read) her Doubts and Fears; he being thus inſtructed by her ſelf in the way how to deceive her on, like Fortune-tellers who gathers peoples Fortune from themſelves, and then return it back for their own Divinity; tells her he ſaw indeed a change! glad to improve her Fear, and feigns a Sorrow almoſt equal to hers: *'Tis evident*, ſays he, *'tis evident, that he's the moſt ungrateful of his Sex! Pardon, Madam* (continued he, bowing) *If my Zeal for the moſt charming Creature on Earth, make me forget my Duty to the beſt of Maſters and Friends. Ah* Brilljard, cry'd ſhe, with an Air of Languiſhment that more enflamed

him; *have a care leaſt that miſtaken Zeal for me ſhou'd make you prophane Vertue, which has not, but on this occaſion ſhew'd that it wanted Angels for its Guard. Oh,* Brilljard, *if he be falſe——if the dear Man be perjured, take, take, kind Heaven, the Life you have preſerv'd, but for a greater Proof of your Revenge*——And at that Word ſhe ſunk into his Arms, which he haſtily extended as ſhe was falling, both to ſave her from harm, and to give himſelf the Pleaſure of graſping the lovely'ſt body in the World to his Boſom, on which her fair Face declin'd cold, dead, and pale, but ſo tranſporting was the Pleaſure of that dear Burden, that he forgot to call for, or to uſe any Aid to bring her back to Life, but trembling with his Love and eager Paſſion, he took a thouſand Joys,

he

he kiſt a thouſand times her Luke-warm Lips, ſuck'd her ſhort Sighs, and raviſh'd all the Sweets her Boſom (which but guarded with a looſe Night Gown) yielded his impatient touches. Oh Heaven, who can expreſs the Pleaſures he receiv'd, becauſe no other way he ever cou'd arrive to ſo much daring? 'twas all beyond his hope; looſe were her Robes, inſenſible the Maid, and Love had made him inſolent, he rov'd, he kiſs'd, he gaz'd, without controul, forgetting all reſpect of Perſons, or of place, and quite deſpairing by fair means to win her, reſolves to take this lucky Opportunity; the Door he knew was faſt, for the counſel ſhe had to ask him admitted of no Lookers on, ſo that at his Entrance ſhe had ſecur'd that Paſs for him her ſelf, and being near her Bed, when ſhe fell

into his Arms, at this laſt daring Thought, he lifts her thither, and lays her gently down, and while he did ſo in one minute, ran o'er all the killing Joys he had been Witneſs to, which ſhe had given *Philander*; on which he never paws'd but urg'd by a *Cupid* altogether malicious and wicked, he reſolves his cowardly Conqueſt, when ſome kinder God awaken'd *Silvia*, and brought *Octavio* to the Chamber Door, who having been us'd to a freedom, which was permitted to none but himſelf, with *Antonett* her Woman, waiting for admittance, after having knock'd twice ſoftly: *Briſſard* heard it, and redoubled his Diſorder, which from that of Love, grew to that of Surprize; he knew not what to do, whether to refuſe anſwering, or to re-eſtabliſh the reviving Senſe of *Silvia*; in this moment

ment of perplexing Thought, he fail'd not however to ſet his Hair in order, and adjuſt him, tho there were no need of it, and ſtepping to the Door (after having rais'd *Silvia*, leaning her head on her Hand on the bed-ſide,) he gave admittance to *Octavio*; but oh Heaven, how was he ſurpriz'd when he ſaw it was *Octavio*? his heart with more force than before, redoubled its beats, that one might eaſily perceive every ſtroak by the motion of his Cravat, he bluſh'd, which to a Compl xion perfectly fair, as that of *Brilljard* (who wants no Beauty either in Face or Perſon) was the more diſcoverable, add to this his trembling, and you may eaſily imagine what a fuger he repreſented himſelf to *Octavio*; who almoſt as much ſurpriz'd as himſelf to find the Goddeſs of his Vows and Devo-

tions with a young *Endimion* alone, a Door ſhut too, her Gown looſe (which from the late Fit ſhe was in, and *Brilljard*'s Rape upon her Boſom) was ſtill open, and diſcovered a world of unguarded Beauty, which ſhe knew not was in view, with ſome other Diſorders of her Head-cloaths, gave him in a Moment a thouſand falſe Apprehenſions: *Antonett* was no leſs ſurpris'd; ſo that all had their part of Amazement, but the innocent *Silvia*, whoſe Eyes were beautified with a melancholly Calm, which almoſt ſet the generous Lover at eaſe, and took away his new fears, however he could not chooſe but ask *Brilljard* what the matter was with him, he look'd ſo out of countenance, and trembled ſo? he told him, how *Silvia* had been, and what extream Frights ſhe had poſſeſs'd him with, and told him

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the occaſion, which the lovely *Silvia* with her Eyes and Sighs aſſented to, and *Brilljard* departed; how well pleas'd you may imagine, or with what Guſto he left her with the lovely *Octavio*, whom he perceiv'd too well was a Lover in the Diſguiſe of a Friend. But there are in love thoſe wonderful Lovers who can quench the Fire one Beauty kindles, with ſome other Object, and as much in Love as *Brilljard* was, he found *Antonett* an Antidote that diſpell'd the groſſer part of it; for ſhe was in love with our Amorous Friend, and courted him with that Paſſion thoſe of that Country do almoſt all handſome Strangers, and one convenient Principle of the Religion of that Country is, to think it no Sin to be kind while they are ſingle Women, tho' otherwiſe (when Wives) they are

juſt enough, nor does a Woman that manages her Affairs thus diſcreetly meet with any reproach; of this Humour was our *Antonett*, who purſu'd her Lover out, half jealous there might be ſome amorous Intrigue between her Lady and him, which ſhe ſought in vain by all the feeble Arts of her Countries Sex to get from him; while on the other ſide, he believing ſhe might be of uſe in the farther diſcovery he deſir'd to make between *Octavio* and *Silvia*, not only told her ſhe her ſelf was the Object of his Wiſhes, but gave her ſubſtantial Proofs on't, and told her his Deſign, after having her Honour for ſecurity that ſhe wou'd be ſecret, the beſt Pledge a Man can take of a Woman: After ſhe had promis'd to betray all things to him, ſhe departed to her Affairs, and he to giving

his

his Lord an account of *Silvia*, as he desir'd, in a Letter which came to him with that of *Silvia*; and which was thus:

Philander *to* Brilljard.

I Doubt not but you will wonder that all this time you have not heard of me, nor indeed can I well excuse it, since I have been in a place, whence with ease I cou'd have sent every Post, but a new Affair of Gallantry has engag'd my thoughtful Hours, not that I find any Passion there that has abated one Sigh for *Silvia*, but a Mans Hours are very dull, when undiverted by an Intrigue of some kind or other, especially to a Heart young and gay as mine is, and which would not if possible bend under the Fatigues of more serious thought and business; I shou'd not

tell

tell you this, but that I wou'd have you feign all the dilatory excuſes that poſſible you can to hinder *Silvia*'s coming to me, while I remain in this Town, where I deſign to make my abode but a ſhort time, and had not ſtaid at all, but for this ſtop to my Journey, and I ſcorn to be vanquiſh'd without taking my Revenge, 'tis a ſally of Youth, no more—— a flaſh, that blazes for a while, and will go out with enjoyment. I need not bid you keep this Knowledge to your ſelf, for I have had too good a confirmation of your Faith and Friendſhip to doubt you now, and believe you have too much reſpect for *Silvia* to occaſion her any diſquiet. I long to know how ſhe takes my abſence, ſend me at large of all that paſſes, and give your Letters to *Octavio*, for none elſe ſhall know where I am, or how to

ſend

ſend to me : Be careful of *Silvia*, and obſerve her with diligence, for poſſibly I ſhould not be extravagantly afflicted to find ſhe were inclin'd to love me leſs for her own eaſe and mine, ſince Love is troubleſome when the height of it carries it to jealouſies, little quarels and eternal diſcontents; all which beginning Lovers prize, and pride themſelves on every diſtruſt of the fond Miſtreſs, ſince 'tis not only a demonſtration of love in them, but of power and charms in us that occaſion it, but when we no longer find the Miſtreſs ſo deſirable, as our firſt wiſhes form her, we value leſs their opinion of our Perſons, and only endeavour to render it agreeable to new Beauties, and adorn it for new Conqueſts ; but you, *Brilliard*, have been a Lover, and underſtand already this Philoſophy. I need ſay no more than to

to

to a Man who knows ſo well my Soul, but to tell him I am

His conſtant Friend
Philander.

This came as *Brilljard*'s Soul cou'd wiſh, and had he ſent him word he had been choſen King of *Poland*, he cou'd not have received the news with ſo great joy, and ſo perfect a welcom. How to manage this to his beſt advantage was the buſineſs he was next to conſult, after returning an anſwer; now he fancied himſelf ſure of the lovely Prize, in ſpight of all other oppoſitions: *For* (ſays he, in reaſoning the caſe) *if ſhe can by degrees arrive to a coldneſs to* Philander, *and conſider him no longer as a Lover, ſhe may perhaps conſider me as a Husband; or ſhou'd ſhe receive* Octavio's *Addreſſes, when once I have found her*

her feeble, I will make her pay me for keeping of every ſecret. So either way he entertain'd a Hope, tho never ſo diſtant from Reaſon and Probability; but all things ſeem poſſible to longing Lovers, who can on the leaſt hope reſolve to out-wait even Eternity (if poſſible) in expectation of a promis'd Bleſſing; and now with more than uſual care he reſolv'd to dreſs and ſet out all his Youth and Beauty to the beſt advantage; and being a Gentleman well born, he wanted no Arts of dreſſing, nor any advantage of Shape or Mien, to make it appear well: Pleas'd with this hope, his Art was now how to make his Advances without appearing to have deſign'd doing ſo. And firſt to act the Hypocrite with his Lord was his Buſineſs; for he conſider'd rightly, if he ſhould not repreſent

Sil

Silvia's ſorrows to the life, and appear to make him ſenſible of 'em, he ſhould not be after credited if he related any thing to her diſadvantage; for to be the greater Enemy you ought to ſeem to be the greateſt Friend. This was the policy of his Heart, who in all things was inſpir'd with phanatical Notions. In order to this, being alone in his Chamber, after the defeat he had in that of *Silvia*'s, he writ this Letter.

Brilljard *to* Philander.

My Lord,

YOU have done me the honour to make me your Confident in an Affair that does not a little ſurprize me: Since I believ'd, after *Silvia*, no mortal Beauty could have touch'd your Heart, and nothing but your own excu-

excuſes cou'd have ſuffic'd to have made it reaſonable ; and I only wiſh, that when the fatal news ſhall arrive to *Silvia*'s Ear (as for me it never ſhall) that ſhe may think it as pardonable as I do ; but I doubt it will add abundance of Grief, to what ſhe is already poſſeſt of, if but ſuch a fear ſhould enter in her tender Thoughts. But ſince 'tis not my buſineſs, my Lord, to adviſe or counſel, but to obey, I leave you to all the ſucceſs of happy Love, and will only give you an account how affairs ſtand here, ſince your departure.

That Morning you left the *Brill*, and *Silvia* in Bed, I muſt diſturb your more ſerene thoughts with telling you, that her firſt Surprize and Griefs at the news of your departure, were moſt deplorable, where raging madneſs and the ſofter paſſion of Love,

complaints

complaints of Grief and Anger, Sighs, Tears and Cries were ſo mix'd together, and by turns ſo violently ſeiz'd her, that all about her wept and pity'd her; 'twas ſad, 'twas wond'rous ſad, my Lord, to ſee it: Nor cou'd we hope her Life, or that ſhe would preſerve it if ſhe cou'd; for by many ways ſhe attempted to have releas'd her ſelf from pain by a violent Death, and thoſe that ſtrove to preſerve that, cou'd not hope ſhe wou'd ever have return'd to ſenſe again; ſometimes a wild extravagant Raving wou'd require all our Aid, and then again ſhe wou'd talk and rail ſo tenderly — and expreſs her reſentment in the kindeſt ſofteſt Words that ever Madneſs utter'd, and all of her *Philander*, till ſhe has ſet us all a weeping round her, ſometimes ſhe'd ſit as calm and ſtill as death,

and

and we have perceiv'd ſhe liv'd only by Sighs and ſilent Tears that fell into her Boſom, then on a ſudden wildly gaze upon us with Eyes that even then had wond'rous Charms, and frantickly ſurvey us all, then cry aloud, where is my Lord *Philander*?——Oh, bring me my *Philander*, *Brilliard*: Oh, *Antonett*, *Where have you hid the Treaſure of my Soul*; then weeping Floods of Tears, wou'd ſink all fainting in our Arms. Anon with trembling Words and Sighs ſhe'd cry,—— *But oh, my dear* Philander *is no more, you have ſurrendered him to* France——*Yes, yes, you've given him up, and he muſt die, publickly die, be led a ſad Victim through the joyful Croud—reproach'd and fall ingloriouſly*—— Then rave again, and tear her lovely Hair, and act ſuch Wildneſs,—ſo moving

moving and ſo ſad, as even infected the pittying beholders, and all we cou'd do was gently to perſwade her Grief, and ſooth her raving Fits; but ſo we ſwore, ſo heartily we vow'd that you were ſafe, that with the aid of *Octavio*, who came that day to viſit her, we made her capable of hearing a little reaſon from us: *Octavio* kneel'd and beg'd ſhe would but calmly hear him ſpeak, he pawn'd his Soul, his Honour, and his life: *Philander* was as ſafe from any injury either from *France* or any other Enemy as he, as ſhe or Heaven it ſelf: In fine, my Lord, he vow'd, he ſwore, and pleaded, till ſhe with patience heard him tell your Story, and the neceſſity of your abſence; this brought her temper back, and dry'd her Eyes, then ſighing anſwer'd him ——*that if for your ſafety you*

were

were fled, ſhe wou'd forgive your Cruelty and your Abſence, and endeavour to be her ſelf again: But then ſhe wou'd a thouſand times conjure him not to deceive her Faith, by all the Friendſhip that he bore *Philander*, not to poſſeſs her with falſe Hopes; then wou'd he ſwear a new; and as he ſwore, ſhe would behold him with ſuch charming ſadneſs in her Eyes, that he almoſt forgot what he wou'd ſay, to gaze upon her and to pay his Pity. But if with all his Power of Beauty and of Rhetorick he left her calm, he was no ſooner gone, but ſhe return'd to all the Tempeſts of deſpairing Love, to all the unbelief of faithleſs Paſſion, wou'd neither ſleep, nor eat, nor ſuffer day to enter; but all was ſad and gloomy as the Vault that held the *Epheſian* Matron, nor ſuffer'd ſhe

any

any to approach her but her Page, and Count *Octavio*, and he in midſt of all was well receiv'd; not that I think, my Lord, ſhe feign'd any part of that cloſe retirement to entertain him with any freedom, that did not become a Woman of perfect Love and Honour, tho I muſt own, my Lord, I believe it impoſſible for him to behold the lovely *Silvia* without having a Paſſion for her, what reſtraint his Friendſhip to you may put upon his Heart or Tongue, I know not, but I conclude him a Lover, tho without Succeſs, what effects that may have upon the Heart of *Silvia*, only time can render an acount of: And whoſe Conduct I ſhall the more particularly obſerve from a Curioſity natural to me, to ſee, if it may be poſſible for *Silvia* to love again, after the adorable *Philander*, which Levity in one ſo perfect

wou'd

wou'd cure me of the Diſeaſe of Love, while I liv'd amongſt the fickle Sex : But ſince no ſuch thought can yet get Poſſeſſion of my Belief, I humbly beg your Lordſhip will entertain no jea'ouſie, that may be ſo fatal to your repoſe, and to that of *Silvia*, doubt not but my fears proceed perfectly from the Zeal I have for your Lordſhip, for whoſe Honour and Tranquility none ſhall venture ſo far as,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips moſt Humble

and Obedient Servant

Brilljard.

POSTSCRIPT.

My Lord, the Groom ſhall ſet forward with your Coach-Horſes to morrow morning according to your Order.

Ha-

Having writ this, he read it over: not to ſee whether it were witty or eloquent, or writ up to the Senſe of ſo good a Judge as *Philander*, but to ſee whether he had caſt it for his purpoſe; for there his Maſter-piece was to be ſhewn; and having read it, he doubted whether the relation of *Silvia*'s Griefs were not too moving, and whether they might not ſerve to revive his fading Love which were intended only as a demonſtration of his own Pity and Compaſſion, that from thence the deceiv'd Lover might with the more eaſe entertain a belief in what he hinted of her Levity, when he was to make that out, as he now had but touch'd upon it, for he wou'd not have it thought the buſineſs of Malice to *Silvia*, but Duty and Reſpect to *Philander*: That thought reconcil'd him

him, to the first part without alteration; and he fancy'd he had said enough in the latter, to give any Man of Love and Sence a Jealousie which might inspire a young Lover in pursu t of a new Mistress, with a Revenge that might wholly turn to his advantage; for now every Ray gave him light enough to conduct him to hope, and he believ'd nothing too difficult for his Love, nor what his invention cou'd not conquer: he fancy'd himself a very *Machiavel* already, and almost promis'd himself the Charming *Silvia*, With these Thoughts he seals up his Letters, and hastes to *Silvia*'s Chamber for her further Commands, having in his politick transports forgotten he had left *Octavio* with her. *Octavio*, who no sooner had seen *Brilljard* quit the Chamber all trembling and disor-

der'd, after having given him entrance ; but the next ſtep was to the Feet of the newly recover'd languiſhing Beauty, who not knowing any thing of the freedom the daring Husband-Lover had taken, was not at all ſurpriz'd to hear *Octavio* cry (kneeling before her) *Ah Madam, I no longer wonder you uſe* Octavio *with ſuch rigour* ; then ſighing declin'd his melancholy Eyes, where Love and Jealouſie made themſelves too apparent, while ſhe believing he had only reproach'd her want of Ceremony at his entrance, checking her ſelf, ſhe ſtarted from the Bed, and taking him by the Hands to raiſe him, ſhe cry'd, *Riſe, my Lord, and pardon the omiſſion of that reſpect which was not wanting but with even life it ſelf,* *Octavio* anſwer'd, *Yes, Madam, but you took care, not to make the World*

absolutely unhappy in your Eternal Loss, and therefore made choice of such a time to die in when you were sure of a skilful person at hand to bring you back to life— My Lord— said she (with an innocent wonder in her Eyes, and an ignorance that did not apprehend him) *I mean* Brilljard, said he, *whom I found sufficiently disorder'd to make me believe he took no little pains to restore you to the World again.* This he spoke with such an Air as easily made her imagine he was a Lover to the degree of jealousie, and therefore (beholding him with a look that told him her disdain before she spoke) she reply'd hastily, *My Lord, if* Brilljard *have expresst by any disorder or concern of his kind sense of my sufferings, I am more oblig'd to him for it than I am to you for your opinion of my Vertue, and I shall hereafter*

know how to ſet a value both on the one and on the other, ſince what he wants in quality and ability to ſerve me, he ſufficiently makes good with his Reſpect and Duty. At that ſhe would have quitted him, but he (ſtill kneeling) held her Train of her Gown and beſought her with all the Eloquence of moving and petitioning Love, *That ſhe wou'd pardon the effect of a Paſſion that cou'd not run into leſs Extravagancy at a ſight ſo new and ſtrange, as that ſhe ſhou'd in a morning, with only her Night-Gown thrown looſely about her lovely body, and which left a thouſand Charms to view, alone receive a Man into her Chamber, and make faſt the Door upon 'em, which when (from his importunity) was open'd he found her all ruffled, and almoſt fainting on her Bed, and a young bluſhing Youth ſtart from her Arms, with*

trembling

trembling Limbs, and a Heart that beat time to the tune of active Love, faultring in his Speech, as if scarce yet he had recruited the Sense he had so happily lost in the Amorous Encounter: With that, surveying of her self, as she stood, in a great Glass, which she cou'd not hinder her self from doing; she found indeed her Night Linen, her Gown, and the Bosom of her Shift in such disorder, as if at least she had yet any doubt remaining that *Brilliard* had not treated her well: She however found cause enough to excuse *Octavio*'s Opinion, weighing all the Circumstances together, and adjusting her Linen and Gown with Blushes that almost appear'd Criminal, she turn'd to *Octavio*, who still held her, and still begg'd her Pardon, assuring him upon her Honour, her Love

to *Philander*, and her Friendſhip for him, that ſhe was perfectly innocent, and that *Brilliard*, though he ſhou'd have quality and all other Advantages which he wanted to render him acceptable, yet that there was in Nature ſomething which compell'd her to a ſort of coldneſs and diſguſt to his Perſon, for ſhe had ſo much the more abhorrence to him as he was a Husband, but that was a Secret to *Octavio*, but ſhe continu'd ſpeaking —— and cry'd, *no, cou'd I be brought to yield to any but* Philander; *I own I find Charms enough in* Octavio *to make a Conqueſt; but ſince the poſſeſſion of that dear Man is all I aſk of Heaven, I charge my Soul with a Crime, when I but hear love from any other, therefore I conjure you, if you have any ſatisfaction in my converſation, never*

to

to ſpeak of Love more to me, for if you do, Honour will oblige me to make Vows againſt ſeeing you: All the freedoms of Friendſhip I'll allow, give you the Liberties of a Brother, admit you alone by Night, or any way but that of Love; but that's a reſerve of my Soul which is only for Philander, *and the only one that ever ſhall be kept from* Octavio. She ended ſpeaking, and rais'd him with a ſmile; and he with a Sigh, told her, *ſhe muſt command*: Then ſhe fell to telling him how ſhe had ſent for *Philander*, and all the Diſcourſe that paſt; with the reaſon of her falling into a ſwoon, in which ſhe continu'd a Moment or two, and while ſhe told it ſhe bluſh'd with a ſecret fear; that in that Trance ſome freedoms might be taken which ſhe durſt not confeſs, but while ſhe

ſpoke our ſtill more paſſionate Lover devour'd her with his Eyes, fix'd his very Soul upon her Charms of ſpeaking and looking, and was a thouſand times (urg'd by tranſporting paſſion) ready to break all her Dictates, and vow himſelf her eternal Slave; but he fear'd the reſult, and therefore kept himſelf within the bounds of ſeeming Friendſhip; ſo that after a thouſand things ſhe ſaid of *Philander*, he took his leave to go to Dinner, but as he was going out he ſaw *Brilljard* enter; who, as I ſaid, had forgot he left *Octavio* with her; but in a moment recollecting himſelf, he bluſh'd at the Apprehenſion, that they might make his Diſorder the Subject of their Diſcourſe; ſo what with that, and the ſight of the dear Object of his late diſappointed Pleaſures, he had much a-do to aſſume

assume an assurance to approach; but *Octavio* pass'd out and gave him a little release. *Silvia*'s confusion was almost equal to his, for she look'd on him as a Ravisher; but how to find that Truth, which she was very curious to know, she call'd up all the Arts of Women to instruct her in; by Threats she knew it was in vain, therefore she assum'd an Artifice, which indeed was almost a Stranger to her Heart, that of gilting him out of a Secret which she knew he wanted Generosity to give handsomly; and meeting him with a Smile, which she forc'd, she cry'd, *How, now*, Brillard, *are you so faint-hearted a Soldier, you cannot see a Lady die without being terrify'd. Rather, Madam*, (reply'd he blushing anew) *so soft-hearted I cannot see the loveliest Person in the World*

fainting in my Arms, without being diſorder'd with Grief and Fear, beyond the power of many days to reſettle again. At which ſhe approach'd him, who ſtood near the Door, and ſhutting it, ſhe took him by the hand, and ſmiling, cry'd, *And had you no other buſineſs for your Heart but Grief and Fear, when a fair Lady throws her ſelf into your Arms, it ought to have had ſome kinder Effect on a Perſon of* Brilljard's *Youth and Complexion,* And while ſhe ſpoke this ſhe held him by the Wriſt, and found on the ſudden his pulſe to beat more high, and his Heart to heave his Boſom with Sighs, which now he no longer took care to hide, but with a tranſported Joy he cry'd, *Oh Madam, do not urge me to a confeſſion that muſt undo me, without making it criminal by my diſcovery of it, you know I am your Slave—*

when

when ſhe with a pretty wondering Smile cry'd ——*What, a Lover too, and yet ſo dull! O charming* Silvia, ſays he (and falling on his knees) *give my profound Reſpect a kinder Name*: To which ſhe anſwer'd ——*You that know your Sentiments may beſt inſtruct me by what Name to call 'em, and you* Brilljard *may do it without fear,* ——*You ſaw I did not ſtruggle in your Arms, nor ſtrove I to defend the Kiſſes which you gave*—*Oh Heavens*, cry'd he, tranſported with what ſhe ſaid, *is it poſſible that you cou'd know of my preſumption and favour it too? I will no longer then curſe thoſe unlucky Stars that ſent* Octavio *juſt in the bleſſed Minute to ſnatch me from my Heav'n, the lovely Victim lay ready for the Sacrifice, all prepared to offer; my Hands, my Eyes, my Lips were tired with Pleaſure, but yet they were not ſatisfied; oh there*

there was Joys beyond thoſe Raviſh-ments of which one kind Minute more had made me abſolute Lord: Yes, and the next, ſaid ſhe, *had ſent this to your Heart* —Snatching a Pen-knife that lay on her Toylets, where ſhe had been writing, which ſhe offer'd ſo near to his Boſome, that he believ'd himſelf already pierc'd, ſo ſenſibly killing were her Words, her Motion, and her Look; he ſtarted from her and ſhe threw away the Knife, and walking a turn or two about the Chamber, while he ſtood immovable, with his Eyes fix'd to the earth, and his Thoughts on nothing but a wild confuſion, which he vowed afterwards he could give no account of. But as ſhe turn'd ſhe beheld him with ſome Compaſſion, and remembring how he had it in his Power to expoſe her in a ſtrange Country, and own her

for

for a Wife, ſhe believ'd it neceſſary to hide her Reſentments; and cry'd, Brilljard, *for the Friendſhip your Lord has for you, I forgive you; but have a care you never raiſe your Thoughts to a Preſumption of that Nature more: Do not hope I will ever fall below* Philander's *Love; go and repent your Crime —— and expect all things elſe from my favour*— At this he left her with a bow that had ſome malice in it, and ſhe return'd into her dreſſing Room. —After Dinner *Octavio* writes her this Letter, Which his Page brought.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

Madam,

TIS true, that in Obedience to your Commands I begg'd your Pardon for the con-

confeſſion I made you of my Paſſion: But ſince you cou'd not but ſee the contradiction of my tongue in my Eyes, and hear it but too well confirm'd by my ſighs, why will you confine me to the formalities of a ſilent languiſhment, unleſs to encreaſe my flame with my pain.

You conjure me to ſee you often, and at the ſame time forbid me ſpeaking of my Paſſion, and this bold Intruder comes to tell you now, that 'tis impoſſible to obey the firſt, without diſobliging the laſt; and ſince the crime of adoring you exceeds my diſobedience in not waiting on you, be pleas'd at leaſt to pardon that fault, which my profound reſpect to the lovely *Silvia* compels me to commit; for 'tis impoſſible to ſee you, and not give you an occaſion of reproaching me: If I

cou'd make a truce with my Eyes, and like a mortified Capuchin, look always downwards, not daring to behold the glorious Temptations of your Beauty, yet you wound a thouſand ways beſides; your touches inflame me, and your voice has Muſick in't, that ſtrikes upon my Soul with raviſhing tenderneſs; your Wit is unreſiſtable and piercing; your very ſorrows and complaints have charms that make me ſoft without the aid of Love: But Pity joyn'd with Paſſion raiſes a flame too mighty for my conduct. And I in tranſports every way confeſs it: Yes, yes, upbraid me; call me Traytor and Ungrateful; tell me my Friendſhip's falſe; but *Silvia* yet be juſt, and ſay my love was true, ſay only he had ſeen the charming *Silvia*; and who is he, that after that wou'd not excuſe the reſt

in

in one ſo abſolutely born to be undone by Love, as is

Her deſtin'd Slave,

Octavio.

POSTSCRIPT.

Madam, Among ſome Rareties I this Morning ſaw, I found theſe Trifles Florio *brings you, which becauſe uncommon I preſume to ſend you.*

Silvia, notwithſtanding the ſeeming Severity of her Commands, was well enough pleas'd to be diſobey'd, and Women never pardon any fault more willingly than one of this nature, where the Crime gives ſo infallible a demonſtration of their power and Beauty; nor can any of their Sex be angry in their Hearts

for

for being thought desireable; and 'twas not with pain, that she saw him obstinate in his passion, as you may believe by her answering his Letters, nor ought any Lover to despair, when he receives denial under his Mistresses own hand, which she sent in this to *Octavio*.

Silvia *to* Octavio.

YOU but ill judge of my Wit, or Humour, *Octavio*, when you send me such a Present, and such a Billet, if you believe I either receive the one, or the other as you design'd: In Obedience to me you will no more tell me of your Love, and yet at the same time you are breaking your Word from one end of the Paper to the other. Out of respect to me you will see me no more, and yet are bribing

bribing me with Preſents; believing you have found out the ſureſt way to a Womans Heart. I muſt needs confeſs, *Octavio*, there is great eloquence in a pair of Bracelets of Five thouſand Crowns: 'Tis an Argument to prove your Paſſion, that has more prevailing reaſon in't, than either *Seneca* or *Tully* cou'd have urg'd; nor can a Lover write or ſpeak in any Language ſo ſignificant, and very well to be underſtood, as in that ſilent one of preſenting. The malicious World has a long time agreed to reproach poor Women with cruel, unkind, inſenſible, and dull; when indeed 'tis thoſe Men that are in fault, who want the right way of addreſſing, the true and ſecret Arts of moving; that ſovereign Remedy againſt diſdain. 'Tis you alone, my Lord, like a young *Columbus*, that have found the direct

direct, unpractis'd way to that little and so much desir'd World, the favour of the Fair; nor cou'd Love himself have pointed his Arrows with any thing more successful for his Conquest of Hearts: But mine, my Lord, like *Scæva*'s Shield, is already so full of Arrows, shot from *Philander*'s Eyes, it has no room for any other Darts: Take back your Presents then, my Lord, and when you make 'em next, be sure you first consider the Receiver: For know, *Octavio*, Maids of my Quality, ought to find themselves secure from Addresses of this Nature, unless they first invite; you ought to have seen Advances in my Freedoms, consenting in my Eyes: or (that usual Vanity of my Sex) a thousand little trifling Arts of Affectation to furnish out a Conquest, a forward complaisance, to every Gaw-

Gawdy Coxcomb, to fill my Train with amorous cringing Captives, this might have juſtified your pretenſions; but on the contrary my Eyes and Thoughts which never ſtray'd from the dear Man I love, were always bent to earth, when gaz'd upon by you, and when I did but fear you lookt with love, I entertain'd you with *Philander*'s Praiſe, his wondrous Beauty, and his wondrous Love! and left nothing untold that might confirm you how much impoſſible it was I e'er ſhou'd love again, that I might leave you no room for hope; and ſince my Story has been ſo unfortunate to alarm the whole World with a Conduct ſo fatal; I made no ſcruple of telling you with what Joy and Pride I was undone; if this encourage you, if *Octavio* have Sentiments ſo meanly poor of me, to think becauſe I yielded

ded to *Philander*, his hopes ſhou'd be advanc'd? I baniſh him for ever from my ſight, and after that diſdain the little Service he can render the

Never to be alter'd

Silvia.

This Letter ſhe ſent him back by his Page, but not the Bracelets, which were indeed very fine, and very conſiderable: at the ſame time ſhe threatned him with Baniſhment, ſhe ſo abſolutely expected to be diſobey'd in all things of that kind, that ſhe dreſt her ſelf that day to advantage, which ſince her arrival ſhe never had done in her own habits: What with her illneſs and *Philander*'s abſence, a careleſs negligence had ſeiz'd her, till rous'd and waken'd to the thoughts of Beauty by *Octavio*'s Love, ſhe began

gan to try its force, and that day dreſt. While ſhe was ſo imploy'd, the Page haſtes with the Letter to his Lord, who chang'd Colour at the ſight of it e'er he receiv'd it; not that he hop'd it brought love, 'twas enough ſhe would but anſwer, tho ſhe rail'd: *Let her* (ſaid he in opening it) *vow ſhe hates me: Let her call me Traytor, and Unjuſt, ſo ſhe take the pain to tell it this way*; for he knew well thoſe that argue will yield, and only ſhe that ſends him back his own Letters without reading 'em can give deſpair. He read therefore without a ſigh, nor complained he on her Rigours, and becauſe it was too early yet to make his Viſit, to ſhew the impatience of his Love, as much as the reality and reſolution of it, he bid his Page wait and ſent her back this anſwer.

Octavio

Octavio *to* Silvia.

FAir angry *Silvia*, How has my Love offended? Has its excess betray'd the least part of that respect due to your Birth and Beauty? Tho' I am young as the gay ruddy Morning, and vigorous as the gilded Sun at Noon, and Amorous as that God, when with such haste he chas'd young *Daphne* oer the flow'ry Plain, it never made me guilty of a thought that *Silvia* might not pity and allow. Nor came that trifling Present to plead for any wish, or mend my Eloquence, which you with such Disdain upbraid me with, the Bracelets came not to be rafl'd for your Love, nor Pimp to my Desires; Youth scorns those common Aids; No, let dull

Age

Age purſue thoſe ways of Merchandize, who only buy up Hearts at that vain Price, and never make a Barter, but a Purchaſe. Youth has a better way of trading in Love's Markets, and you have taught me too well to judge of, and to value Beauty, to dare to bid ſo cheaply for it: I found the Toy was gay, the work was neat, and fancy new; and know not any thing they wou'd ſo well adorn as *Silvia*'s lovely Hands: I ſay, if after this, I ſhou'd have been the mercenary Fool to have dunn'd you for Return, you might have us'd me thus;—Condemn me e'er you find me ſin in thought! that part of it was yet ſo far behind 'twas ſcarce arriv'd in wiſh. You ſhou'd have ſtaid till it approach'd more near, before you damn'd it to eternal Silence. To love, to ſigh,

to

—to weep, to pray, and to complain; why one may be allow'd it in Devotion; but you, nicer than Heaven it ſelf, make that a Crime, which all the Powers Divine have ne'er decreed one. I will not plead, nor ask you leave to love; Love is my Right, my Buſineſs, and my Province; the Empire of the young, the vigorous, and the bold; and I will claim my ſhare; the Air, the Groves, the Shades are mine to ſigh in, as well as your *Philander's*, the Echo's anſwer me as willingly, when I complain or name the cruel *Silvia*; Fountains receive my Tears, and the kind Spring's reflexion agreeably flatters me to hope, and makes me vain enough to think it juſt and reaſonable I ſhou'd purſue the Dictates of my Soul—Love on in ſpight of oppoſition, becauſe I

will not loſe my Priviledge, you may forbid me naming it to you, in that I can obey, becauſe I can; but not to love! not to adore the Fair! and not to languiſh for you, were as impoſſible as for you not to be lovely, not to be the moſt charming of your Sex. But I am ſo far from a pretending Fool, becauſe you have been poſſeſs'd, that often that Thought comes croſs my Soul, and checks my advancing Love! and I would buy that Thought off with almoſt all my ſhare of future bliſs! Were I a God, the firſt great Miracle ſhould be to form you a Maid again! For oh, what ever Reaſons flattering Love can bring to make it look like Juſt, the World! the World, fair *Silvia*, ſtill will cenſure, and ſay—you were to blame, but 'twas that fault alone that made you mortal, we

elſe ſhould have ador'd you as a Deity, and ſo have loſt a generous Race of young ſucceeding *Hero's* that may be born of you! yet had *Philander* lov'd but half ſo well as I, he would have kept your glorious Fame entire; but ſince alone for *Silvia* I love *Silvia*, let her be falſe to Honour, falſe to Love, Wanton and Proud, Ill-natur'd, Vain, Fantaſtick; or what is worſe--let her purſue her Love, be conſtant and ſtill dote upon *Philander*——Ye ſtill ſhe'll be the *Silv*: I adore, that *Silvia* born eternally to inſlave

Octavio.

This he ſent by *Florio* his Page, at the ſame time that ſhe expected the Viſit of his Lord, and bluſh'd with a little anger and concern at the diſappointment; however ſhe

haſted to read the Letter, and was pleas'd with the haughty reſolution he made, in ſpight of her, to love on as his right by birth? and ſhe was glad to find from theſe poſitive Reſolves, that ſhe might the more ſafely diſdain, or at leaſt aſſume a Tyranny which might render her Vertue Glorious, and yet at the ſame time keep him her Slave on all occaſions when ſhe might have need of his ſervice, which in the Circumſtances ſhe was in, ſhe did not know of what great uſe it might be to her, ſhe having no other deſign on him, bating the little Vanity of her Sex, which is an Ingredient ſo intermixt with the greateſt Vertues of Womenkind, that thoſe who endeavour to cure 'em of that diſeaſe, rob them of a very conſiderable pleaſure, and in moſt is incurable: Give *Silvia* then

leave to ſhare it with her Sex, ſince ſhe was ſo much the more excuſeable by how much a greater portion of Beauty ſhe had than any other, and had ſenſe enough to know it too; as indeed whatever other Knowledge they want, they have ſtill enough to ſet a price on Beauty, tho' they do not always rate it; for had *Silvia* done that, ſhe had been the happieſt of her Sex; but as ſhe was, ſhe waited the coming of *Octavio*, but not ſo as to make her quit one ſad thought for *Philander*'s Love and Vanity, tho they both reign'd in her Soul; yet the firſt ſurmounted the laſt, and ſhe grew to impatient Ravings whenever ſhe caſt a Thought upon her Fear that *Philander* grew cold; and poſſibly Pride and Vanity had as great a ſhare in that concern of hers as Love it ſelf, for ſhe wou'd

oft ſurvey her ſelf in her Glaſs, and cry, *Gods! Can this Beauty be deſpis'd! this Shape! this Face! this Youth! this Air!* and what's *more obliging yet, a Heart that adores the Fugitive, that languiſhes and ſighs after the dear Run-away. Is it poſſible he can find a Beauty,* added ſhe, *of greater Perfection*—*But oh, 'tis fancy ſets the rate on Beauty; and he may as well love a third time as he has a ſecond. For in Love, thoſe that once break the Rules and Laws of that Deity ſet no bounds to their Treaſons, and diſobedience. Yes, yes*... wou'd ſhe cry, *he that cou'd leave* Mertilla *the fair, the young, the Noble, Chaſt and Fond* Mertilla, *what after that may he not do to* Silvia, *on whom he has leſs Tyes, leſs Obligations: Oh wretched Maid*—*what has thy fondneſs done! he's ſatiated now with thee, as before with* Mertilla, *and carries all thoſe*

dear

dear, those charming Joys, to some new Beauty, whom his Looks have conquer'd, and whom his soft bewitching Vows will ruin. With that she rav'd and stamp'd, and cry'd aloud, *Hell——Fires——Tortures—Daggers—Racks and Poyson-come all to my Relief! Revenge me on the perjur'd lovely Devil——But I'll be brave—I will be brave and hate him*——This she spoke in a Tone less fierce, and with great Pride, and had not paus'd and walk'd above a hasty turn or two, but *Octavio*, as impatient as Love cou'd make him, entred the Chamber, so dress't, so set out for Conquest, that I wonder at nothing more than that *Silvia* did not find him altogether Charming, and fit for her revenge who was form'd by Nature for Love, and had all that cou'd render him the Dotage of Women: But where a Heart is pre-

poſſeſt, all that is Beautiful in any other Man ſerves but as an ill compariſon to what it loves, and even *Philander's* likeneſs, that was not indeed *Philander*, wanted the ſecret to charm. At *Octavio's* entrance ſhe was ſo fixt on her Revenge of Love, that ſhe did not ſee him who preſented himſelf as ſo proper an Inſtrument, till he firſt ſighing, ſpoke, *Ah*, Silvia, *ſhall I never ſee that Beauty eaſie more? Shall I never ſee it reconcil'd to content, and a ſoft Calmneſs fix'd upon thoſe Eyes, which were form'd for Looks all tender and ſerene; or are they reſolv'd*, (continu'd he ſighing) *never to appear but in ſtorms when I approach?* *Yes*, reply'd ſhe, *when there's a Calm of Love in yours that raiſes it. Will you confine my Eyes*, ſaid he, *that are by Nature ſoft? May not their ſilent Language tell you my Heart's*

ſad

ſad Story? But ſhe reply'd with a Sigh, *It is not generouſly done* Octavio, *thus to purſue a poor unguarded Maid, left to your Care, your Promiſes of Friendſhip. Ah, will you uſe* Philander *with ſuch Treachery?* Silvia, ſaid he, *my Flame's ſo juſt and reaſonable, that I dare even to him pronounce I love you; and after that dare love you on------ And would you* (ſaid ſhe) *to ſatisfie a little ſhort-liv'd Paſſion, forfeit thoſe Vows you've made of Friendſhip to* Philander? *That Heart that loves you,* Silvia (he reply'd) *cannot be guilty of ſo baſe a thought*; Philander *is my Friend, and as he is ſo, ſhall know the deareſt Secrets of my Soul. I ſhou'd believe my ſelf indeed ungrateful* (continu'd he) *where-e'er I lov'd, ſhou'd I not tell* Philander; *he told me frankly all his Soul, his Loves, his Griefs, his Treaſons, and Eſcapes, and in return I'll pay him*

back with mine; and do you Imagine (ſaid ſhe) *that he would permit your Love? How ſhou'd he hinder me* (reply'd he) *I do believe* (ſaid ſhe) *he'd forfeit all his ſafety and his friendſhip, and fight ye: Then I'd defend my ſelf,* ſaid he, *if he were ſo ungrateful.* While they thus argued, *Silvia* had her Thoughts apart, on the little Stratagems that Women in love ſometimes make uſe of; and *Octavio* no ſooner told her he would ſend *Philander* word of his Love; but ſhe imagin'd that ſuch a Knowledge might retrieve the Heart of her Lover, if indeed it were on the wing, and revive the dying Embers in his Soul, as uſually it does from ſuch occaſions; and on the other ſide ſhe thought that ſhe might more allowably receive *Octavio's* Addreſſes, when they were with the permiſſion of *Philander*, if he could

could love ſo well to permit it, and if he could not, ſhe ſhould have the Joy to undeceive her Fears of his Inconſtancy, tho ſhe baniſh'd for ever the agreeable *Octavio*, ſo that on *Octavio*'s farther urging the neceſſity of his giving *Philander* that ſure Mark of his Friendſhip, ſhe permitted him to write, which he immediately did on her Table, where there ſtood a little Silver Scrutore which contain'd all things for his purpoſe.

Octavio *to* Philander.

My Lord,

SInce I have vow'd you my eternal Friendſhip: and that I abſolutely believe my ſelf honour'd with that of yours, I think my ſelf oblig'd by thoſe powerful

Ti s

tyes to let you know my Heart, not only now as that Friend from whom I ought to conceal nothing but as a Rival too, whom in Honour I ought to treat as a Generous one: Perhaps you will be ſo unkind as to ſay I cannot be a friend and a Rival at the ſame time, and that almighty love that ſets the world at odds, chaſes all things from the heart where that reigns, to eſtabliſh it ſelf the more abſolutely there; but, my Lord, I avow mine a Love of that good Nature, that can indure the equal ſway of friendſhip where like two perfect Friends they ſupport each others Empire there; nor can the Glory of one eclipſe that of the other, but both like the Notion we have of the Deity; tho two diſtinct Paſſions, make but one in my Soul, and tho' Friendſhip firſt enter'd, 'twas in vain I call'd it to my aid, at the

firſt,

firſt ſoft Invaſion of *Silvia*'s power; and you my charming friend, are the moſt oblig'd to, pity me, who already know ſo well the force of her Beauty. I wou'd fain have you think, I ſtrove at firſt with all my Reaſon againſt the irreſiſtible luſtre of her Eyes, And at the firſt aſſaults of Love, I gave him not a welcom to my Boſom, but like Slaves unus'd to Fetters, I grew ſullen with my Chains, and wore'em for your ſake uneaſily. I thought it baſe to look upon the Miſtreſs of my Friend with wiſhing Eyes; but ſofter Love ſoon furniſh'd me with Arguments to juſtifie my Claim, ſince Love is not the choice but the face of the Soul, who ſeldom regards the object lov'd as 'tis, but as it wiſhes to have it be, and then kind fancy makes it ſoon the ſame. Love, that almighty creator of ſomething from

from nothing, forms a Wit, a Hero, or a Beauty, Vertue, good Humour, Honour, any Excellence, when oftentimes there's neither in the Object, but where the agreeing World has fix'd all theſe; and 'tis by all reſolv'd, (whether they love or not) That this is ſhe, you ought no more *Philander* to upbraid my Flame, than to wonder at it: It is enough I tell you that 'tis *Silvia*, to juſtifie my Paſſion: nor is't a Crime that I confeſs I love, ſince it can never rob *Philander* of the leaſt part of what I've vow'd him, or if his meer Honour will believe me guilty of a Fault: let this atone for all, that if I wrong my Friend in loving *Silvia*, I right him in deſpairing; for oh, I am repuls'd with all the Rigour of the Coy, and Fair, with all the little Malice of the witty Sex, and

and all the Love of *Silvia* to *Philander*,——There, there's the ſtop to all my Hopes and Happineſs, and yet by Heaven I love thee, oh thou favour'd Rival!

After this frank Confeſſion, my *Philander*, I ſhould be glad to hear your Sentiment, ſince yet in ſpight of Love, in ſpight of Beauty I am reſolv'd

To die Philander's

Conſtant Friend, Octavio.

After he had writ this, he gave it to *Silvia*: *See, charming Creature,* (ſaid he in delivering it) *if after this you either doubt my Love or what I dare for* Silvia. *I neither receive it* (ſaid ſhe) *as a proof of the one or the other; but rather that you believe by this frank Confeſſion, to render it as a piece of Gallantry*

and

and Diverſion to Philander; *for no Man of ſenſe will imagine that love, true, or arriv'd to any height, that makes a publick Confeſſion of it to his Rival. Ah,* Silvia, anſwer'd he, *How malicious is your Wit, and how active to turn its pointed miſchief on me? had I not writ, you wou'd have ſaid I durſt not; and when I make a Declaration of it, you call it only a ſlight piece of Gallantry: But,* Silvia, *you have wit enough to try it a thouſand ways, and power enough to make me obey; uſe the extremity of both, ſo you recompence me at laſt with a Confeſſion that I was at leaſt found worthy to be numbred in the Crowd of your Adorers. Silvia* reply'd, *He were a dull Lover indeed, that wou'd need Inſtructions from the Wit of his Miſtreſs to give her Proofs of his Paſſion whatever opinion you have of [illegible], I have too good a [illegible] to believe*

lieve that when he's a Lover he'll want Aids to make it appear, till then we'll let that Argument alone, and conſider his addreſs to Philander. She then read over the Letter he had writ, which ſhe lik'd very well for her purpoſe; for at this time our young Dutch *Hero* was made a property of, in order to her Revenge on *Philander*: She told him, *He had ſaid too much both for himſelf and her.* He told her, *He had declared nothing with his Pen, that he would not make good with his Sword. Hold, Sir,* ſaid ſhe, *and do not imagine from the freedom you have taken in owning your paſſion to* Philander, *that I ſhall allow it here: what you declare to the World is your own Crime; but when I hear it, 'tis no longer yours but mine; I therefore conjure you, my Lord, not to charge my Soul with ſo great a Sin againſt* Philander, *and I confeſs to*

you

you I ſhall be infinitely troubl'd to be oblig'd to baniſh you my ſight for ever. He heard her, and anſwer'd with a ſigh; for ſhe went from him to the Table, and ſeal'd her Letter, and gave it him to be inclos'd to *Philander*, and left him to conſider on her laſt Words, which he did not lay to Heart, becauſe he fanſi'd ſhe ſpoke this as Women do that will be won with induſtry: he in ſtanding up as ſhe went from him, ſaw himſelf in the great Glaſs, and bid his Perſon anſwer his Heart, which from every view he took, was reinforced with new Hope, for he was too good a judge of Beauty not to find it in every part of his own Amiable Perſon, nor could he imagine from *Silvia*'s Eyes, which were naturally ſoft and languiſhing, and now the more ſo from her Fears and Jealouſies) that ſhe

meant

meant from her Heart the Rigours ſhe expreſs'd : Much he allow'd for his ſhort time of Courtſhip, much to her Sexes Modeſty, much from her Quality, and very much from her Love, and imagin'd it muſt be only time and aſſiduity, opportunity and obſtinate Paſſion, that was only capable of reducing her to break her Faith with *Philander*; he therefore endeavour'd by all the good dreſſing, the advantage of laviſh gayety, to render his Perſon agreeable, and by all the Arts of Gallantry to charm her with his Converſation, and when he cou'd handſomly bring in Love, he fail'd not to touch upon it as far as it wou'd be permitted, and every day had the vanity to fancy he made ſome Advances; for indeed every day more and more ſhe found ſhe might have uſe for ſo conſiderable

a Perſon, ſo that one may very well ſay, never any paſt their time better than *Silvia* and *Octavio*, tho with different ends. All he had now to fear was from the anſwer *Philander*'s Letter ſhould bring, for whom he had in ſpight of Love, ſo intire a Friendſhip that he even doubted whether, (if *Philander* could urge Reaſons potent enough) he ſhould not chuſe to die and quit *Silvia* rather than be falſe to Friendſhip; one Poſt paſt, and another, and ſo eight ſucceſſive ones, before they receiv'd one Word of Anſwer to what they ſent; ſo that *Silvia*, who was the moſt impatient of her Sex, and the moſt in Love, was raving and acting all the extravagance of deſpair, and even *Octavio* now became leſs pleaſing, yet he fail'd not to viſit her every day to ſend her rich Preſents

and

and to ſay all that a fond Lover, or a faithful Friend might urge for her relief: At laſt *Octavio* receiv'd this following Letter.

Philander *to* Octavio.

YOU have ſhew'd, *Octavio*, a Freedom ſo generous, and ſo beyond the uſual Meaſures of a Rival, that 'twere almoſt injuſtice in me not to permit you to love on; if *Silvia* can be falſe to me and all her Vows, ſhe is not worth preſerving, if ſhe prefer *Octavio* to *Philander*, then he has greater merit and deſerves her beſt: But if on the contrary ſhe be juſt, if ſhe be true and conſtant, I cannot fear his Love will injure me, ſo either way *Octavio* has my leave to love the charming *Silvia*; alas I know her power

Power, and do not wonder at thy Fate! for 'tis as natural for her to conquer, as 'tis for youth to yield, oh ſhe has Faſcination in her Eyes! a Spell upon her Tongue, her Wit's a Philter, and her Air and Motion all Snares for heedleſs Hearts; her very Faults have Charms, her Pride, her Peeviſhneſs, and her Diſdain, have unreſiſted Power. Alas, you find it every Day ——and every Night ſhe ſweeps the Toore along, and ſhews the Beauty, ſhe inſlaves the Men, and rivals all the Women! how oft with Pride and Anger I have ſeen it; and was the inconſidering Coxcomb then to rave and rail at her, to curſe her Charms, her fair inviting and perplexing Charms, and bullyed every Gazer: By Heaven I could not ſpare a Smile, a Look, and ſhe has ſuch a laviſh Freedom

in her Humour, that if thou chance to love as I have done—'twill ſurely make thee mad, if ſhe but talk'd aloud, or put her little Affectation on, to ſhow the wondering Crowd what ſhe could do; if ſhe deſign'd to ſhew the force of Beauty, Oh God! How loſt in Rage! How mad with Jealouſie, was my fond breaking Heart! my Eyes grew fierce, and Clamorous my Tongue! and I have ſcarce contain'd my ſelf from hurting what I ſo much ador'd; but then the ſubtil Charmer had ſuch Arts to flatter me to Peace again—to claſp her lovely Arms about my Neck—— to ſigh a thouſand dear confirming Vows into my Boſom, and kiſs, and ſmile, and ſwear——and talk away my Rage,—and then—Oh my *Octavio*, no human Fancy can preſent the Joy of the dear reconciling moment

moment, where little quarrels rais'd the rapture higher, and ſhe was always new. Theſe are the wondrous Pains, and wondrous Pleaſures that Love by turns inſpires, till it grows wiſe by time and repetition, and then the God aſſumes a ſerious Gravity, In joyment takes off the uneaſie keeneſs of the Paſſion, the little jealous Quarrels raiſe no more; Quarrels the very Feathers of Love's Darts, that ſend 'em with more ſwiftneſs to the heart; and when they ceaſe, your tranſports leſſen too, then we grow reaſonable, and conſider; we love with prudence then, as Fencers fight with Foyls; a ſullen bruſh perhaps ſometimes or ſo; but nothing that can touch the Heart, and when we are arriv'd to love at that dull, eaſie rate, we never die of that Diſeaſe; then we've recourſe to all the little Arts, the

the Aids of Flatterers, and dear Diſſimulation (that Help meet to the Luke warm Lover) to keep up a good Character of Conſtancy and a right underſtanding

Thus, *Octavio*, I have ran thro' both the degrees of Love; which I have taken ſo often, that I am grown moſt learn'd and able in the Art: my eaſie heart is of the Conſtitution of thoſe whom frequent Sickneſs renders apt to take Relapſes from every little Cauſe, or wind, that blows too fiercely on 'em, it renders it ſelf to the firſt Effects of new ſurprizing Beauty, and finds ſuch pleaſure in beginning Paſſion, ſuch dear delight of fancying new Enjoyment, that all paſt Loves, paſt Vows and Obligations, have power to bind no more; no Pity, no Remorſe, no threatning danger invades my amorous Courſe;

I ſcour along the Flow'ry Plains of Love, view all the charming Proſpect at a diſtance, which repreſents it ſelf all Gay and Glorious! and long to lay me down, to ſtretch and bask in thoſe dear Joys that Fancy makes ſo raviſhing: Nor am I one of thoſe dull whining Slaves, whom quality or my reſpect can awe into a ſilent Cringer, and no more; no, Love, Youth, and oft Succeſs has taught me boldneſs and Art, Deſire and Cunning to attack, to ſearch the feeble ſide of female Weakneſs, and there to play Love's Engines; for Women will be won, they will, *Octavio*, if Love and Wit find any opportunitty.

Perhaps, my Friend, you're wondring now, what this Diſcourſe, this odd diſcovery of my own Inconſtancy tends to? Then ſince I cannot better pay you back the ſecret

you

you have told me of your Love, than by another of my own, take this Confeſſion from thy Friend — I love! — I languiſh! and am dying, — for a new Beauty. To you, *Octavio*, you that have liv'd twenty dull tedious years, and never underſtood the Myſtery of Love, till *Silvia* taught you to adore; this change may ſeem a wonder, you that have laſily run more than half your youths gay courſe of Life away, without the pleaſure of one nobler hour of mine; who like a Miſer hoard your ſacred Store, or ſcantily have dealt it but to one, think me a laviſh Prodigal in Love, and gravely will reproach me with inconſtancy—but uſe me like a Friend, and hear my Story.

It happen'd in my laſt Days Journey, on the Road I overtook a Man of Quality, for ſo his E-

quipage confeſs'd, we join'd and fell into diſcourſe of many things indifferent; till from a Chain of one thing to another, we chanc'd to talk of *France*, and of the Factions there, and I ſoon found him a *Cæſarian*; for he grew hot with his Concern for that Prince, and fiercely own'd his Int'reſt: This pleas'd me, and I grew familiar with him; and I pleas'd him ſo well in my Devotion for *Cæſario*, that being arriv'd at *Collen*, he invites me home to his Palace, which he begg'd I wou'd make uſe of as my own, during my ſtay at *Collen*. Glad of the opportunity, I obey'd, and ſoon inform'd my ſelf by a Spaniſh Page (that waited on him) to whom I was oblig'd; he told me it was the Count of *Clarinau*, a Spaniard born, and of Quality, who for ſome diſguſt

at

at Court retir'd hither; that he was a Perſon of much Gravity, a great Politician, and very Rich; and tho' well in years was lately married to a very beautiful young Lady, and that very much againſt her conſent, a Lady whom he had taken out of a Monaſtery, where ſhe had been pentioned from a Child, and of whom he was ſo fond and jealous, he never wou'd permit her to ſee or be ſeen by any Man, and if ſhe took the Air in her Coach, or went to Church, he oblig'd her to wear a Veil. Having learn'd thus much of the Boy, I diſmiſs'd him with a preſent; for he had already inſpir'd me with Curioſity, that Prologue to Love, and I knew not of what uſe he might be hereafter; a Curioſity that I was reſolv'd to ſatisfie, though I broke all the Laws of Hoſpitality, and even

that first Night I felt an impatience that gave me some wonder. In fine, three days I languish'd out in a Disorder that was very near allied to that of Love. I found my self magnificently lodg'd; attended with a formal Ceremony; and indeed all things were as well as I cou'd imagine, bating a kind Opportunity to get a sight of this young Beauty: Now half a Lover grown, I sigh'd and grew oppress't with thought, and had recourse to Groves, to shady Walks and Fountains, of which the delicate Gardens afforded variety, the most resembling Nature that ever Art produc'd, and of the most melancholy Recesses, fancying there in some lucky hour, I might incounter what I already so much ador'd in *Idea*; which still I form'd just as my Fancy wish'd, there, for the first

two

two days, I walk'd and ſigh'd, and told my new born Paſſion to every gentle Wind that play'd among the Boughs; for yet no Lady bright appear'd beneath 'em, no Viſionary Nymph the Groves afforded; but on the third day, all full of Love and Stratagem, in the cool of the Evening, I paſt into a Thicket near a little Rivulet, that purl'd and murmur'd thro' the Glade, and paſt into the Meads; this pleas'd and fed my preſent Amorous Humour, and down I laid my ſelf on the ſhady Brink, and liſten'd to its melancholy glidings, when from behind me, I heard a ſound more raviſhing, a Voice that ſung theſe Words:

Alas, in vain, you Powers above,
You gave me youth, you gave me
Charms,
And every tender ſenſe of Love;
To deſtine me to old Phileno's *Arms.*
Ah how can Youths gay Spring allow
The chilling kiſſes of the winter's Snow!

All Night I languiſh by his ſide,
And fanſy of joys I never taſte;
As men in Dreams a Feaſt provide,
And waking find with grief they faſt.
Either ye Gods my youthful fires allay,
Or make the old Phileno *young*
and gay.

Like a fair flower in ſhades obſcurity,
Tho every ſweet adorns my head,
Ungather'd, unadmir'd I lie,
And wither on my ſilent gloomy Bed,
While no kind aids to my relief appear,
And no kind Boſom makes me Tri-
umph there.

By this you may eaſily gueſs, as I ſoon did, that the Song was ſung by Madam the Counteſs of *Clarinau*, as indeed it was; at the very beginning of her Song my joyful Soul divin'd it ſo! I roſe and advanc'd by ſuch ſlow degrees as neither alarm'd the fair Singer, nor hinder'd me the pleaſure of hearing any part of the Song, till I approach'd ſo near as (behind the ſhelter of ſome Jeſſumin that divided us) I unſeen, compleated thoſe Wounds at my Eyes, which I had receiv'd before at my Ears. Yes, *Olivio*, I ſaw the lovely *Clarinau*, leaning on a Pillow made of ſome of thoſe Jeſſimins, which favour'd me, and ſerv'd her for a Canopy. But, oh my Friend! how ſhall I preſent her to thee in that Angel form, ſhe then appear'd to me? all young! all raviſhing as new born light to loſt benighted Tra-

vellers; her Face, the faireſt in the World, was adorn'd with Curls of ſhining Jett ty'd up—I know not how, all careleſsly with Scarlet Ribbon mixt with Pearls; her Robe was gay and rich, ſuch as young Royal Brides put on when they undreſs for Joys; her Eyes were black, the ſofteſt Heaven e'er made, her mouth was ſweet, and form'd for all delight, ſo red her Lips, ſo round, ſo grac'd with Dimples, that without one other Charm, that was enough to kindle warm deſires about a frozen Heart; a ſprightly Air of Wit compleated all, encreas'd my Flame, and made me mad with Love; endleſs it were to tell thee all her Beauties: Nature all o'er, was laviſh and profuſe, let it ſuffice her Face, her Shape, her Mien, had more of Angel in 'em than Humanity!

manity ! I ſaw her thus all Charming ! thus ſhe lay ! a ſmiling Melancholy dreſs'd her Eyes, which ſhe had fix'd upon the Rivulet, near which I found her lying: juſt ſuch I fanſy'd fam'd *Lucretia* was, when *Tarquin* firſt beheld her ; nor was that Royal Raviſher more inflam'd than I ! or readier for the Encounter. Alone ſhe was which heighten'd my deſires ! Oh Gods ! alone lay the young lovely Charmer, with wiſhing Eyes, and all prepar'd for Love ! the Shade was Gloomy, and the tell-tale Leaves combin'd ſo cloſe, they muſt have given us warning if any had approach'd from either ſide ! all favour'd my deſign, and I advanc'd ; but with ſuch caution as not to inſpire her with a fear, inſtead of that of Love ! a ſlow, uneaſie pace, with folded Arms, Love in my Eyes,

and

and burning in my heart—At my approach ſhe ſcarce contain'd her cries, and roſe ſurpriz'd and bluſhing, diſcovering to me ſuch a proportion'd height—— ſo lovely and majeſtick -- that I ſtood gazing on her, all loſt in wonder, and gave her time to dart her Eyes at me, and every look pierc'd deeper to my Soul, and I had no ſenſe but love, ſilent admiring Love! immoveable I ſtood, and had no other motion but that of a Heart all panting, which lent a feeble trembling to my Tongue, and even when I wou'd have ſpoke to her, it ſent a ſigh up, to prevent my boldneſs: and, O *Octavio*, tho I have been bred in all the ſawcy daring of a forward Lover, yet now I wanted a convenient impudence, aw'd with a haughty ſweetneſs in her Look, like a Fave-brave after a vigorous onſet, finding the danger flie ſo thick around him

ſheers

ſheers off and dares not face the preſſing Foe, ſtruck with too fierce a lightning from her Eyes, whence the Gods ſent a thouſand winged Darts, I veil'd my own, and durſt not play with Fire: While thus ſhe hotly did purſue her Conqueſt, and I ſtood fix'd on the defenſive part, I heard a ruſſling amongſt the thick grown Leaves, and thro' their Myſtick windings ſoon perceiv'd the good old Count of *Clarinau*, approaching, muttering and mumbling to o'd *Dormina*, the Dragon appointed to guard this lovely Treaſure, and which, ſhe having left alone in the Thicket, and had retir'd but at an awful diſtance had moſt extreamly diſoblig'd her Lord. I only had time enough in this little moment, to look with Eyes that ask'd a thouſand Pities, and told her in their ſilent Language how

how loath they were to leave the Charming Object, and with a ſigh —— I vaniſht from the wondering fair One, nimble as Lightning, ſilent as a Shade: To my firſt Poſt behind the Jeſimines, that was the utmoſt that I cou'd perſwade my Heart to do; you may believe, my dear *Octavio*, I did not bleſs the Minute that brought old *Clarinau* to that dear Receſs, nor him, nor my own Fate, and to compleat my Torment I ſaw him (after having gravely reproach'd her for being alone without her Woman) yes, I ſaw him fall on her Neck, her lovely ſnowy Neck, and lo! and kiſs, and hang his tawny wither'd Arms on her fair Shoulders, and preſs his nauſcious load upon *Caliſta's* Body, (for ſo I heard him name her) while ſhe was gazing ſtill upon the empty place, whence ſhe had

ſeen me vaniſh, which he perceiving, cry'd —— *My little Fool, what is't thou gazeſt on, turn to thy none old Man and buſs him ſoundly* —— when putting him by with a diſdain that half made amends for the injury he had done me by coming. *Ah, my Lord*, cry'd ſhe, *even now, juſt there I ſaw a lovely Viſion, I ne'er beheld ſo excellent a thing*: How, cry'd he, *a viſion, a thing* ——— *what Viſion? what thing? where? how? and when*—*Why there*, ſaid ſhe, *with my Eyes, and juſt now, it vaniſh'd behind yon Jeſſimines.* With that I drew my Sword —for I deſpair'd to get off unknown, and being well enough acquainted with the jealous nature of the *Spaniards*, which is no more than ſee and ſtab, I prepar'd to ſtand on my defence, till I cou'd reconcile him, if poſſible, to reaſon; yet even in that moment I

was

was more afraid of the injury he might do the innocent fair One, than of what he cou'd do to me, but he not ſo much as dreaming ſhe meant a Man by her lovely Viſion, fell a kiſſing her a new, and beck'ning *Dormina* off to pimp at diſtance, told her, *The Grove was too ſweet, the Rivet's Murmurs too delicate, and ſhe was ſo curiouſly dreſs'd, that altogether had inſpir'd him with a Love Fit*; and then aſſaulting her a new with a Sneer which you have ſeen a Satyr make in Pictures, he fell to act the little Tricks of Youth, that look-ed ſo goatiſh in him ——— inſtead of kindling 'twould have damp'd a flame, which ſhe reſiſted with a ſcorn ſo charming gave me new hope and fire, when to oblige me more, with Pride, Diſdain, and loathing in her Eyes, ſhe fled like *Daphne* from the Raviſher,

er, he being bent on Love, purſu'd her with a feeble pace, like an old Wood-God chaſing ſome coy Nymph, who wing'd with fear out-ſtrips the flying Wind, and tho a God he cannot overtake her; and left me fainting with new Love, new Hope, new Jealouſie, Impatience, Sighs, and wiſhes in the abandon'd Grove. Nor cou'd I go without another view of that dear place in which I ſaw her lie, I went—and laid me down juſt on the print which her fair Body made, and preſs'd, and kiſs'd it o'er a thouſand times, with eager Tr nſports, and even fanſy'd fair *Caliſta* there; there 'twas I found the Paper with the Song which I have ſent you; there I ran o'er a thouſand Stratagems to gain another View; no little States men had more Plots and Arts than I to gain this Object I

ador'd,

ador'd the ſoft Idea of my burning Heart, now raging wild, abandon'd all to Love and looſe deſire, but hitherto my Induſtry is vain; each day I haunt the thickeſt Groves and Springs, the flow'ry Walks, cloſe Arbors, all the day my buſie Eyes and Heart are ſearching her, but no intelligence they bring me in: In fine, *Octavio*, all that I can ſince learn is, That the bright *Caliſta* had ſeen a Viſion in the Garden, and ever ſince was ſo poſſeſt with melancholy, that ſhe had not ſince quitted her Chamber, ſhe is daily preſſing the Count to permit her to go into the Garden, to ſee if ſhe can again encounter the lovely *Phantom*, but whether from any Deſcription ſhe hath made of it, (or from any other cauſe) he imagines how it was, I know not; but he endeavours all he can to hinder

hinder her, and tells her 'tis not lawful to tempt Heaven by invoking an Apparition; ſo that till a ſecond view eaſes the Torments of my mind, there is nothing in nature to be conceiv'd ſo raving mad as I; as if my deſpairs of finding her again increas'd my impatient Flame inſtead of leſſening it.

After this Declaration Judge, *Octavio*, who has given the greateſt Proofs of his Friendſhip, you or I; you being my Rival, truſt me with the Secret of loving my Miſtreſs, which can no way redound to your diſadvantage, but I by telling you the Secrets of my Soul, put it into your power to ruin me with *Silvia*, and to eſtabliſh your ſelf in her Heart: a Thought I yet am not willing to bear, for I have an ambition in my Love, that wou'd not

not while I am toyling for Empire here, loſe my Dominion in another place: but ſince I can no more rule a Woman's Heart, than a Lovers Fate, both you and *Silvia* may deceive my Opinion in that, but ſhall never have power to make me believe you leſs my Friend, than I am

Your *Philander.*

POSTSCRIPT.

The inclos'd I need not oblige you to deliver; you ſee I give you opportunity.

Octavio no ſooner arriv'd to that part of the Letter which nam'd the Count of *Clarinau*, but he ſtopp'd and was ſcarce able to proceed, for the charming *Caliſta* was his Siſter, the only one he had,

who

who having been bred in a Nunnery, was taken thence to be married to this old rich Count, who had a great Fortune: Before he proceeded, his Soul divin'd this was the new Amour that had engag'd the Heart of his Friend; he was afraid to be farther convinc'd, and yet a Curiosity to know how far he had proceeded made him read it out with all the disorder of a Man jealous of his Honour, and nicely careful of his Fame; he consider'd her young, about eighteen, married to an old ill-favour'd jealous Husband, no Parents but himself to right her Wrongs, or revenge her Levity; he knew tho' she wanted no Wit she did Art, for being bred without the Conversation of Men, she had not learnt the little Cunnings of her Sex; he guess'd by his own Soul that hers was soft and

apt

apt for impreſſion, he judg'd from her Confeſſion to her Husband of the Viſion, that ſhe had a ſimple Innocence, that might betray a young Beauty under ſuch Circumſtances; to all this he conſider'd the Charms of *Philander* unreſiſtable, his unwearied induſtry in Love, and concludes his Siſter loſt. At firſt he upbraids *Philander*, and calls him ungrateful, but ſoon thought it unreaſonable to accuſe himſelf of an Injuſtice, and excus'd the frailty of *Philander*, ſince he knew not that ſhe whom he ador'd was Siſter to his Friend; however it fail'd not to poſſeſs him with inquietude that exercis'd all his Wit, to conſider how he might prevent an inſeparable injury to his Honour, and an Intrigue that poſſibly might coſt his Siſter her Life as well as Fame: In midſt

of

of all theſe Torments he forgot not the more important Buſineſs of his Love. For to a Lover, who has his Soul perfectly fix'd on the fair Object of its Adoration, what ever other Thought, Fatigue, and Cloud, his Mind, that like a ſoft Gleam of new ſprung Light, darts in and ſpreads a Glory all a-round, and like the God of day chears every drooping Vital, yet even theſe dearer Thoughts wanted not their Torments. At firſt he ſtrove to atone for the Fears of *Caliſta*, with thoſe of imagining *Philander* falſe to *Silvia*: *Well*, cry'd he, —*If thou beeſt loſt*, Caliſta, *at leaſt thy ruin has laid a Foundation for my Happineſs, and every Triumph* Philander *makes of thy Virtue, it the more ſecures my Empire over* Silvia, *and ſince thy Brother cannot be happy but by the Siſter's being undone, yield thou*, O *faithleſs fair one*,

one, yeild to Philander, *and make me bleſt in* Silvia! *And thou* (continu'd he) *Oh perjur'd Lover and inconſtant Friend, glut thy inſatiate flame—riſle* Caliſta *of every Vertue Heaven and Nature gave her, ſo I may but revenge it on thy* Silvia! Pleas'd with this joyful hope, he traverſes his Chamber, glowing and bluſhing with new kindling fire, his Heart that was all gay, defus'd a gladneſs, that expreſs'd it ſelf in every Feature of his lovely Face, his Eyes that were by nature languiſhing, ſhone now with an unuſual Air of Briskneſs, Smiles grac'd his mouth, and dimples dreſt his Face, inſenſibly his buſie Fingers trick and dreſs, and ſet his Hair, and without deſigning it, his Feet are bearing him to *Silvia*, till he ſtepp'd ſhort and wonder'd whither he was going, for yet it was not time to make his Viſit—

Whether

Whither fond Heart, (ſaid he) *O whither wou'dſt thou hurry this Slave to thy ſoft fires!* And now returning back he paws'd and fell to thought——He remembred how impatiently *Silvia* waited the return of the anſwer he writ to him, wherein he own'd his Paſſion for that Beauty. He knew ſhe permitted him to write it, more to raiſe the little brisk Fires of Jealouſie in *Philander*, and to ſet an edge on his blunted Love, than from any Favours ſhe deſign'd *Octavio*: And that on this anſwer depended all her Happineſs, or the confirmation of her Doubts, and that ſhe wou'd meaſure *Philander*'s Love by the effects ſhe found there of it: So that never Lover had ſo hard a Game to play as our new one. He knew he had it now in his power to ruin his Rival, and to make almoſt his own Terms

with his fair Conquereſs, but he conſider'd the ſecret was not render'd him for ſo baſe an end, nor cou'd his Love advance it ſelf by ways ſo falſe, dull, and criminal,—between each thought he paws'd, and now reſolves ſhe muſt know he ſent an anſwer to his Letter; for ſhou'd ſhe know he had, and that he ſhou'd refuſe her the ſight of it, he believ'd with reaſon ſhe ought to baniſh him for ever her preſence, as the moſt diſobedient of her Slaves. He walks and pawſes on--but no kind thought preſents it ſelf to ſave him; either way he finds himſelf undone, and from the moſt gay, and moſt triumphing Lover on the Earth, he now, with one ſerious thought of right reaſoning, finds he is the moſt miſerable of all the Creation! He reads the Superſcription of that *Philander* writ to *Silvia*, which was inclos'd in his, and finds

finds it was directed only — For *Silvia*, which would plainly demonſtrate it came not ſo into *Holland*; but that ſome other cover ſecur'd it; ſo that never any but *Octavio* the moſt nice in Honour, had ever ſo great a Conteſt with Love and Friendſhip: For his Noble temper was not one of thoſe that cou'd Sacrifice his Friend to his little Luſts, or his more ſolid Paſſion, but truly brave, reſolves now rather to die than to confeſs *Philander*'s Secret; to evade which he ſent her Letter by his Page, with one from himſelf, and commanded him to tell her that he was going to receive ſome commands from the Prince of *Orange*, and that he wou'd wait on her himſelf in the Evening. The Page obeys, and *Octavio* ſent him with a Sigh and Eyes, that languiſhingly told him he did it with regret.

The Page haſting to *Silvia*, finds her in all the diſquiet of an expecting Lover; and ſnatching the Papers from his hand, the firſt ſhe ſaw was that from *Philander*, at which ſhe trembl'd with Fear and Joy, for Hope, Love and Deſpair at once ſeiz'd her, and hardly able to make a ſign with her hand for the Boy to withdraw, ſhe ſunk down into her Chair, all pale, and almoſt fainting; but reaſſuming her Courage, ſhe open'd it, and read this.

Philander *to* Silvia.

AH, *Silvia!* Why all theſe Doubts and Fears? Why at this diſtance do you accuſe your Lover, when he's uncapable to fall before you, and undeceive

ceive your little Jealouſies. Oh, *Silvia*, I fear this firſt reproaching me, is rather the Effects of your own guilt, than any that love can make you think of mine. Yes, yes, my *Silvia*, 'tis the Waves that rowl, and glide away, and not the ſteady ſhore. 'Tis you begin to unfaſten from the Vows that hold you, and float along the flattering Tide of Vanity. 'Tis you, whoſe Pride and Beauty ſcorning to be confin'd, give way to the admiring Croud, that figh for you. Yes, yes, you, like the reſt of your fair glorious Sex, love the Admirer though you hate the Coxcomb. 'Tis vain! 'tis great! and ſhews your Beauties Power — Is't poſſible, that for the ſafety of my Life, I cannot retire but you muſt think I'm fled from Love and *Silvia*! or is it poſſible that pitying Tenderneſs

that made me uncapable of taking leave of her ſhou d be interpreted as falſe —— and baſe, ——— and that an abſence of thirty days, ſo forc'd, and ſo compell'd muſt render me inconſtant — loſt — ungrateful —— as if that after *Silvia* Heaven e'er made a Beauty that cou'd charm me?

You charge my Letter with a thouſand faults, 'tis ſhort, 'tis cold, and wants thoſe uſual Softneſſes that gave them all their Welcom, and their Graces. I fear my *Silvia* loves the Flatterer, and not the Man, the Lover only, not *Philander*: And ſhe conſiders him not for himſelf, but the gay glorious thing he makes of her! Ah! too ſelf-intereſted! Is that your Juſtice? You ne'er allow for my unhappy Circumſtances, you ne-ver think how Care oppreſſes me, nor what my Love contributes

to

to that care. How Buſineſs, Danger, and a thouſand Ills, take up my haraſs'd mind: By every power I love thee ſtill, my *Silvia*, but time has made us more familiar now, and we begin to leave off Ceremony, and come to cloſer joys, to joyn our Intereſt now, as people fix'd, reſolv'd to live and die together; to weave our Thoughts, and be united ſtronger. At firſt we ſhew the gayeſt ſide of Love, dreſs and be nice in every Word and Look, ſet out for Conqueſt all; ſpread every Art, uſe every Stratagem —— but when the Toyl is paſt, and the dear Victory gain'd, we then propoſe a little idle reſt, a little eaſie ſlumber: We then embrace, lay by the gawdy Shew, the Plumes and gilded Equipage of Love, the Trappings of the Conqueror, and bring the naked Lo-

ver to your Arms; we ſhew him then uncas'd with all his little diſadvantages; perhaps the flowing Hair, (thoſe Ebony Curls you have ſo often comb'd, and dreſs'd, and kiſs'd) are then put up and ſhew a fiercer Air, more like an Antique Roman than *Philander*, and ſhall I then, becauſe I want a Grace, be thought to love you leſs; becauſe the embroider'd Coat, the Point and Garniture's laid by, muſt I put off my Paſſion with my Dreſs? No, *Silvia*, Love allows a thouſand little Freedoms, allows me to unboſom all my Secrets; tell thee my Wants, my fears, complaints and dangers, and think it great relief if thou but ſigh and pity me: And oft thy charming Wit has aided me, but now I find thee adding to my pain. O where ſhall I unload my weight of cares, when *Silvia*, who was wont

to

to ſigh and weep, and ſuffer me to eaſe the heavy burden, now grows diſpleas'd and peeviſh with my Moans, and calls them the Effects of dying Love! inſtead of thoſe dear Smiles, that fond bewitching Prattle, that us'd to calm my rougheſt ſtorm of Grief, ſhe now reproaches me with coldneſs, want of Concern, and Lovers Rhetorick: And when I ſeem to beg relief, and ſhew my Soul's reſentment, 'tis then I'm falſe; 'tis my Averſion, or the Effects of ſome new kindling Flame: Is this fair dealing, *Silvia*? can I not ſpare a little ſigh from Love, but you muſt think I rob you of your due? If I omit a tender Name by which I us'd to call you, muſt I be thought to loſe that Paſſion that taught me ſuch endearments? And muſt I ne'er reflect upon the ruin both of my Fame and For-

tune, but I muſt run the risk of loſing *Silvia*, too? O cruelty of Love! Oh too too fond and jealous Maid, what Crimes thy innocent Paſſion can create, when it extends beyond the Bounds of reaſon! Ah too too nicely tender *Silvia*, that will not give me leave to caſt a thought back on my former Glory; yet even that loſs I cou'd ſupport with tamenſs and content, if I believ'd my ſuffering reach'd only to my Heart; but *Silvia*, if ſhe love, muſt feel my Torments too, muſt ſhare my loſs, and want a thouſand Ornaments, my ſinking Fortune cannot purchaſe her: Believe me, Charming Creature, if I ſhou'd love you leſs, I have a ſenſe ſo juſt of what you've ſuffered for *Philander*, I'd be content to be a Galley-ſlave, to give thy Beauty, Birth and Love their due, but as

I am thy Faithful Lover ſtill, depend upon that Fortune Heaven has left me; which if thou canſt (as thou haſt often ſworn) then thou wou'dſt ſubmit to be cheerful ſtill, be gay and confident, and do not judge my Heart by little Words, my Heart——too great and fond for ſuch poor Demonſtrations.

You ask me, *Silvia*, where I am, and what I do; and all I can ſay is, that at preſent I am ſafe from any fears of being deliver'd up to *France* and what I do is ſighing, dying, grieving; I want my *Silvia*; but my Circumſtances, yet have nothing to incourage that hope; when I reſolve where to ſettle, you ſhall ſee what haſte I will make to have you brought to me: I am impatient to hear from you, and to know how that dear Pledge of our ſoft hours advances. I mean

what

what I believe I left thee poſſeſs'd of, a young *Philander*: Cheriſh it, *Silvia*, for that's a certain Obligation to keep a dying Fire alive, be ſure you do it no hurt by your unneceſſary grief, tho' there needs no other tie but that of Love to make me more entirely

Your Philander.

If *Silvia*'s Fears were great before ſhe open'd the Letter, what were her pains when all thoſe Fears were confirmed from that never failing mark of a declining Love, the coldneſs and alteration of the Stile of Letters, that firſt Symptom of a dying Flame? *Oh where*, ſaid ſhe, *where, Oh perjur'd Charmer, is all that Ardency that us'd to warm the Reader? Where is all that natural Innocence of Love that cou'd not, even to diſco-*

ver

ver and expreſs a Grace in Elo-quence, force one ſoft Word, or one Paſſion. Oh, continu'd ſhe, *he is loſt and gone from* Silvia *and his Vows; ſome other has him all, claſps that dear body, hangs upon that Face, gazes upon his Eyes, and liſtens to his Voice, when he is looking, ſighing, ſwearing, dying, lying and damning of himſelf for ſome new Beauty —— He is, I'll not endure it, aid me* Antonett! *Oh where's the perjur'd Traytor! Antonett,* who was waiting on her, ſeeing her riſe on the ſudden in ſo great a Fury wou'd have ſtaid her haſty Turns and Ravings, beſeeching her to tell her what was the occaſion, and by a diſcovery to eaſe her Heart, but ſhe with all the Fury imaginable, flung from her Arms, and ran to the Table, and ſnatching up a Pen-knife, had certainly ſent it to her Heart, had

not

not *Antonett* ſtepp'd to her and caught her Hand, which ſhe reſiſted not, but bluſhing reſign'd, with telling her ſhe was aſham'd of her own Cowardize, *For*, ſaid ſhe, *if I had deſign'd to have been brave, I had ſent you off, and by a Noble Reſolution have freed this Slave within* (ſtriking her Breaſt) *from a Tyranny which it ſhou'd diſdain to ſuffer under*: With that ſhe rag'd about the Chamber with broken Words and imperfect Threatnings, unconſider'd Imprecations, and unheeded Vows and Oaths: at which *Antonett* redoubl'd her Petition to know the cauſe; and ſhe reply'd—Philander! *the dear, the ſoft, the fond and charming* Philander *is now no more the ſame. O*, Antonett, ſaid ſhe, *didſt thou but ſee this Letter compar'd to thoſe of heretofore, when Love was gay and young, when new deſire dreſs'd his*

his

his ſoft Eyes in tears, and taught his Tongue the Harmony of Angels; when every tender Word had more of Paſſion than Volumes of this forc'd, this triſling buſineſs. O, thou wou'dſt ſay I were the wretcheſt thing that Nature ever made—— Oh thou wou'dſt curſe as I do—— Not the dear Murderer, but thy Frantick ſelf, thy mad, deceiv'd, believing, eaſie ſelf; if thou wert ſo undone—— Then while ſhe wept ſhe gave *Antonett* liberty to ſpeak, which was to perſwade her, her fears were vain; ſhe urg'd every argument of Love ſhe had been Witneſs to, and cou'd not think it poſſible he cou'd be falſe: To all which the ſtill weeping *Silvia* lent a willing Ear: For Lovers are much enclin'd to believe every thing they wiſh. *Antonett* having a little calm'd her, continu'd telling her, that to be better convinc'd

convinc'd of his Love or his Perfidy, ſhe ought to have Patience till *Octavio* ſhou'd come to viſit her, *For you have forgotten, Madam,* ſaid ſhe, *that that generous Rival has ſent him Word he is your Lover*: For *Antonett* was waiting at the reading of that Letter, nor was there any thing the open-hearted *Silvia* conceal'd from that Servant; and Women, who have made a Breach in their Honour, are ſeldom ſo careful of their reſt of Fame, as thoſe who have a Stock entire; and *Silvia* believ'd after ſhe had truſted the Secret of one Amour to her diſcretion, ſhe might conceal none. *See Madam,* ſays *Antonett*, *here is a Letter yet unread*: *Silvia*, who had been a great while impatient for the return of *Octavio*'s Anſwer from *Philander*, expecting from thence the confirmation of all her

her doubts, haſtily ſnatch'd the Letter out of *Antonett*'s hand, and read it, hoping to have found ſomething there to have eas'd her Soul one way or other; a Soul the moſt raging and haughty by Nature, that ever poſſeſt a Body: the words were theſe.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

AT leaſt you'll pity me, Oh charming *Silvia*, when you ſhall call to mind the cruel Services I am oblig'd to render you, to be the Meſſenger of Love from him whom Beauty and that God plead ſo ſtrongly for already in your Heart.

If after this, you can propoſe a Torture that yet may ſpeak my Paſſion and Obedience in any higher meaſure, command and

try

try my Fortitude, for I too well divine, O rigorous Beauty, the buſineſs of your Love-ſick Slave will be, only to give you Proofs how much he does adore you, and ne'er to taſte a Joy, even in a diſtant Hope, like Lamps in Urns my laſting Fire muſt burn without one kind material to ſupply it. Ah *Silvia*, if e'er it be your wretched Fate to ſee the Lord of all your Vows given to another's Arms —When you ſhall ſee in thoſe ſoft Eyes that you adore a Languiſhment and Joy, if you but name another Beauty to him : ——— When you behold his Bluſhes fade and riſe at the approaches of another Miſtreſs.— Hear broken Sighs and unaſſur'd replies, when e'er he anſwers ſome new Conquereſs : tremblings, and Pantings ſeizing every part at the warm touch as of a ſecond Charmer

mer. Ah, *Silvia*, do but do me justice then, and ſighing ſay—I pity poor *Octavio*.

Take here a Letter from the bleſt *Philander*, which I had brought my ſelf, but cannot bear the torment of that Joy that I ſhall ſee advancing in your Eyes when you ſhall read it o'er—no—'tis too much that I imagine all! yet bleſs that patient fondneſs of my Paſſion that makes me ſtill

Your Slave, and

Your Adorer,

Octavio.

At finiſhing this, the jealous fair One redoubl'd her Tears with ſuch violence, that 'twas in vain her Woman ſtrove to abate the flowing Tide by all the reaſonable

able Arguments she cou'd bring to her Aid, and *Silvia* to encrease it, read again the latter part of the ominous Letter; which she wet with the Tears that stream'd from her bright Eyes. *Yes, yes,* (cry'd she laying the Letter down) *I know,* Octavio, *this is no Prophesie of yours, but a known Truth: Alas, you know too well the fatal time's already come, when I shall find these changes in* Philander! *Ah Madam,* reply'd Antonett, *How curious are you to search out torments for your own Heart, and as much a Lover as you are, how little do you understand the Arts and Politicks of Love? Alas, Madam,* continu'd she, *you your self have arm'd my Lord* Octavio *with those Weapons that wound you: The last time he writ to my Lord* Philander, *he found you possess'd with a thousand Fears and Jealousies: of these*

these he took advantage to attack his Rival; for what Man is there so dull that wou'd not assault his Enemy in that part where the most considerable mischief may be done him; 'tis now Octavio's *Interest, and his Business to render* Philander *false, to give you all the Umbrage that is possible of so powerful a Rival, and to say any thing that may render him hateful to you, or at least to make him love you less. Away,* reply'd *Silvia* (with an uneasie Smile) *how foolish are thy Reasonings, for were it possible I cou'd love* Philander *less, is it to be imagin'd, that shou'd make way for* Octavio *in my Heart, or any, after that dear Deceiver? No doubt of it,* reply'd Antonett, *but that very effect it would have on your Heart; for Love in the Soul of a witty Person is like a Scain of Silk; to unwind it from the Bottom,*

you

you muſt wind it on another or it runs into Confuſion and becomes of no uſe, and then of courſe, as one leſſens the other encreaſes, and what Philander *loſes in Love,* Octavio, *or ſome one induſtrious Lover will moſt certainly gain: Oh,* reply'd *Silvia, You are a great Philoſopher in Love. I ſhou'd be Madam,* cry'd *Antonett, had I but had a good Memory, for I had a young Church-man once in love with me, who has read many a Philoſophical Lecture to me upon Love; among the reſt he us to ſay the Soul was all compos'd of Love. I us'd to ask him then, if it were form'd of ſo ſoft Materials, how it came to paſs that we were no oftner in love, or why ſo many were ſo long before they lov'd, and others who never lov'd at all? No queſtion but he anſwer'd you wiſely,* ſaid *Silvia* careleſsly and ſighing, with her thoughts

thoughts but half attentive. *Marry, and so he did*, cry'd *Antonett, at least I thought so then, because I loved a little.* He said, *Love of it self was unactive, but 'twas inform'd by Object; and then too that Object must depend on fancy; (for Souls, tho' all Love, are not to love all:) Now Fancy*, he said, *was sometimes nice, humorous, and fantastick, which is the reason we so often love those of no merit, and despise those that are most excellent; and sometimes Fancy guides us to like neither; he us'd to say Women were like Misers, though they had always Love in store, they seldom car'd to part with it, but on very good int'rest and security*, Cent per Cent, *most commonly Heart for Heart at least; and for security he said we were most times too unconscionable, we ask'd Vows at least, at worst Matrimony*——Half angry, *Silvia* cry'd,

cry'd —— *and what's all this to my loving again? Oh* Madam, reply'd *Antonett*, He *ſaid a Woman was like a Gameſter, if on the winning hand, hope, int'reſt, and vanity make him play on, beſides the pleaſure of the Play it ſelf; if on the loſing, then he continu'd throwing at all to ſave a Stake at laſt, if not to cover all; ſo either way they find occaſion to continue the* Game. *But oh,* ſaid *Silvia*, ſighing, *What ſhall that Gameſter ſet, who has already play'd for all ſhe had, and loſt it at a caſt?* Oh, Madam, reply'd *Antonett*, *The Young and Fair find Credit every where, there's ſtill a Proſpect of a return, and that Gameſter that plays thus upon the tick is ſure to loſe but little; and if they win, 'tis all clear gains. I find,* ſaid *Silvia*, *you are a good manager in Love; you are for the frugal part of it.* Faith, Madam, ſaid *Antonett*, *I am in-*

deed

deed of that Opinion, that love and int'reſt always do beſt together, as two moſt excellent Ingredients in that rare Art of preſerving of Beauty. Love makes us put on all our Charms, and int'reſt gives us all the advantage of dreſs, without which Beauty is loſt, and of little uſe. Love wou'd have us appear always new, always gay, and magnificent, and money alone can render us ſo, and we find no Women want Lovers ſo much as thoſe who want Petticoats, Jewels, and all the neceſſary trifles of Gallantry. Of this laſt opinion I find you your ſelf to be; for even when Octavio comes, on whoſe Heart you have no deſign, I ſee you dreſs to the beſt advantage, and put on many, to like one: Why is this, but that even unknown to your ſelf, you have a ſecret Joy and pleaſure in gaining Conqueſts, and of being ador'd and thought the moſt

Charming of your Sex. That is not from the inconſtancy of my Heart, cry'd *Silvia, but from the little vanity of our Natures. Oh Madam,* reply'd *Antonett, there is no Friend to Love like Vanity; it is the falſeſt betrayer of a Woman's Heart, of any Paſſion or Humour ſhe can be guilty of, not Love it ſelf betrays her ſooner to Love than Vanity or Pride; and, Madam, I wou'd I might have the pleaſure of my next wiſh, when I find you not only liſt'ning to the love of* Octavio, *but even approving it too. Away,* reply'd *Silvia,* in frowning, *your Mirth grows rude and troubleſome,—Go bid the Page wait while I return an anſwer to what his Lord has ſent me.* So ſitting at the Table ſhe diſmiſs'd *Antonett,* and writ this following Letter.

Silvia

Silvia *to* Octavio.

I Find *Octavio* this little Gallantry of yours, of ſhewing me the Lover, ſtands you in very great ſtead, and ſerves you upon all occaſions for abundance of uſes; amongſt the reſt, 'tis no ſmall obligation you have to it, for furniſhing you with handſom pretences to keep from thoſe who importune you, and from giving 'em that ſatisfaction by your Council and Converſation which poſſibly the unfortunate may have need of ſometimes; and when you are preſs'd and oblig'd to render me the Friendſhip of your Viſits, this neceſſary ready love of yours, is the only evaſion you have for the anſwering a thouſand little queſtions I ask you of *Philander*; whoſe

Heart I am afraid you know much better than *Silvia* does. I cou'd almoſt wiſh, *Octavio*, that all you tell me of your Paſſion were true, that my Commands might be of Force ſufficient to compel you to reſolve my Heart in ſome doubts that oppreſs it: And indeed if you would have me believe the one, you muſt obey me in the other; to which end I conjure you to haſten to me, for ſomething of an unuſual coldneſs in *Philander*'s Letter, and ſome Ominous Divinations in yours, have put me on a rack of Thought; from which nothing but Confirmation can relieve me; this you dare not deny, if you value the repoſe of

Silvia.

She

She read it over, and was often about to tear it, fancying it was too kind: But when she consider'd 'twas from no other inclination of her Heart than that of getting the Secrets out of his, she pardon'd her self the little levity she found it guilty of; all which, considering as the effects of the violent Passion she had for *Philander*, she found it easie to do, and sealing it she gave it to *Antonett* to deliver to the Page, and set her self down to ease her Soul of its heavy weight of grief, by her complaints to the dear Author of her Pain; for when a Lover is insupportably afflicted, there is no ease like that of writing to the Person lov'd: And that all that comes uppermost in the Soul, for true love is all unthinking artless speaking, incorrect disorder, and without Method as 'tis

without Bounds or Rules, such were *Silvia*'s unstudy'd thoughts, and such her following Letter.

Silvia *to* Philander.

OH my *Philander*, how hard it is to bring my Soul to doubt, when I consider all thy past tender Vows, when I reflect how thou hast lov'd and sworn. Methinks I hear the Musick of thy voice still whispering in my Bosom; methinks the charming softness of thy Words remain like less'ning Echo's on my Soul, whose distant Voices by degrees decay, till they be heard no more! Alas I've read thy Letter o'er and o'er, and turn'd the sense a thousand several ways, and all to make it speak and look like Love—— O I have flatter'd it with all my Art. Sometimes I fansy'd my ill

reading

reading ſpoil'd it, and then I tun'd my Voice to ſofter Notes, and read it o'er again; but ſtill the Words appear'd too rough and harſh for any moving Air, which way ſoe'er I chang'd, which way ſoe'er I queſtion'd it of Love, it anſwer'd in ſuch Language—as others wou'd perhaps interpret Love, or ſomething like it; but I who've heard the very God himſelf ſpeak from thy wondrous Lips, and known him guide thy Pen, when all the Eloquence of moving Angels flow'd from thy charming Tongue! when I have ſeen thee fainting at my Feet, (whil'ſt all Heaven open'd in thy glorious face) and now and then ſigh out a trembling Word; in which there was contain'd more Love, more Soul, than all the Arts of ſpeaking ever found. What Senſe! Oh what reflections

muſt I make on this decay, this ſtrange —— this ſudden alteration in thee? But that the cauſe is fled, and the effect is ceas'd, the God retir'd, and all the Oracles ſilenc'd! Confeſs——oh thou eternal Conqueror of my Soul, whom every Hour, and every tender Joy, renders more dear and lovely—— Tell me why (if thou ſtill lov'ſt me, and lov'ſt as well) does love not dict te to thee as before! Doſt thou want words? Oh then begin again, repeat the old ones o'er ten thouſand times, ſuch repetitions are Loves Rhetorick! How often have I ask'd thee in an Hour, when my fond Soul was doating on thy Eyes, when with my Arms, claſping thy yielding Neck, my Lips imprinting Kiſſes on thy Cheeks, and taking in the breath, that ſight from thine? How often have I

ask'd

ask'd this little but important queſtion of thee? *Does my* Philander *love me*? then kiſs thee for thy *Yes* and Sighs, and ask again, and ſtill my Soul was raviſht with new Joy, when thou wou'dſt anſwer, *Yes*; *I love thee dearly*! and if I thought you ſpoke it with a Tone that ſeem'd leſs ſoft and fervent than I wiſh'd; I ask'd ſo often, till I made thee anſwer in ſuch a Voice as I wou'd wiſh to hear it; all this had been impertinent and fooliſh in any thing but Love, to any but a Lover: But oh—give me the impertinence of Love! talk little nonſenſe to me all the Day, and be as wanton as a playing *Cupid*, and that will pleaſe and charm my Love ſick Heart better than all fine Senſe and reaſoning.

Tell me, *Philander*, what new accident, what powerful misfortune

has befallen thee, greater than what we have experienc'd yet? cou'd drive the little God out of thy Heart, and make thee ſo unlike my ſoft *Philander*? What place contains thee, or what pleaſures eaſe thee, that thou art now contented to live a tedious day without thy *Silvia*. How then the long long Age of forty more, and yet thou liv'ſt, art patient, tame, and well; thou talk'ſt not now of Ravings, or of Dying, but look'ſt about thee like a well pleas'd Conqueror after the Toils of Battel — Oh I have known a time——but let me never think upon it more! it cannot be remembred without madneſs! What think thee fallen from Love! to think that I muſt never hear thee more pouring thy Soul out in ſoft Sighs o Love? A thouſand dear Expreſſions by which I knew

the

the Story of thy Heart, and while you tell it, bid me feel it panting———Never to ſee thy Eyes fix'd on my Face——till the ſoft Showers of joy wou'd gently fall and hang their ſhining Dew upon thy Looks, then in a Tranſport ſnatch me to thy Boſom, and ſigh a thouſand times e'er thou cou'dſt utter——*Ah* Sivia, *how I love thee*—— Oh the dear Eloquence thoſe few ſhort Words contain, when they are ſent with Lovers Accents to a Soul all languiſhing! but now—— alas, thy love is more familiar grown——Oh take the other part o'th' Proverb too, and ſay 't has bred Contempt, for nothing leſs than that your Letter ſhews, but more it do's, and that's indifference leſs to be born than hate or any thing——

At leaſt be juſt and let me know my Doom: Do not deceive the Heart

Heart that truſted all thy Vows, if thou be'ſt generous —— if thou let'ſt me know ——— thy date of Love —— is out (for Love perhaps as Life has dates) and equally uncertain, and thou no more canſt ſtay the one than t'other; yet if thou art ſo kind for all my Honour loſt, my Youth undone, my Beauty tarniſh'd, and my laſting Vows, to let me fairly know thou art departing, my worthleſs Life will be the only loſs: But if thou ſtill continueſt to impoſe upon my eaſie Faith, and I ſhou'd any other way learn my approaching Fate—Look to't *Philander*—— She that had the courage to abandon all for Love, and faithleſs thee, can, when ſhe finds her ſelf betray'd and loſt, nobly revenge the ruin of her fame, and ſend thee to the other World with

Silvia.

She

She having writ this, read it over, and fanſy'd ſhe had not ſpoke half the ſenſe of her Soul · fanſy'd if ſhe were again to begin ſhe cou'd expreſs her ſelf much more to the purpoſe ſhe deſign'd, than ſhe has done. She began again and writ two or three new ones, but they were either too kind or too rough, the firſt ſhe fear'd wou'd ſhew a weakneſs of Spirit, ſince he had given her occaſion of Jealouſie ; the laſt ſhe fear'd wou'd diſoblige if all thoſe jealouſies were falſe, ſhe therefore tore thoſe laſt ſhe had writ, and before ſhe ſeal'd up the firſt ſhe read *Philander*'s Letter again, but ſtill ended it with fears that did not leſſen thoſe ſhe had firſt conceiv'd; ſtill ſhe thought ſhe had more to ſay as Lovers do, who never are weary of ſpeaking or writing to the dear object of their vows, and having already forgotten what ſhe had ſaid juſt before

before —— and her heart being by this time as full as e'er, ſhe began, ſhe took up her complaining Pen, and made it ſay this in the Covert of the Letter.

Oh *Philander*! Oh thou eternal Charmer of my Soul, how fain I wou'd repent me of the cruel thoughts I have of thee: When I had finiſh'd this inclos'd I read again thy chilling Letter, and ſtrove with all the force of Love and ſoft imagination to find a dear occaſion of asking Pardon for thoſe Fears which preſs my breaking Heart: but Oh the more I read, the more they ſtrike upon my tendereſt part, —ſomething ſo very cold, ſo careleſs, and indifferent you end your Letter with —I will not think of it—by Heaven it makes me rave —and hate my little power, that cou'd no longer keep the ſoft and kind. O if thoſe killing fears (bred by

by excesſ of Love) are vainly taken up in pity, my adorable —in pity to my tortur'd Soul convince 'em, Redreſs the torment of my jealous doubts and either way confirm me; be kind to her that dies and languiſhes for thee, return me all the ſoftneſs that firſt charm'd me, or frankly tell me my approaching Fate. Be generous, or be kind to the unfortunate and undone

SILVIA.

She thought ſhe had ended here, but here again ſhe read *Philander*'s Letter, as if on purpoſe to find new Torments out for a heart too much preſs'd already; a ſowr that is always mixt with the ſweets o Love, a pain that ever accompanies the pleaſure. Love elſe were not to be numbred among the paſſions of men, and was at firſt ordain'd in Heaven for ſome divine motion

of the Soul, till *Adam* with his loſs of *Paradiſe* debaucht it, with jealouſies fears, and curioſities, and mixt it with all that was afflicting; but you'll ſay he had reaſon to be jealous, whoſe Woman for want of other Seducers liſten'd to the Serpent, and for the love of change wou'd give way even to a Devil, this little love of Novelty and knowledge has been intail'd upon her Daughters ever ſince, and I have known more Women rendred unhappy and miſerable from this torment of Curioſity, which they bring upon themſelves, than have ever been undone by leſs villainous Men. One of this Humour was our haughty and charming *Silvia*, whoſe Pride and Beauty poſſeſſing her with a belief that all Men were born to die her Slaves, made her uneaſie at every action of the Lo-

ver

Lover (whether belov'd or not) that did but ſeem to ſlight her Empire: but where indeed ſhe lov'd and doated, as now on *Philander*, this Humour put her on the rack at every thought or fanſy that he might break his Chains, and having laid the laſt Obligation upon him, ſhe expected him to be her Slave for ever, and treated him with all the haughty Tyranny of her Sex, in all thoſe moments when ſoftneſs was not predominate in her Soul. She was ſhagreen at every thing, if but diſpleas'd with one thing; and while ſhe gave Torments to others ſhe fail'd not to feel 'em the moſt ſenſibly her ſelf; ſo that ſtill ſearching for new occaſion of quarrel with *Philander*, ſhe drew on her ſelf moſt intolerable Pains, ſuch as doubting Lovers feel after long Hopes and confirm'd Joys,

ſhe

ſhe reads and weeps, and when ſhe came to that part of it that inquir'd of the health and being of the Pledge of Love——ſhe grew ſo tender that ſhe was almoſt fainting in her Chair, but recovering from the ſoft Reflection, and finding ſhe had ſaid nothing of it already, ſhe took her Pen again and writ.

You ask me, Oh Charming *Philander* how the Pledge of our ſoft hours thrives? Alas, as if it meant to brave the worſt of Fate! it does advance my ſorrows, and all your Cruelties have not deſtroy'd that: But I ſtill bear about me the deſtiny of many a ſighing Maid, that this (who will I am ſure be like *Philander*) will ruin with his Looks.

Thou ſacred Treaſure of my Soul forgive me, if I have wrong'd thy Love. *Adieu.*

She

She made an end of writing this juſt when *Antonett* arriv'd, and told her *Octavio* was alighted at the Gate, and coming to viſit her, which gave her occaſion to ſay this of him to *Philander*.

I think I had not ended here, but that *Octavio*, the braveſt and the beſt of Friends is come to viſit me. The only ſatisfaction I have to ſupport my life in *Philander*'s abſence, pay him thoſe thanks that are due to him from me, pay him for all the generous Cares he has taken of me; beyond a Friend! almoſt *Philander* in his blooming Paſſion when 'twas all new and young, and full of Duty, cou'd not have render'd me his Service with a more awful induſtry: Sure he was made for love and glorious friendſhip. Cheriſh him then, preſerve

ſerve him next your Soul, for he's a Jewel fit for ſuch a Cabinet: His Form, his Parts, and every Noble Action, ſhews us the Royal Race from whence he ſprung, and the victorious *Orange* confeſſes him his own in every Vertue, and in every Grace; nor can the illigitimacy eclipſe him: Sure he was got in the firſt heat of Love, which form'd him ſo a *Hero* ——But no more. *Philander* is as kind a Judge as

Silvia.

She had no ſooner finiſh'd this and ſeal'd it, but *Octavio* came into the Chamber, and with ſuch an Air, with ſuch a Grace and Mien he approach'd her — with all the languiſhment of ſoft trembling Love in his Face, which with the addition of the Dreſs he was that day

day in, (which was extreamly rich and advantageous, and altogether such as pleases the Vanity of Women,) I have since heard the charming *Silvia* say, in spight of all her tenderness for *Philander*, she found a soft emotion in her Soul, a kind of Pleasure at his approach, which made her blush with some kind of anger at her own easiness. Nor cou'd she have blush'd in a more happy Season; for *Octavio* saw it, and it serv'd at once to add a Lustre to her paler Beauty, and to betray some little kind Sentiment, which possess'd him with a Joy that had the same Effects on him: *Silvia* saw it; and the care she took to hide her own, serv'd but to increase her Blushes, which put her into a confusion she had much ado to reclaim: she cast her Eyes to Earth, and leaning her Cheek on her

her hand, ſhe continu'd on her Seat without paying him that uſual Ceremony ſhe was wont to do. While he ſtood ſpeechleſs for a moment gazing on her with infinite ſatisfaction, when ſhe to aſſume a formality as well as ſhe cou'd, roſe up and cry'd (fearing he had ſeen too much) Octavio, *I have been conſidering after what manner I ought to receive you, and while I was ſo, I left thoſe Civilities unpaid which your Quality, and my good manners ought to have render'd you. Ah, Madam,* reply'd he ſighing, *if you wou'd receive me as I merited and you ought, at leaſt you wou'd receive me as the moſt paſſionate Lover that ever ador'd you. I was rather believing,* ſaid *Silvia, that I ought to have receiv'd you as my Foe : Since you conceal from me ſo long what you cannot but believe I am extreamly*

impatient

impatient of hearing, and what ſo nearly concerns my repoſe. At this, he only anſwering with a Sigh, ſhe purſu'd, *Sure*, Octavio, *you underſtand me:* Philander's *anſwer to the Letter of your confeſſing Paſſion has not ſo long been the ſubject of our diſcourſe and expectation, but you gueſs at what I mean?* *Octavio*, who on all Occaſions wanted not wit, or reply, was here at a loſs, what to anſwer: Notwithſtanding he had conſider'd before what he wou'd ſay: but let thoſe in love fanſy, and make what fine ſpeeches they pleaſe, and believe themſelves furniſh'd with abundance of eloquent Harangues, at the ſight of the dear Object they loſe 'em all, and love teaches 'em a Dialect much more prevailing without the expence of duller thought: And they leave unſaid all they had ſo floridly form'd before

before, and ſigh a thouſand things with more ſucceſs: Love, like Poetry cannot be taught, but uninſtructed flows without painful ſtudy, if it be true; 'tis born in the Soul, a Noble inſpiration not a Science! ſuch was *Octavio's*, he thought it diſhonorable to be guilty of the meanneſs of a Lye; and ſay he had no anſwer: He thought it rude to ſay he had one and wou'd not ſhew it *Silvia*: And he believ'd it the height of ungenerous baſeneſs to ſhew it. While he remain'd this moment ſilent, *Silvia*, whoſe love, jealouſie, and impatience endur'd no delay, with a malicious half Smile, and a Tone all angry, ſcorn in her Eyes, and paſſion on her Tongue, ſhe cry'd ——— *'Tis well, Octavio, that you ſo early let me know you can be falſe, unjuſt, and faithleſs, you knew your Power, and in pity*

to

to that Youth and eaſineſs you found in me, have given a Civil warning to my Heart. In this I muſt confeſs, continu'd ſhe, *you have given a much greater teſtimony of your friendſhip for* Philander, *than your Paſſion for* Silvia ; *and I ſuppoſe you came not here to reſolve your ſelf of which you ſhould prefer, that was decided e'er you arriv'd, and this Viſit I imagine was only to put me out of doubt : A piece of Charity you might have ſpar'd.* She ended this with a Scorn, that had a thouſand Charms, becauſe it gave him a little hope; and he anſwer'd with a ſigh, *Ah Madam, how very eaſie you find it to entertain Thoughts diſadvantageous of me: And how ſmall a fault your Wit and Cruelty can improve to a Crime. You are not offended at my Friendſhip for* Philander. *I know you do not value my Life, and my*

repoſe ſo much, as to be concern'd who, or what, ſhares this Heart that adores you: No, it has not merited that Glory; nor dare I preſume to hope, you ſhou'd ſo much as wiſh my Paſſion for Silvia, *ſhou'd ſurmount my Friendſhip to* Philander. *If I did*, reply'd ſhe with a Scorn, *I perceive I might wiſh in vain. Madam*, anſwer'd he, *I have too Divine an opinion of the juſtice of the charming* Silvia *to believe I ought, or cou'd make my Approaches to her Heart, by ways ſo baſe and ungenerous, the reſult of even tolerated Treaſon is to hate the Traytor. Oh, you are very nice*, Octavio, reply'd *Silvia, in your Punctilio to* Philander; *but I perceive you are not ſo tender in thoſe you ought to have for* Silvia: *I find Honour in you Men, is only what you pleaſe to make it, for at the ſame time you think it ungenerous to betray* Philander,

lander, *you believe it no breach of Honour to betray the eternal repoſe of* Silvia? *You have promis'd* Philander *your Friendſhip; you have vow'd your ſelf my Lover, my Slave, my Friend, my every thing, and yet not one of theſe has any tye to oblige you to my Int'reſt: Pray tell me,* continu'd ſhe, *when you laſt writ to him, was it not in order to receive an anſwer from him? And was not I to ſee that Anſwer? And here you think it no diſhonour to break your Word or Promiſe; by which I find your falſe Notions of Vertue and Honour, with which you ſerve your ſelves, when Int'reſt, Deſign, or ſelf Love makes you think it neceſſary. Madam,* replyed *Octavio, You are pleas'd to purſue your Anger, as if indeed I had diſobeyed your Command, or refus'd to ſhew you what you imagine I have from* Philander: *Yes, I do,* reply'd ſhe

haſtily ; *and wonder why you ſhou'd have a greater Friendſhip for* Philander *than for* Silvia ; *eſpecially if it be true that you ſay, you have joined Love to Friendſhip : or are you of the Opinion of thoſe that cry they cannot be a Lover and a Friend of the ſame Object. Ah,* Madam, cry'd our perplex'd Lover, *I beg you to believe, I think it ſo much more my Duty and Inclinatian to ſerve and obey* Silvia *than I do* Philander, *that I ſwear to you, Oh charming Conqueress of my Soul, if* Philander *have betrayed* Silvia, *he has at the ſame time betrayed* Octavio, *and that I wou'd revenge it with the loſs of my life : In injuring the adorable* Silvia, *believe me, lovely Maid, he injures ſo much more than a Friend, as Honour is above the inclination ; if he wrong you, by Heaven he cancels all ! he wrongs my Soul, my Honour, Miſtreſs,*

and

and my Sister: Fearing he had said too much, he stopp'd and sigh'd at the Word Sister, and casting down his Eyes, blushing with Shame and Anger, he continu'd, *Oh give me leave to say a Sister, Madam, least Mistress had been too daring and presumptious, and a Title that wou'd not justifie my Quarrel half so well, since 'twould take the Honour from my just Resentment, and blast it with the scandal of Self-interest or jealous revenge. What you say,* replyed she, *deserves abundance of acknowledgment; but if you wou'd have me believe you, you ought to hide nothing from me; and he, methinks, that was so daring to confess his Passion to* Philander, *may, after that, venture on any discovery: In short,* Octavio, *I demand to see the return you have from* Philander, *for possibly* —— said she, sweetning her charming Face into a Smile de-

ſigh'd, *I ſhou'd not be diſpleas'd to find I might with more freedom receive your Addreſſes, and on the coldneſs of* Philander's *reaſoning may depend a great part of your Fate, or Fortune: Come, come, produce your Credentials, they may recommend your Heart more effectually than all the fine things you can ſay, you know not how the leaſt appearance of a ſlight from a Lover, may advance the Pride of a Miſtreſs; and Pride in this Affair will be your beſt Advocate.* Thus ſhe inſinuated with all her female Arts, and put on all her Charms of Looks and Smiles, ſweetned her Mouth, ſoftned her Voice and Eyes, aſſuming all the tenderneſs and little Affectations her ſubtil Sex was capable of, while he lay all raviſh'd and almoſt expiring at her Feet; ſometimes tranſported with imagin'd Joys in the poſſeſſion of the

dear

dear flattering Charmer, he was ready to unravel all the Secrets of *Philander*'s Letter; but Honour yet was even above his Paſſion, and made him bluſh at his firſt haſty thought; and now he ſtrove to put her off, with all the Art he cou'd, who had ſo very little in his Nature, and whoſe real Love and perfect Honour had ſet him above the little evaſions of Truth, who ſcorn'd in all other Caſes the baſeneſs and cowardize of a Lye; and ſo unſucceſsful now was the little honeſt Cheat, which he knew not how to manage well, that 'twas ſoon diſcovered to the Witty, Jealous, and Angry *Silvia*: So that after all the Rage a paſſionate Woman cou'd expreſs, who believ'd her ſelf injur'd by the only two Perſons in the World from whom ſhe expected moſt adoration? ſhe

had recourſe to that natural and ſoftning aid of her Sex, her Tears, and having already reproach'd *Octavio* with all the malice of a defeated Woman, ſhe now continued it in ſo moving a manner, that our *Hero* cou'd no longer remain unconquer'd by that powerful way of charming, but unfixt to all he had reſolv'd, gave up, at leaſt, a part of the Secret, and own'd he had a Letter from *Philander*; and after this Confeſſion knowing very well he cou'd not keep her from the ſight of it; no, tho an Empire were render'd her to buy it off: his Wit was next employ'd how he ſhou'd defend the Senſe of it, that ſhe might not think *Philander* falſe. In Order to this, he, forcing a Smile, told her, that *Philander* was the moſt malicious of his Sex, and had contriv'd the beſt Stratagem

in

in the world to find whether *Silvia* ſtill lov'd, or *Octavio* retain'd his Friendſhip for him: *And but that*, continued he, *I know the Nature of your curious Sex to be ſuch, that if I ſhould perſwade you not to ſee it, it would but the more inflame your deſire of ſeeing it. I wou'd ask no more of the charming* Silvia, *than that ſhe wou'd not oblige me to ſhew, what wou'd turn ſo greatly to my own Advantage: If I were not too ſenſible, 'tis but to entrap me, that* Philander *has taken this method in his Anſwer. Believe me, adorable* Silvia, *I plead againſt my own Life, while I beg you not to put my Honour to the Teſt, by commanding me to ſhew this Letter, and that I joyn againſt the intr'ſt of my own eternal Repoſe while I plead thus*: ſhe hears him with a hundred changes of countenance. Love, Rage, and Jealouſie ſwell in

fiercer Eyes, her breath beats ſhort, and ſhe was ready to burſt into ſpeaking before he had finiſh'd what he had to ſay; ſhe calls up all the little Diſcretion and Reaſon Love had left her to manage her ſelf as ſhe ought in this great occaſion; ſhe bit her Lips and ſwallow'd her riſing Sighs; but he ſoon ſaw the Storm he had rais'd, and knew not how to ſtand the Shock of its Fury; he ſighs, he pleads in vain, and the more he endeavours to excuſe the Levity of *Philander*, the more he rends her Heart, and ſets her on the Rack; and concluding him falſe, ſhe cou'd no longer contain her Rage, but broke out into all the Fury that madneſs can inſpire, and from one degree to another wrought her Paſſion to the height of Lunacy: She tore her Hair, and bit his Hands that endeavour'd to reſtrain

hers

hers from Violence, ſhe rent the Ornaments from her fair Body, and diſcover'd a thouſand Charms and Beauties, and finding now that both his ſtrength and reaſon was too weak to prevent the Miſchiefs he found he had brought on her, he calls for help: When *Brilljard* was but too ready at Hand, with *Antonett* and ſome others, who came to his Aſſiſtance: *Brilljard*, who knew nothing of the occaſion of all this, believ'd it the ſecond part of his own late adventure, and fancy'd that *Octavio* had us'd ſome Violence to her, upon this he aſſumes the Authority of his Lord, and ſecretly that of a Husband or Lover, and upbraiding the innocent *Octavio* with his Brutality, they fell to ſuch Words as ended in a challenge the next Morning, for *Brilljard* appear'd a Gentleman, Companion

to

to his Lord; and one whom *Octavio* cou'd not well refuſe: this was not carried ſo ſilently but *Antonett*, buſie as ſhe was about her raving Lady, heard the appointment, and *Octavio* quitted the Chamber almoſt as much diſturb'd as *Silvia*, whom, with much ado, they perſwaded him to leave; but before he did ſo, he on his Knees offer'd her the Letter, and implor'd her to receive it. So abſolutely his Love had vanquiſh'd his Nobler Part, that of honour; but ſhe attending no motions but thoſe of her own Rage, had no regard either to *Octavio's* Proffer, or his Arguments of Excuſe; ſo that he went away with the Letter, in all the Extremity of diſorder; this laſt part of his Submiſſion was not ſeen by *Brilliard*; who immediately left the Chamber, upon receiving *Octavio's*

vio's anſwer to his Challenge; ſo that *Silvia* was now left with her Woman only, who by Degrees brought her to more calmneſs; and *Brilliard* impatient to hear the Reproaches, he hop'd ſhe wou'd give *Octavio* when ſhe was return'd to Reaſon, being curious of any thing that might redound to his diſadvantage, whom he took to be a powerful Rival, return'd again into her Chamber: But in lieu of hearing what he wiſh'd: *Silvia* being recover'd from her Paſſion of Madneſs, and her Soul in a ſtate of thinking a little with Reaſon, ſhe miſſes *Octavio* in the Croud, and with a Voice her Rage had infeebled to a Languiſhment, ſhe cry'd —ſurveying carefully thoſe about her, *Oh where's* Octavio? *Where is that Angel Man? he who of all his kind can give me comfort.* *Madam*, replyed *Antonett*,

Antonett, *he is gone, while he was here, he kneel'd and pray'd in vain, but for a Word, or Look, his Tears are yet remaining wet upon your Feet, and all for one ſenſible Reply, but rage had deafen'd you; what has he done to merit this? Oh,* Antonett, cry'd *Silvia*—*'Twas what he wou'd not do that makes me rave, run, haſt and fetch him back—But let him leave his Honour all behind: Tell him he has too much conſideration for* Philander, *and none for my repoſe. Oh, fly* Brilljard —*Have I no Friend in view, dares carry a Meſſage from me to* Octavio? *Bid him return, oh, inſtantly return—I die, I languiſh for a ſight of him—Deſcending Angels wou'd not be ſo welcome—Why ſtand ye ſtill—have I no power with you—Will none obey*—Then running haſtily to the Chamber Door, ſhe call'd her Page,

Page, to whom she cry'd—*Haste, haste, dear Youth, and find* Octavio *out, and bring him to me instantly: Tell him I die to see him.* The Boy glad of so kind a Message, to so liberal a Lover, runs on his Errand, while she returns to her Chamber, and endeavours to recollect her Senses against *Octavio*'s coming as much as possibly she cou'd: She dismisses her Attendant with different Apprehensions: sometimes *Brilljard* believ'd this was the second part of her first raving, and having never seen her thus, but for *Philander*, concludes it the height of Tenderness and Passion for *Octavio*, but because she made so publick a Declaration of it he believ'd he had given her a Philter, which had rais'd her Flame so much above the bounds of Modesty and Discretion; concluding it so, he knew

knew the uſual Effects of things of that Nature, and that nothing cou'd allay the heat of ſuch a Love but Poſſeſſion, and eaſily deluded with every Fancy that flatter'd his Love; mad, ſtark mad by any way to obtain the laſt Bleſſing with *Silvia*, he conſults with *Antonett* how to get one of *Octavio*'s Letters out of her Lady's Cabinet, and feigning many frivolous Reaſons, which deluded the Amorous Maid; he perſwaded her to get him one, which ſhe did in half an Hour after: for by this time *Silvia* being in as much Tranquility as 'twas poſſible a Lover could be in, who had the Hopes of knowing all the Secrets of the falſe Betrayer, ſhe had call'd *Antonett* to dreſs her; which ſhe reſolved ſhould be in all the careleſs Magnificence that Art or Nature cou'd put on; to charm

Octavio

Octavio wholly to obedience, whom ſhe had ſent for, and whom ſhe expected; but ſhe was no ſooner ſet to her Toy light, but *Octavio*'s Page arriv'd with a Letter from his Maſter, which ſhe greedily ſnatch'd, and read this.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

BY this time, oh Charming *Silvia*, give me leave to hope your Rage is abated, and your Reaſon return'd, and that you will hear a little from the moſt unfortunate of Men, whom you have reduc'd to this miſerable Extremity of loſing either the Adorable Object of his Soul, or his Honour: If you can prefer a little Curioſity that will ſerve but to afflict you, before either that or my Repoſe, what eſteem ought

I to believe you have for the unfortunate *Octavio*; and if you hate me, as 'tis evident, if you compel me to the extremity of losing my Repose or Honour, what Reason or Argument have I to prefer so careless a Fair One above the last. 'Tis certain you neither do nor can love me now; and how much below that hope shall the expos'd and abandon'd *Octavio* be, when he shall pretend to that Glory without his Honour: Believe me, Charming Maid, I wou'd sacrifice my life, and my entire Fortune at your least Command to serve you; but to render you a Devoir that must point me out the basest of my Sex, is what my temper must resist in spight of all the violence of my Love, and I thank my happier Stars that they have given me resolution enough rather to fall a Sacrifice to the last, than

be

be guilty of the breach of the first: this is the lost and present thought and pleasure of my Soul; and least it shou'd by the force of those Divine Ideas which eternally surround it, be sooth'd and flatter'd from its Noble Principles, I will to morrow put my self out of the hazard of Temptation, and divert if possible by absence, to the Campagne, those soft importunate Betrayers of my Liberty, that perpetually solicit in favour of you: I dare not so much as bid you adieu, one sight of that bright Angel's Face, wou'd undo me, unfix my Nobler Resolutions, and leave me a despicable Slave, sighing my unrewarded Treason at your insensible Feet: My Fortune I leave to be dispos'd by you; but the more useless necessary I will for ever take from those lovely Eyes, who can look

on

on nothing with Joy, but the happy *Philander*: If I have deny'd you one Satisfaction, at leaſt I have given you this other of ſecuring you Eternally from the trouble and importunity of

Madam,

Your Faithful

Octavio.

This Letter to any other leſs ſecure of her own power than was our fair Subject, wou'd have made them impatient and angry: But ſhe found that there was ſomthing yet in her Power, the diſpenſation of which cou'd ſoon recal him from any reſolution he was able to make of abſenting himſelf: Her Glaſs ſtood before her, and every glance that way was an aſſurance and ſecurity

curity to her Heart; ſhe cou'd not ſee that Beauty and doubt its power of perſwaſion. She therefore took her Pen, and writ him this anſwer, being in a moment furniſh'd with all the Art and ſubtilty that was neceſſary on this occaſion.

Silvia to Octavio.

My Lord,

THO I have not Beauty enough to command your Heart; at leaſt allow me Senſe enough to oblige your belief, that I fanſy and reſent all that the Letter contains which you have deny'd me, and that I am not of that ſort of Women, whoſe want of Youth or Beauty renders ſo conſtant to purſue the Ghoſt of a departed Lover: It is enough to juſtifie my Honour, that I was not the firſt Agreſſor. I find my

my ſelf purſu'd by too many Charms of Wit, Youth, and Gallantry, to bury my ſelf beneath the Willows, or to whine away my Youth by murmuring Rivers, or betake me to the laſt Refuge of a declining Beauty, a Monaſt'ry: No, my Lord, when I have reveng'd and recompenc'd my ſelf for the Injuries of one Inconſtant, with the Joys a thouſand imploring Lovers offer, it will be time to be weary of a World, which yet every day preſents me new Joys; and I ſwear to you, *Octavio*, that it was more to recompence what I ow'd your paſſion that I deſir'd a convincing proof of *Philander*'s Falſehood, than for any other reaſon, and you have too much Wit not to know it; for what other uſe cou'd I make of the Secret; if he be falſe he's gone, unworthy of me,

me, and impoſſible to be retriev'd, and I wou'd as ſoon dye my ſullied Garments and wear them over again, as take to my imbraces a reform'd Lover, the Native firſt Luſtre of whoſe Paſſion is quite extinct, and is no more the ſame; no, my Lord, ſhe muſt be poor in Beauty that has recourſe to Shifts ſo mean; if I wou'd know the Secret, by all that's good it were to hate him heartily, and to diſpoſe of my Perſon to the beſt advantage; which in Honour I cannot do, while I am unconvinc'd of the falſeneſs of him with whom I have exchang'd a thouſand Vows of Fidelity, but if he unlink the Chain I am at perfect liberty, and why by this delay you ſhou'd make me loſe my time, I am not able to conceive, unleſs you fear I ſhou'd then take you at your word, and expect the

per-

performance of all the Vows of Love you have made me.——If that be it——my Pride ſhall be your Security, or if other Recompence you expect, ſet the Price upon your Secret, and ſee at what rate I will purchaſe the Liberty it will procure me; poſſibly it may be ſuch as may at once infranchize me, and revenge me on the perjur'd Ingrate, than which nothing can be a greater Satisfaction to

SILVIA.

She Seals this Letter with a Wafer, and giving it to *Antonett* to give the Page, believing ſhe had writ what wou'd not be in vain to the quick-ſighted *Octavio*: *Antonett* takes both that and the other which *Octavio* had ſent, and left her Lady buſie in dreſſing her Head

head, and went to *Brilljara*'s Chamber, who thought every moment an Age till ſhe came, ſo vigorous he was on his new Deſign. That which was ſent to *Octavio*, being ſeal'd with a wet Wafer he neatly opens, as 'twas eaſie to do, and read, and ſeal'd again, and *Antonett* deliver'd it to the Page. After receiving what pay *Brilljard* cou'd force himſelf to beſtow upon her; ſome Flatteries of diſſembled Love; and ſome cold Kiſſes, which even Imagination cou'd not render better, ſhe return'd to her Lady, and he to his Stratagem, which was to counterfeit a Letter from *Octavio*; ſhe having in hers given him a Hint. by bidding him ſet a Price upon the Secret, which he had heard, was that of a Letter from *Philander*, with all the Circumſtances of it, from the faithleſs *An-*

tonett whom Love had betray'd; and after blotting much Paper to try every Letter through the Alphabet, and to produce them like those of *Octavio*, which was not hard for a lover of ingenuity; he fell to the business of what he wou'd write; and having finish'd it to his liking, his next Trouble was how to convey it to her; for *Octavio* always sent his by his Page, whom he cou'd trust. He now was certain of Love between 'em? For tho he often had perswaded *Antonett* to bring him Letters, yet she could not be wrought on till now to betray her trust: And what he long apprehended, he found too true on both sides; and now he waited but for an opportunity to send it seasonably, and in a lucky Minute. In the mean time *Silvia* adorns her self for absolute Conquest,

queſt, and diſpoſing her ſelf in the moſt charming, careleſs, and tempting manner ſhe could deviſe, ſhe lay expecting her coming Lover, on a Repoſe of rich Embroidery of Gold on blew Sattin, hung within ſide with little Amorous Pictures of *Venus* deſcending in her Chariot naked to *Adonis*, ſhe embracing, while the youth more eager of his rural Sports, turns half from her, in a poſture of purſuing his Dogs, who are on their Chace: Another of *Armida*, who is dreſſing the ſleeping warriour up in wreaths of Flowers, while a hundred little Loves are playing with his gilded Armour; this puts on his Helmet too big for his little head that hides his whole face; another makes a Hobby horſe of his Sword and Lance; another fits on his Breaſt piece, while three or four little *Cupids* are ſeeming

to heave and help him to hold it an end, and all turn'd the Emblems of the Hero into ridicule. These and some other of the like nature adorn'd the Pavilion of the langiuſhing Fair One, who lay careleſly on her ſide; her Arm leaning on little Pillows of Point of *Venice*, and a Book of Amors in her other hand. Every noiſe alarm'd her with trembling hope that her Lover was come, and I have heard ſhe ſaid ſhe verily believ'd that acting and feigning, the Lover poſſeſs'd her with a tenderneſs againſt her Knowledge and Will; and ſhe found ſomething more in her Soul than a bare curioſity of ſeeing *Octavio* for the Letters ſake: But in lieu of her Lover, ſhe found her ſelf once more approacht with a Billet from him; which brought this.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

AH *Silvia*, he muſt be more than humane, that can withſtand your Charms, I confeſs my Frailty; and fall before you, the weakeſt of my Sex, and own I am ready to believe all your dear Letter contains, and have Vanity enough to wreſt every hopeful Word to my own Int'reſt, and in favour of my own Heart: What will become of me, if my eaſie Faith ſhou'd only flatter me, and I with ſhame ſhou'd find it was not meant to me, or if it were, 'twas only to draw me from a Vertue which has been hitherto the Pride and Beauty of my Youth, the Glory of my Name, my Comfort and refuge in all extreams of Fortune:

The eternal Companion, Guide and Counſellor of all my Actions: Yet this good you only have power to rob me of, and leave me expos'd to the ſcorn of all the laughing World: Yet give me Love! give me but hope in lieu of it, and I am content to diveſt my ſelf of all beſides.

Perhaps you will ſay I ask too mighty a rate for ſo poor a Secret? But even in that, there lies one of my own, that will more expoſe the feebleneſs of my Blood and Name, than the Diſcovery will me in particular, ſo that I know not what I do, when I give you up the knowledge you deſire. Still you will ſay all this is to inhaunce its Value, and raiſe the Price: And oh, I fear you have taught my Soul every Quality it fears and dreads in yours, and learnt

learnt it to chaffer for every thought, if I cou'd fix upon the rate to ſell it at: And I with ſhame confeſs I would be Mercenary, cou'd we but agree upon the Price: But my Reſpect forbids me all things, but ſilent hope, and that in ſpight of me, and all my Reaſon, will predominate? for the reſt I will wholly reſign my ſelf and all the Faculties of my Soul to the charming Arbitrator of my Peace, the powerful Judge of Love, the adorable *Silvia*: And at her Feet render all ſhe demands; yes, ſhe ſhall find me there to juſtifie all the weakneſs this proclaims; for I confeſs, oh too too powerful Maid, that you have abſolutely ſubdu'd

Your Octavio.

She had no ſooner read this Letter, but *Antonett* inſtead of laying it by, carried it to *Brilljard*, and departed the Chamber to make way for *Octavio*, who ſhe imagin'd was coming to make his Viſit, and left *Silvia* conſidering how ſhe ſhou'd manage him to the beſt advantage, and with moſt honour acquit her ſelf, of what ſhe had made him hope; but inſtead of his coming to wait on her, an unexpected accident arriv'd to prevent him, for a Meſſenger from the Prince came with Commands that he ſhould forthwith come to his Highneſs, the Meſſenger having command to bring him along with him: So that not able to diſobey, he only begg'd time to write a note of Buſineſs; which was a Billet to *Silvia*, to excuſe himſelf till the next day; for it being five Leagues to the Village where the Prince waited his coming,

coming, he cou'd not return that Night: which was the buſineſs of the Note, with which his Page haſted to *Silvia*: *Brilljard*, who was now a vigilant Lover, and waiting for every opportunity that might favour his deſign, ſaw the Page arrive with the Note; and as 'twas uſual, he took it to carry to his Conquereſs; but meeting *Antonett* on the Stairs, he gave her what he had before counterfeited with ſuch Art, after he had open'd what *Octavio* had ſent, and found Fortune was wholly on his ſide, he having learn'd from the Page, beſides that his Lord had taken Coach with Monſieur —— to go to his Highneſs, and wou'd not return that Night: *Antonett* not knowing the deceit, carried her Lady the forg'd Letter, who open'd it with eager haſte, and read this.

TO THE CHARMING SILVIA.

Madam,

SInce I have a ſecret which none but I can unfold, and that you have offered at any rate to buy it of me: Give me leave to ſay, that you, fair Creature, have another ſecret, a Joy to diſpence, which none but you can give the languiſhing *Octavio*: If you dare purchaſe this of mine, with that infinitely more valuable one of yours: I will be as ſecret as death, and think my ſelf happier than a fancy'd God! Take what Methods you pleaſe for the payment, and what time, order me, command me, conjure me, I will wait, watch, and pay my Duty at all Hours, to ſnatch the moſt con-

convenient one to reap ſo raviſhing a Bleſſing. I know you will accuſe me with all the confidence and rudeneſs in the World: But oh! to conſider lovely *Silvia*, that that Paſſion, which cou'd change my Soul from all the courſe of Honour, has power to make me forget that nice reſpect your Beauty aws me with, and my paſſion is now arriv'd at ſuch a height, it obeys no Laws but its own; and I am obſtinately bent on the purſuit of that vaſt Pleaſure, I fancy to find in the dear, the raviſhing Arms of the adorable *Silvia*: Impatient of your anſwer, I am as love compels me,

Madam,

Your Slave,

Octavio.

The

The Page, who waited no answer, was departed; but *Silvia*, who believ'd he attended it, was in a thousand minds what to say or do: She blush'd as she read, and then look'd pale with anger and disdain, and but that she had already given her Honour up, it wou'd have been something more surprizing: But she was us'd to Questions of that Nature, and therefore receiv'd this with so much the less concern: Nevertheless 'twas sufficient to fill her Soul with a thousand Agitations, but when she wou'd be angry, the consideration of what she had writ to him, to encourage him to this boldness, stopp'd her Rage: when she wou'd take it ill, she consider'd his knowledge of her lost Fame, and that took off a great part of her Resentment on that side; and in midst of all she was raving for the know-

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ledge of *Philander's* Secret. She rose from the Bed, and walk'd about the room in much disorder, full of thought and no conclusion; she is asham'd to consult of this Affair with *Antonett*, and knows not what to fix on: The only thing she was certain of, and which was fully and undisputably resolv'd in her Soul, was never to consent to so false an Action, never to buy the Secret at so dear a rate; she abhors *Octavio*, whom she regards no more as that fine thing which before she thought him; and a thousand times she was about to write her Despite and Contempt, but still the dear secret staid her hand, and she was fond of the Torment: At last *Antonett*, who was afflicted to know the cause of this Disorder, ask'd her Lady if *Octavio* wou'd not come: *No*, replyed *Silvia*, blushing at the Name, *nor*

never.

never shall the ungrateful Man dare to behold my Face any more. Jesu, replyed *Antonett, What has he done, Madam, to deserve this Severity? For he was a great Benefactor to* Antonett, *and had already by his Gifts and Presents made her a Fortune for a Burgomaster: He has,* said *Silvia, committed such an Impudence, as deserves death from my Hand:* This she spoke in rage, and walk'd away cross the Chamber. *Why, Madam,* cry'd *Antonett, does he deny to give you the Letter: No,* replyed *Silvia, but asks me such a price for it, as makes me hate my self, that am reduc'd by my ill Conduct, to Addresses of that Nature: Heavens, Madam, What can he ask you to afflict you so! The presumptuous Man,* said she (in rage) *has the impudence to ask, what never Man, but* Philander *was ever possess'd of*—At this *Antonett* laught—

Good

Good Lord, Madam, said she, *And are you angry at such desires in Men toward you? I believe you are the first Lady in the World, that was ever offended for being desirable: Can any thing proclaim your Beauty more, or your Youth, or Wit? marry Madam, I wish I were worthy to be ask'd the Question by all the fine Dancing, Dressing, Song making Fops in Town. And you wou'd yield,* replyed *Silvia: Not so neither,* replyed *Antonett, but I wou'd spark my self, and value my self the more upon't. Oh,* said *Silvia, She that is so fond of hearing of Love, no doubt but will find some one to practise it with. That's as I shou'd find my self inclin'd,* replyed *Antonett. Silvia* was not so intent on *Antonett's* Raillery, but she imploy'd all her thought the while on what she had to do: and those last Words of *Antonett's* jogg'd a Thought that

that ran on to one very advantagious, at leaſt her preſent and firſt Apprehenſion of it was ſuch: And ſhe turn'd to *Antonett* with a Face more gay than it was the laſt minute, and cry'd, *Prithee good Wench tell me, what ſort of Man would ſooneſt incline you to a yielding? If you command me Madam, to be free with your Lordſhip,* reply'd *Antonett*, *I muſt confeſs there are two ſorts of Men that wou'd moſt villainouſly incline me: the firſt is he that wou'd make my fortune beſt: the next, he that wou'd make my pleaſure; the young, the handſom, or rather the well-bred, and good-humour'd; but above all the Man of Wit.* But what wou'd you ſay, Antonett, replyed *Silvia*, *if all theſe made up in one man ſhou'd make his Addreſſes to you; Why then moſt certainly*, Madam, replyed *Antonett*; *I ſhou'd yield him*

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my Honour, after a reasonable Siege. This tho' the wanton young Maid spoke possibly at first more to put her Lady in good humour, than from any inclination she had to what she said; yet after many Arguments upon that Subject, *Silvia* cunning enough to pursue her design, brought the business more home, and told her in plain terms that *Octavio* was the Man who had been so presumptious as to ask so great a Reward as the possession of her self for the Secret she desir'd; and after a thousand little Subtleties, having made the forward Girl confess with Blushes, she was not a Maid; she insinuated into her an Opinion, that what she had done already (without any other Motive than that of Love, as she confess'd in which Int'rest had no part,) wou'd make the Trick the easier to do again, especially

eſpecially if ſhe brought to her Arms a Perſon of Youth, Wit, Gallantry, Beauty, and all the charming Qualities that adorn a Man, and that beſides ſhe ſhou'd find it turn to good account; and for her Secreſies, ſhe might depend upon it, ſince the Perſon to whoſe Embraces ſhe ſhould ſubmit her ſelf, ſhou'd not know but that ſhe her ſelf was the Woman: So that ſays *Silvia*, *I will have all Infamy, and you the Reward every way with unblemiſh'd Honour*. While ſhe ſpoke, the willing Maid gave an inward pleaſing Attention, tho at firſt ſhe made a few faint modeſt Scruples: Nor was ſhe leſs joy'd to hear it ſhou'd be *Octavio*, whom ſhe knew to be rich, and very handſome; and ſhe immediately found the Humour of Inconſtancy ſeize her; and *Briljard* appear'd a very Husband Lover

Lover in compariſon of this new Brisker Man of Quality; ſo that after ſome Pro's and Con's the whole Matter was thus concluded on between theſe two young perſons, who neither wanted Wit, nor Beauty; and both crow'd over the Contrivance, as a moſt diverting piece of little Malice, that ſhou'd ſerve their preſent Turn. and make 'em Sport for the future. The next thing that was conſider'd, was a Letter which was to be ſent in Anſwer, and that *Silvia* being to write with her own hand, begot a new doubt, inſomuch as the whole buſineſs was at a ſtand: For when it came to that point that ſhe her ſelf was to conſent, ſhe found the Project look with a Face ſo foul, that ſhe a hundred times reſolv'd and unreſolv'd. But *Philander* fill'd her Soul, revenge was

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in her view, and that one thought put her on new Reſolves to purſue the deſign, let it be never ſo baſe and diſhonourable : *Yes*, cry'd ſhe at laſt, *I can commit no Action, that is not more juſt, excuſable, and honourable, than that which* Octavio *has done to me, who uſes me like a common Miſtreſs of the Town, and dares ask me that which he knows, he durſt not do if he had not mean and abject thoughts of me; his baſeneſs deſerves death from my hand if I had courage to give it him, and the leaſt I can do is to deceive the deceiver. Well then, give me my Scrutore,* ſays ſhe; ſo ſitting down ſhe writ this; not without abundance of guilt and confuſion; for yet a certain Honour which ſhe had by birth, check'd the cheat of her Pen.

Silvia *to* Octavio.

THE Price, *Octavio*, which you have ſet upon your Secret, I (more generous than you) will give your Merit, to which alone 'tis due: If I ſhould pay ſo high a Price for the firſt, you wou'd believe I had the leſs eſteem for the laſt, and I wou'd not have you think me ſo poor in Spirit to yield on any other terms, If I valu'd *Philander* yet—after his confirm'd Inconſtancy, I wou'd have you think I ſcorn to yield a Body where I do not give a Soul, and am yet to be perſwaded there are any ſuch Brutes amongſt my Sex, but as I never had a wiſh but where I lov'd, ſo I never extended one till now to any but *Philander*, yet

yet ſo much my Senſe of ſhame is above my growing Tenderneſs, that I cou'd wiſh you would be ſo generous to think no more of what you ſeem to purſue with ſuch earneſtneſs and haſte. But leaſt I ſhould retain any ſort of former Love for *Philander*, whom I am impatient to raſe wholly from my Soul, I grant you all you ask, provided you will be diſcreet in the management: *Antonett* therefore ſhall only be truſted with the Secret; the outward gate you ſhall find at twelve only ſhut to, and *Antonett* wait you at the Stairs-foot to conduct you to me; come alone. I bluſh and gild the Paper with their Reflections, at the thought of an Incounter like this, before I am half enough ſecur'd of your Heart. And that you may be made more abſolutely the Maſter of mine, ſend me immediately

ately *Philander's* Letter inclos'd, that if any remains of Shagrien poſſeſs me, they may be totally vanquiſh'd by twelve a Clock.

Silvia.

She having with much difficulty writ this, read it to her truſty Confident; for this was the only Secret of her Lady's ſhe was reſolv'd never to diſcover to *Brilljard,* and to the end he might know nothing of it ſhe ſeal'd the Letter with Wax: But before ſhe ſeal'd it, ſhe told her Lady, ſhe thought ſhe might have ſpar'd abundance of her Bluſhes, and have writ a leſs kind Letter; for a word of Invitation or Conſent, wou'd have ſerv'd as well. To which *Silvia* replyed, Her anger againſt him was too high not to give him all the defeat

feat imaginable, and the greater the Love appear'd, the greater wou'd be the Revenge, when he ſhou'd come to know, (as in time he ſhou'd) how like a falſe Friend ſhe had treated him: This Reaſon, or any at that time wou'd have ſerv'd *Antonett*, whoſe Heart was ſet upon the new Adventure, and in ſuch haſte ſhe was (the Night coming on a pace) to know how ſhe ſhou'd dreſs, and what more was to be done, that ſhe only went out to call the Page, and meeting *Brilljard*, (who watcht every Bodies motion) on the Stair-Caſe, he ask'd her what that was? and ſhe ſaid, to ſend by *Octavio*'s Page: *You need not look in it*, ſaid ſhe (when he ſnatch'd it haſtily out of her hand:) *For I can tell you the Contents, and 'tis ſeal'd ſo it muſt be known if you unrip it: Well, well*, ſaid he, *if you tell it*

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me it will ſatisfie my Curioſity as well; therefore I'll give it the Page. She returns in again to her Lady, and he to his own Chamber to read what anſwer the dear Object of his deſire had ſent to his forg'd one: So opening it, he found it ſuch as his Soul wiſh'd, and was all Joy and Extaſie; he views himſelf a hundred times in the Glaſs, and ſet himſelf in Order with all the Opinion and Pride, as if his own good Parts had gain'd him the Bleſſing; he enlarg'd himſelf as he walk'd, and knew not what to do, ſo extreamly was he raviſh'd with his coming Joy: he bleſt himſelf, his Wit, his Stars, his Fortune; then read the dear obliging Letter, and kiſs'd it all over, as if it had been meant to him; and after he had forc'd himſelf to a little more ſerious conſideration, he bethought himſelf

of what he had to do in order to this dear Appointment: He finds in her Letter, that in the first place he was to send her the Letter from *Philander*: I told you before, he took *Octavio*'s Letter from the Page; when he understood his Lord was going five Leagues out of Town to the Prince. *Octavio* cou'd not avoid his going and write to *Silvia*; in which he sent her the Letter *Philander* writ, wherein was the first part of the confession of his Love to Madam the Countess of *Clarinau*: Generously *Octavio* sent it without Terms; but *Brilljard* slid his own forg'd one into *Antonett*'s Hand in lieu of it, and now he read that from *Philander*, and wonder'd at his Lord's Inconstancy; yet glad of the Opportunity to take *Silvia*'s Heart a little more off from him, he soon re-

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folv'd ſhe ſhould have the Letter; but being wholly Mercenary, and fearing, that either when once ſhe had it, it might make her go back from her promis'd Aſſignation, or at leaſt put her out of humour, ſo as to ſpoil a great part of the Entertainment he deſign'd: He took the pains to counterfeit another Billet to her, which was this.

To SILVIA.

Madam,

SInce we have began to chaffer, you muſt give me leave to make the beſt of the advantage I find I have upon you; and having violated my Honour to *Philander*, allow the breach of it in ſome degree on other Occaſions; not but I have all the Obedience

and Adoration for you that ever poſſeſs'd the Soul of a moſt paſſionate and languiſhing Lover: But, fair *Silvia*, I know not whether, when you have ſeen the Secret of the falſe *Philander*, you may not think it leſs valuable than you before did, and ſo defraud me of my due. Give me leave, oh wondrous Creature! to ſuſpect even the moſt perfect of your Sex; and to tell you that I will no ſooner approach your preſence, but I will reſign the Paper you ſo much wiſh. If you ſend me no anſwer I will come according to your directions; If you do, I muſt obey, and wait, tho with that impatience that never attended a ſuffering Lover, or any but,

Divine Creature,

Your Octavio.

This

This he ſeal'd, and after a convenient diſtance of time, carried as from the Page to *Antonett*, who was yet contriving with her Lady, to whom ſhe gives it, who read it with abundance of Impatience, being extreamly angry at the rudeneſs of the Stile, which ſhe fancy'd much alter'd from what it was; and had not her Rage blinded her, ſhe might eaſily have perceiv'd the difference too of the character, tho it came as near to the like as poſſible ſo ſhort a practice could produce: She took it with the other, and tore it in pieces, with Rage, and ſwore ſhe would be revenged; but after calmer Thoughts ſhe took up the Pieces to keep, to upbraid him with, and fell to weeping for Anger, Defeat, and Shame: but the *April* Shower being paſt, ſhe returned to her former Reſentment, and had

ſome pleaſure amidſt all her torment of fears, jealouſies, and ſenſe of *Octavio*'s Diſreſpect, in the thoughts of Revenge; in Order to which ſhe contrives how *Antonett* ſhall manage her ſelf, and commanding her to bring out ſome fine Point Linen, ſhe dreſs'd up *Antonett*'s Head with them, and put her on a Shift lac'd with the ſame; for tho ſhe intended no light ſhould be in the Chamber when *Octavio* ſhould enter, ſhe knew he underſtood by his touch the difference of fine things from other. In fine, having dreſs'd her exactly as ſhe her ſelf us'd to be when ſhe receiv'd *Octavio*'s Viſits in Bed, ſhe embrac'd her, and fancy'd ſhe was much of her own ſhape and bigneſs, and that 'twas impoſſible to find the deceit: And now ſhe made *Antonett* dreſs her up in her Cloaths, and mobbing

bing her Sarcenet Hood about her Head, ſhe appear'd ſo like *Antonett* (all but the Face) that 'twas not eaſie to diſtinguiſh 'em : And Night coming on they both long for the hour of twelve, tho with different Deſigns ; and having before given notice, that *Silvia* was gone to Bed, and wou'd receive no Viſit that Night, they were alone to finiſh all their buſineſs: This while *Brilliard* was not idle, but having a fine Bath made he wash'd and perfum'd his Body, and after dreſs'd himſelf in the fineſt Linen perfum'd, that he had, and made himſelf as fit as poſſible for his Deſign ; nor was his Shape, which was very good, or his Stature unlike to that of *Octavio* : And ready for the approach, he conveys himſelf out of the Houſe, telling his Footman, he wou'd put himſelf to Bed after his Ba-

thing, and locking his Chamber Door, ſtole out, and it being dark, many a longing turn he walked impatient till all the Candles were out in every Room of the Houſe: In the mean time he employed his thoughts on a thouſand things, but all relating to *Silvia*; ſometimes the Treachery he ſhewed in this Action to his Lord, cauſed ſhort-liv'd Bluſhes in his Face, which vaniſh'd as ſoon, when he conſider'd his Lord falſe to the moſt beautiful of her Sex: Sometimes he accus'd, and curs'd the Levity of *Silvia*, that could yield to *Octavio*, and was as jealous as if ſhe had indeed been to have received that charming Lover; but when his thought directed him to his own Happineſs, his Pulſe beat high, his Blood flaſh'd apace in his Cheeks, his Eyes languiſh'd with Love, and his Body with a feveriſh

veriſh Fit? In theſe Extreams by turns he paſt at leaſt three tedious Hours, with a ſtriking Watch in his Hand; and when it told 'twas twelve, he advanc'd nearer the Door, but finding it ſhut walk'd yet with greater impatience every half minute going to the Door; at laſt he found it yield to his hand that puſh'd it: But oh, what Mortal can expreſs his Joy! his Heart beats double, his Knees tremble, and a feebleneſs ſeizes every Limb; he breaths nothing but ſhort Sighs, and is ready in the dark Hall to fall on the Floor, and was forc'd to lean on the Rail that begins the Stairs to take a little Courage: while he was there recruiting himſelf, intent on nothing but his vaſt Joy; *Octavio*. who going to meet the Prince, being met half way by that young *Hero*, wasdiſpacht back again with

out advancing to the end of his five Leagues, and impatient to see *Silvia*, after *Philander*'s Letter that he had sent her, or at least impatient to hear how she took it, and in what condition she was, he, as soon as he alighted, went towards her house in hope to have met *Antonett*, or her Page, or some that cou'd inform him of her Welfare; tho' 'twas usual for *Silvia* to sit up very late, and he had often made her Visits at that hour: And *Brilljard*, wholly intent on his Adventure, had left the Door open; so that *Octavio* perceiving it, believ'd they were all up in the back Rooms where *Silvia*'s Apartment was towards a Garden, for he saw no light forward: But he was no sooner enter'd (which he did without noise) but he heard a soft breathing, which made him make a

stand

ſtand in the Hall: And by and by he heard the ſoft tread of ſome body deſcending the Stairs: At this he approaches near, and the Hall being a Marble Floor, his Tread was not heard: When he heard one cry with a Sigh——— *Who's there?* And another reply, *'tis I*; *who are you*? The firſt reply'd, *A faithful and an impatient Lover. Give me your Hand then*, replyed the Female Voice, *I will conduct you to your Happineſs*. You may imagine in what ſurprize *Octavio* was at ſo unexpected an Adventure, and like a jealous Lover did not at all doubt but the Happineſs expected was *Silvia*, and the impatient Lover ſome one whom he cou'd not imagine, but rav'd within to know, and in a moment ran over in his Thoughts all the Men of Quality, or celebrated Beauty, or Fortune

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in the Town, but was at as great a loſs as at firſt thinking : *But be thou who thou wilt*, cry'd he to himſelf: *Traytor as thou art, I will by thy Death, revenge my ſelf on the faithleſs Fair One* : And taking out his Sword, he advanc'd toward the Stairs Foot, when he heard them both ſoftly aſcend; but being a Man of perfect good Nature, as all the Brave and Witty are, he reflected on the ſevere uſage he had had from *Silvia*, notwithſtanding all his Induſtry, his vaſt Expence, and all the Advantages of Nature. This Thought made him in the midſt of all his Jealouſie and Haſte. pauſe a little Moment; and fain he wou'd have perſwaded himſelf that what he heard was the Errors of his Senſe ; or that he dream'd, or that it was at leaſt not to *Silvia*, to whom this yet

aſcending

aſcending Lover was advancing: but to undeceive him of that favourable Imagination, they were no ſooner on the top of the Stairs, but he not being many Steps behind cou'd both hear and ſee by the ill light of a great Saſh window on the Stair-Caſe, the happy Lover enter the Chamber-door of *Silvia*, which he knew too well to be miſtaken; not that he cou'd perceive who or what they were, but two Perſons not to be diſtinguiſh'd. Oh what human Fancy, (but that of a Lover, to that degree that was our young Hero,) can imagine the amazement and torture of his Soul, wherein a thouſand other Paſſions reign'd at once, and, maugre all his Courage and Reſolution forc'd him to ſink beneath their weight, he ſtood holding himſelf up by the Rails of the Stair-Caſe, without having

having the Power to aſcend farther, or to ſhew any other Signs of Life, but that of ſighing, had he been a favour'd Lover, had he been a known declar'd Lover to all the World, had he but hop'd he had had ſo much int'reſt with the falſe Beauty, as but to have been deſign'd upon for a future Love or Uſe, he wou'd have ruſht in, and have made the guilty Night a Covert to a Scene of Blood; but even yet he had an awe upon his Soul for the perjur'd fair One; tho at the ſame time he reſolv'd ſhe ſhou'd be the Object of his Hate; for the Nature of his honeſt Soul abhor'd an Action ſo treacherous and baſe: He begins in a moment from all his good thoughts of her, to think her the moſt jilting of her Sex; he knew if Int'reſt cou'd oblige her, no Man in *Holland* had a better

ter pretence to her than himſelf; who had already without any return, even ſo much as hope, preſented her the value of eight or ten thouſand pound in fine Plate and Jewels: If it were looſer deſire he fancy'd himſelf to have appear'd as capable to have ſerv'd her as any Man; but oh he conſiders there is a Fate in things; a deſtiny in Love that elevates and advances the moſt mean, deform'd or abject; and debaſes and contemns the moſt worthy and magnificent: Then he wonders at her excellent Art of diſſembling for *Philander*; he runs in a minute over all her Paſſions of rage, jealouſie, tears and ſoftneſs; and now he hates the whole Sex, and thinks 'em all like *Silvia*, than which nothing cou'd appear more deſpicable to his preſent thought, and with a ſmile (while yet

yet his heart was insensibly breaking, he fansies himself a very Coxcomb, a Cully, an impos'd-on Fool, and a conceited Fop: Value's *Silvia* as a common fair Jilt, whose whole design was to deceive the world, and make her self a Fortune, at the price of her Honour, one that receives all kind bidders, and that he being too lavish, and too modest was reserv'd the Cully on purpose to be undone and jilted out of all his Fortune; This Thought was so perfectly fixt in him, that he recover'd out of his excess of Pain, and fancy'd himself perfectly cur'd of his blind Passion, resolves to leave her to her beastly entertainment, and to depart; but before he did so, *Silvia*, (who had conducted the Amorous Spark to the Bed where the expecting Lady lay dress't rich and sweet to receive him) return'd

out

out of the Chamber, and the light being a little more favourable to his Eyes, by his being ſo long in the dark, he perceiv'd it *Antonett*, at leſt ſuch a ſort of Figure, as he fancy'd her, and to confirm him ſaw her go into that Chamber where he knew ſhe lay; he ſaw her perfect Dreſs, and all confirm'd him; this brought him back almoſt to his former confuſion; but yet he commands his Paſſion, and deſcended the Stairs, and got himſelf out of the Hall into the Street; and *Silvia* having forgot the Srreet Door was open, went and ſhut it, and return'd to *Antonett*'s Chamber with the Letter which *Brilljard* had given to *Antonett*, as ſhe lay in the Bed, believing it *Silvia*: For that trembling Lover was no ſooner enter'd the Chamber and approach'd the Bed ſide, but he kneel'd before it,

and

and offer'd the price of his Happineſs, this Letter; which ſhe immediately gave to *Silvia* unperceiv'd, who quitted the Room: And now with all the eager haſte of impatient Love, ſhe ſtrikes a Light and falls to reading the ſad contents; but as ſhe read ſhe many times fainted over the Paper, and as ſhe has ſince ſaid, 'twas a wonder ſhe ever recover'd, having no Body with her. By that time ſhe had finiſh'd it, ſhe was ſo ill ſhe was not able to get her ſelf into Bed, but threw her ſelf down on the place where ſhe ſate, which was the ſide of it, in ſuch Agonies of Grief and Deſpair, as never any Soul was poſſeſs'd of, but *Silvia's*, wholly abandon'd to the violence of Love and Deſpair: It is impoſſible to paint a Torment to expreſs hers by; and tho ſhe had vow'd to *Antonett* it ſhould

not

not at all affect her, being ſo prepoſſeſs'd before; yet when ſhe had the confirmation of her fears, and heard his own dear ſoft words addreſs'd to another Object, ſaw his Tranſports, his Impatience, his Languiſhing Induſtry and Endeavour to obtain the new deſire of his Soul; ſhe found her reſentment above Rage, and given over to a more ſilent and leſs ſupportable Torment, brought her ſelf into a high Fever; where ſhe lay without ſo much as calling for Aid in this Extremity; not that ſhe was afraid the Cheat ſhe had put on *Octavio* would be diſcover'd, for ſhe had loſt the remembrance that any ſuch Prank was plaid; and in this multitude of thoughts of more concern, had forgot all the reſt of that Night's Action.

Octavio this while was traverſing the Street, wrapt in his Cloak juſt

juſt as if he had come from Horſe, for he was no ſooner gone from the Door, but his reſenting Paſſion return'd, and he reſolv'd to go up again, and diſturb the Lovers, tho' it coſt him his life and fame: But returning haſtily to the Door he found it ſhut; at which being enraged, he was often about to break it open, but ſtill ſome unperceivable Reſpect for *Silvia* prevented him, but he reſolv'd not to ſtir from the Door, till he ſaw the fortunate Rogue come out, who had given him all this Torment? At firſt he curs'd himſelf for being ſo much concern'd for *Silvia* or her Actions, to waſte a Minute, but flattering himſelf that it was not love to her, but pure curioſity to know the Man, who was made the next Fool to himſelf, tho the more happy one, he waited all Night, and when he

he began too ſee the day break, which he thought a thouſand years; his Eye was never off from the Door, and wonder'd at their confidence, who wou'd let the day break upon them, *but the cloſe-drawn Curtains there*, cry'd he, *favours the happy Villainy*: Still he walk'd on, and ſtill he might for any Rival that was to appear for a moſt unlucky accident prevented *Brilliard*'s coming out, as he doubly intended to do, firſt for the better carrying on of his cheat of being *Octavio*; and next that he had challeng'd *Octavio* to fight, and when he knew his Error, deſign'd to have gone this morning and ask'd him pardon if he had been return'd; but the Amorous Lover over Night, ordering himſelf for the Incounter to the beſt advantage had ſent a Note to a Doctor, for ſomething that wou'd

encourage

encourage his Spirits, the Doctor came, and opening a little Box, wherein was a powerful Medicine: He told him that a Dose of those little Flies wou'd make him come off with wondrous Honour in the Battle of Love, and the Doctor being gone to call for a Glass of Sack, the Doctor having laid out of the Box what he thought requisite on a piece of Paper, and leaving the Box open; our Spark thought if such a Dose wou'd encourage him so, a greater wou'd yet make him do greater Wonders, and taking twice the quantity out of the Box, puts 'em into his Pocket, and having drunk the first with full Directions, the Doctor leaves him; who was no sooner gone, but he takes those out of his Pocket, and in a Glass of Sack drinks 'em down; after this he Baths and dresses, and believes

believes himſelf a very *Hercules*, that cou'd have got at leaſt twelve Sons that happy Night; But he was no ſooner laid in Bed with the charming *Silvia* as he thought, but he was taken with intolerable Gripes and Pains, ſuch as he had never felt before, inſomuch as he was not able to lie in the Bed: This enrages him, he grows mad and aſham'd, ſometimes he had little Intermiſſions for a moment of eaſe, and then he wou'd plead ſoftly by her Bed ſide, and ask ten thouſand Pardons; which being eaſily granted, he wou'd go into Bed again, but then the pain wou'd ſeize him anew, ſo that after two or three hours of Diſtraction he was forc'd to dreſs and retire: but inſtead of going down he went ſoftly up to his own Chamber, where he ſate him down and

curs'd

curs'd the World, himſelf and his hard Fate; and in this extremity of Pain, Shame and Grief, he remain'd till break of Day: By which time *Antonett*, who was moſt violently afflicted, got her Coats on, and went to her own Chamber, where ſhe found her Lady more dead than alive. She immediately ſhifted her Bed Linen, and made her Bed, and conducted her to it, without endeavouring to divert her with the Hiſtory of her own Misfortune; and only ask'd her many Queſtions concerning her being thus ill: To which the wretched *Silvia* only anſwer'd with Sighs; ſo that *Antonett* perceiv'd 'twas the Letter that had diſorder'd her, and beg'd ſhe might be permitted to ſee it; ſhe gave her leave, and *Antonett* read it; but no ſooner was ſhe come to that part of it,

it which nam'd the Counteſs of *Clarinau*, but ſhe ask'd her Lady if ſhe underſtood who that Perſon was, with great Amazement? At this *Silvia* was content to ſpeak, pleas'd a little that ſhe ſhould have an account of her Rival. *No*, ſaid ſhe, *Doſt thou know her? Yes, Madam*, replyed *Antonet*, *particularly well, for I have ſerv'd her ever ſince I was a Girl of five years old; ſhe being of the ſame Age with me, and ſent at ſix years old both to a Monaſtry; for ſhe being fond of my Play, her Father ſent me at that Age with her, both to ſerve and to divert her with Babies and Baubles, there we liv'd ſeven years together, when an old rich* Spaniard, *the Count of* Clarinau, *fell in love with my Lady, and married her from the Monaſtery, before ſhe had ſeen any part of the World beyond thoſe ſanctified*

Walls. She cry'd bitterly to have had me to Collen *with her, but he ſaid I was too young now for her Service, and ſo ſent me away back to my own Town, which is this, and here my Lady was born too; and is Siſter to*——— Here ſhe ſtopt, fearing to tell; which *Silvia* perceiving, with a briskneſs (which her Indiſpoſition one wou'd have thought cou'd not have allowed) ſate up in her Bed, and cry'd, *Hah Siſter to whom? Oh, how thou wouldſt pleaſe me to ſay to* Octavio. *Why Madam would it pleaſe you* ſaid the bluſhing Maid? *Becauſe* ſaid *Silvia, 'twou'd in part revenge me on his bold Addreſſes to me, and he would alſo be obliged in honour to his Family, to revenge himſelf on* Philander. *Ah Madam,* ſaid ſhe, *as to his preſumption towards you, fortune has ſufficiently reveng'd it*; at this ſhe hung down her

her head and look'd very fooliſhly: *How*, ſaid *Silvia*, ſmiling and rearing her ſelf yet more in her Bed, *Is any misfortune arriv'd to* Octavio. *Oh how I will triumph and upbraid the daring Man——— tell me quickly what it is; for nothing would rejoyce me more than to hear he were puniſh'd a little*: Upon this *Antonett* told her what an unlucky Night ſhe had, how *Octavio* was ſeiz'd, and how he departed, by which *Silvia* believ'd he had made ſome diſcovery of the Cheat that was put upon him, and that he only feign'd illneſs to get himſelf looſe from her embraces; and now ſhe falls to conſidering how ſhe ſhall be reveng'd on both her Lovers: And the beſt ſhe can pitch upon is that of ſetting them both at odds, and making them fight and revenge themſelves on one ano-

ther ; but ſhe like a right Woman, could not diſſemble her Reſentment of Jealouſie, what ever Art ſhe had to do ſo in any other point ; but mad to eaſe her Soul that was full, and to upbraid *Philander*, ſhe writes him a Letter, but not till ſhe had once more, to make her ſtark mad, read his over again, which he ſent *Octavio*.

Silvia *to* Philander.

YES, perjur'd Villain, at laſt all thy Perfidy is arriv'd to my Knowledge ; and thou hadſt better have been damn'd, or have fall'n like an ungrateful Traytor as thou art, under the publick Shame of dying by the common Executioner, than have fall'n under the Graſp of my Revenge,

venge, insatiate as thy Lust, false as thy Treasons to thy Prince, fatal as thy Destiny, loud as thy Infamy, and bloody as thy Party. Villain, Villain, where got you the Courage to use me thus, knowing my Injuries, and my Spirit; thou seest, base Traytor, I do not fall on thee with Treachery, as thou hast on thy King, and Mistress; to which thou hast broke thy Holy Vows of Allegiance and Eternal Love! but thou that hast broke the Laws of God and Nature! What cou'd I expect, when neither Religion, Honour, common Justice, nor Law cou'd bind thee to humanity: thou that betray'd thy Prince, abandon'd thy Wife, renounc'd thy Child, kill'd thy Mother, ravish'd thy Sister, and art in open Rebellion against thy Native Country, and very Kindred and Brothers. Oh after this,

what muſt the Wretch expect, who has believ'd thee, and follow'd thy abject Fortunes, the miſerable outcaſt Slave, and contempt of the World: What cou'd ſhe expect, but that the Villain is ſtill potent in thee unrepented, and all the Lover dead and gone, the Vice remains, and all the Vertue vaniſh'd. Oh, what cou'd I expect from ſuch a Devil, ſo loſt in Sin and Wickedneſs, that even thoſe, for whom he ventur'd all his Fame, and loſt his Fortune, lent like a State Cully upon the pub'ick Faith, on the Security of Rogues, Knaves and Traytors: even thoſe I ſay turn'd him out of their Councels, for a Reprobate too lewd for the villainous Society: Oh curs'd that I was by Heaven and Fate, to be blind and deaf to all thy Infamy, and ſuffer thy adorable bewitching face

Face and Tongue to charm me to madneſs and undoing, when that was all thou hadſt left thee thy falſe Perſon, to cheat the ſilly, eaſie, fond, believing World, into any ſort of opinion of thee, for not one good Principle was left, not one poor Vertue to guard thee from Damnation, thou hadſt but one Friend let thee, one true, one real Friend, and that was wretched *Silvia*; ſhe, when all abandon'd thee but the Executioner, fled with thee, ſuffer'd with thee, ſtarv'd with thee, loſt her Fame and Honour with thee, loſt her Friend, her Parents and all her Beauties hopes for thee, and in lieu of all, found only the Accuſation of all the Good, the hate of all the Vertuous, the Reproaches of her Kindred, the ſcorn of all chaſte Maids, and curſes of all honeſt Wives; and in requital had only

thy falſe Vows, thy empty Love, thy faithleſs Embraces, and cold diſſembled Kiſſes. My only Comfort was, (ah miſerable Comfort) to fancy they were true ; now that's departed too, and I have nothing but a brave Revenge left in the room of all ! in which I'll be as mercileſs and irreligious as even thou haſt been in all thy Actions ; and there remains about me only this Senſe of Honour yet ; that I dare tell thee of my bold deſign ; a bravery thou haſt never ſhewed to me, who takeſt me unawares, ſtabb'ſt me without a warning of the blow ; ſo wou'dſt thou ſerve thy King hadſt thou but Power ; and ſo thou ſerv'ſt thy Miſtreſs ; when I look back even to thy Infancy, thy Life has been but one continued Race of Treachery, and I (deſtin'd thy evil Genius) was born for thy tormen-

Tormentor, for thou haſt made a very Fiend of me, and I have Hell within; all Rage, all Torment, Fire, diſtraction, madneſs; I rave, I burn, I tear my ſelf and faint, am ſtill a dying, but can never fall, till I have graſp'd thee with me: Oh, I ſhould laugh in Flames to ſee thee howling by: I ſcorn thee, hate thee, loath thee more than ever I have lov'd thee, and hate my ſelf ſo much for ever loving thee, (to be reveng'd upon the filthy Criminal) I will expoſe my ſelf to all the World, cheat, jilt, and flatter all as thou haſt done, and having not one Senſe or Grain of Honour left, will yield the abandon'd body, thou has rifled to every asking Fop: Nor is that all, for they that purchaſe this, ſhall buy it at the price of being my *Bravo's*. And all ſhall aid in my Re-

venge on thee; all mercileſs and as reſolv'd as I; as I! the injur'd

Silvia.

Having ſhot this flaſh of the lightning of her ſoul, and finiſht her rant, ſhe found her ſelf much eaſier in the reſolves on revenge ſhe had fix'd there: She ſcorn'd by any vain endeavour to recal him from his Paſſion, ſhe had Wit enough to have made thoſe eternal Obſervations, that Love once gone is never to be retriev'd, and that it was impoſſible to ceaſe loving, and then again to love the ſame Perſon, one may believe for ſometime ones love is abated, but when it comes to a tryal, it ſhews it ſelf as vigorous as in its firſt ſhine, and finds its own Error; but when once one comes to love a new Object, it can never return with more than pity, compaſſion, or civility for the firſt:

This

This is a moſt certain truth which all Lovers will find, as moſt Wives may experience, and which our *Silvia* now took for granted, and gave him over for dead to all but her Revenge. Tho Fits of Softneſs, Weeping, Raving, and Tearing, wou'd by turns ſeize the diſtracted abandon'd Beauty, in which Extremities ſhe has recourſe to Scorn and Pride, too feeble to aid her too often: The firſt thing ſhe reſolv'd on by the advice of her reaſonable Counſellor, was to hear Love at both her ears, no matter whether ſhe regard it or not, but to hear all as a remedy againſt loving one in particular; for 'tis moſt certain that the uſe of hearing Love, or of making Love (tho' at firſt without deſign) either in Women or Men, ſhall at laſt unfix the moſt confirm'd and conſtant Reſoluti-

on

on. *And ſince you are aſſur'd*, continu'd *Antonett*, *that Sighs nor Tears brings back the wander'd Lover, and that dying for him will be no revenge on him, but rather a kind aſſurance that you will no more trouble the Man, who is already weary of you, you ought with all your Power, Induſtry, and Reaſon rather to ſeek the preſervation of that Beauty, and fine humour to ſerve you on all Occaſions, either for Revenge or Love, than by a fooliſh and inſignificant Concern and Sorrow reduce your ſelf to the Condition of being ſcorn'd by all, or at beſt but pityed*: How! pity'd! cry'd the haughty *Silvia*, Is there any thing ſo inſupportable to our Sex as pity! No ſurely, reply'd the Servant, when 'tis accompany'd by Love: Oh what bleſſed comfort 'tis to hear People cry—— She was once Charming, once a Beauty:

Beauty: Is any thing more grating, Madam? At this rate she ran on, and left nothing unsaid that might animate the angry *Silvia* to love a-new, or at least to receive and admit of Love, for in that Climate, the Air naturally breeds Spirits avaritious, and much inclines them to the Love of Money, which they will gain at any price or hazard, and all this discourse to *Silvia* was but to incline the revengeful listning Beauty to admit of the Addresses of *Octavio*, because she knew he wou'd make her Fortune. Thus was the unhappy Maid, left by her own unfortunate conduct, incompass'd in on every side with Distraction; and she was pointed out by Fate to be made the most wretched of all her Sex, nor had she left one faithful Friend to advise or stay her youth in its hasty

ſty advance to ruin; ſhe hears the perſwading Eloquence of the flattering Maid, and finds now nothing ſo prevalent on her Soul as Revenge, and nothing ſooths it more; and amongſt all her Lovers, or thoſe at leaſt that ſhe knew ador'd her, none was found ſo proper an inſtrument as the noble *Octavio*, his youth, his wit, his gallantry, but above all his fortune pleads moſt powerfully with her; ſo that ſhe reſolves upon the Revenge and fixes him the Man; whom ſhe now knew by ſo many Obligations was oblig'd to ſerve her turn on *Philander*: Thus *Silvia* found a little Tranquility, ſuch as it was, in hope of revenge, while the paſſionate *Octavio* was wreck'd with a thouſand Pains and Torments, ſuch as none but jilted Lovers can imagine, and having a thouſand times reſolv'd to hate her,

her, and as often to love on, in ſpight of all —— after a thouſand Arguments againſt her, and as many in favour of her, he arriv'd only to this knowledge, that his Love was extream, and that he had no power over his Heart, that Honour, Fame, Int'reſt, and whatever elſe might oppoſe his Violent flame, were all too weak to extinguiſh the leaſt Spark of it, and all the Conqueſt he cou'd get of himſelf was, that he ſuffered all his Torment, all the Hell of raging Jealouſie grown to Confirmation, and all the Pangs of abſence for that whole day, and had the Courage to live on the Rack without eaſing one Moment of his Agony by a Letter or Billet; which in ſuch caſes diſcharges the burthen and preſſures of the Love-ſick Heart; and *Silvia* who dreſt, and ſuffer'd her ſelf wholly to be carry'd

carry'd away by her Vengeance, expected him with as much impatience as ever she did the coming of the once adorable *Philander*, tho' with a different Passion; but all the live-long day past in expectation of him, and no Lover appear'd; no not so much as a Billet, nor Page at her uprising to ask her Health; so that believing he had been very ill indeed, from what *Antonett* told her of his being so all Night, and fearing now that it was no discovery of the cheat put upon him by the exchange of the Maid for the Mistress, but real sickness, she resolv'd to send to him, and the rather because *Antonett* assur'd her he was really sick, and in a cold damp sweat all over his Face and Hands which she touch'd, and that from his infinite concern at the defeat, the extreme respect he shew'd her in midst

midſt of all the rage at his own diſappointment, and every Circumſtance; ſhe knew it was no feign'd thing for any diſcovery he had made: On this confirmation, from a Maid cuning enough to diſtinguiſh Truth from flattery, ſhe writ *Octavio* this Letter at Night.

Silvia *to* Octavio.

AFter ſuch a parting from a Maid ſo entirely kind to you; ſhe might at leaſt have hop'd the favour of a Billet from you, to have inform'd her of your health; unleſs you think that after we have ſurrendred all, we are of the Humour of moſt of your Sex, who deſpiſe the obliger, but I believ'd you a Man above the little Crimes and Levities of your Race, and I am yet

ſo

ſo hard to be drawn from that Opinion; I am willing to flatter my ſelf, that 'tis yet ſome other reaſon that has hindred you from viſiting me ſince, or ſending me an account of your recovery, which I am too ſenſible of to believe was feign'd, and which indeed has made me ſo tender, that I eaſily forgive all the diſappointment I receiv'd from it; and beg you will not afflict your ſelf at any loſs, you ſuſtain'd by it, ſince I am ſtill ſo much the ſame I was, to be as ſenſible as before of all the Obligations I have to you, ſend me word immediately how you do, for on that depends a great part of the Happineſs of

Silvia.

You may eaſily ſee by this Letter ſhe was not in a humour of either writing Love or much Flattery, for yet ſhe knew not how ſhe

ſhe ought to reſent this abſence in all kinds from *Octavio*, and therefore with what force ſhe could put upon a Soul too wholly taken up with the thoughts of another, more dear and more afflicting, ſhe only writ this to fetch one from him, that by it ſhe might learn part of his Sentiment of her laſt action, and ſent her Page with it to him; who, as was uſual, was carried directly up to *Octavio*, whom he found in a Gallery, walking in a moſt dejected poſture without a Hat, unbrac'd, his Arms a-croſs his open Breaſt, and his Eyes bent to the Floor; and not taking any notice when the Pages entred, his own was forced to pull him by the Sleeve, before he would look up, and ſtarting from a thouſand thoughts that oppreſt him almoſt to death, he gaz'd wildly about him and ask'd

ask'd their buſineſs: When the Page deliver'd him the Letter: he took it, but with ſuch Confuſion as he had much a-do to ſupport himſelf, but reſolving not to ſhew his feebleneſs to her Page, he made a ſhift to get to a Wax Light, that was on the Table and read it; and was not much amaz'd at the Contents, believing ſhe was purſuing the buſineſs of her Sex and Life, and jilting him on; (for ſuch was his opinion of all Women now) he forc'd a Smile of ſcorn, tho' his Soul were burſting, and turning to the Page gave him a liberal Reward, as was his daily uſe when he came, and muſter'd up ſo much Courage as to force himſelf to ſay—*Child, tell your Lady it requires no anſwer, you may tell her too, that I am in perfect good Health*——He was oppreſs'd to ſpeak more, but Sighs

ſtopp'd

ſtopp'd him, and his former reſolution, wholly to abandon all Correſpondence with her, check'd his forward Tongue; and he walk'd away to prevent himſelf from ſaying more: While the Page, who wonder'd at this turn of Love, after a little waiting, departed, and when *Octavio* had ended his walk, and turn'd, and ſaw him gone, his Heart felt a thouſand Pangs not to be born or ſupported; he was often ready to recal him, and was angry the Boy did not urge him for an anſwer. He read the Letter again, and wonders at nothing now after her laſt Nights Action, tho all was riddle to him: He found 'twas writ to ſome happier Man than himſelf, however he chanc'd to have it by miſtake; and turning to the out-ſide, view'd the Superſcription, where there happen'd to be none

at

at all, for *Silvia* writ in haſte, and when ſhe did it 'twas the leaſt of her thoughts: And now he believ'd he had found out the real Myſtery, that it was not meant to him; he therefore calls his Page, whom he ſent immediately after that of *Silvia*, who being yet below (for the Lads were laughing together for a Moment) he brought him to his diſtracted Lord; who nevertheleſs aſſum'd a mildneſs to the innocent Boy, and cry'd, *My Child thou haſt miſtaken the Perſon to whom thou ſhou'dſt have carried the Letter, and I am ſorry I open'd it; pray return it to the happy Man 'twas meant to*, giving him the Letter. *My Lord*, reply'd the Boy, *I do not uſe to carry Letters to any but your Lordſhip: 'Tis the Footmens buſineſs to do that to other Perſons. 'Tis a miſtake, where-ever*

it

it lies, cry'd *Octavio* ſighing, *whether in thee or thy Lady*——So turning from the wondring Boy he left him to return with his Letter to his Lady, who grew mad at the relation of what ſhe heard from the Page, and notwithſtanding the torment ſhe had on her Soul, occaſioned by *Philander*, ſhe now found ſhe had more to endure, and that in ſpight of all her Love-Vows and Reſentments, ſhe had ſomething for *Octavio* to which ſhe cou'd not give a Name, ſhe fancies it all Pride, and Concern for the indignity put on her Beauty: But whatever it was this ſlight of his ſo wholly took up her Soul, that ſhe had for ſometime quite forgot *Philander*, or when ſhe did think on him 'twas with leſs Reſentment than of this affront; ſhe conſiders *Philander* with ſome excuſe now; as having

ving long been poſſeſs'd of a Happineſs he might grow weary of; but a new Lover, who had for ſix Months inceſſantly lain at her Feet, Imploring, Dying, Vowing, Weeping, Sighing, Giving, and Acting all things the moſt paſſionate of Men was capable of, or that Love cou'd inſpire, for him to be at laſt admitted to the poſſeſſion of the raviſhing Object of his Vows and Soul, to be laid in her Bed; nay in her very Arms (as ſhe imagin'd he thought) and then, even before gathering the Roſes he came to pluck, before he had begun to compoſe, or finiſh'd his Noſegay, to depart the happy Paradiſe with a diſguſt, and ſuch a diſguſt, as firſt to oblige him to diſſemble Sickneſs, and next fall even from all his Civilities, was a contempt ſhe was not able to bear; eſpecially from him

him who of all Men living ſhe deſign'd to make the greateſt Property of, as moſt fit for her Revenge, of all degrees and ſorts; But when ſhe reflected with Reaſon, (which ſhe ſeldom did, for either Love or Rage blinded that) ſhe cou'd not conceive it poſſible that *Octavio* cou'd be fall'n ſo ſuddenly from all his Vows and Profeſſions, but on ſome very great provocation: Sometimes ſhe thinks he tempted her to try her Vertue to *Philander*, and being a perfect Honourable Friend, hates her for her levity, but ſhe conſiders his preſents, and his unwearied Induſtry, and believes he wou'd not at that expence have bought a knowledge which cou'd profit neither himſelf or *Philander*; then ſhe believes ſome diſguſtful Scent or ſomething about *Antonett* might diſoblige him; but having call'd the Maid,

conjuring her to tell her whether any thing paſs'd between her and *Octavio*; ſhe again told her Lady the whole truth, in which there cou'd be no diſcovery of Infirmity there; ſhe embrac'd her, ſhe kiſs'd her Boſom, and found her Touches ſoft, her Breath and Boſom ſweet as any thing in Nature cou'd be; and now loſt almoſt in a Confuſion of thought, ſhe could not tell what to imagine; at laſt ſhe being wholly poſſeſs'd that all the fault was not in *Octavio*, (for too often we believe as we hope) ſhe concludes that *Antonett* has told him all the cheat ſhe put upon him: This laſt Thought pleas'd her, becauſe it ſeem'd the moſt probable, and was the moſt favourable to her ſelf; and a thought, that if true cou'd not do her any Injury with him. This ſet her Heart

a little to rights, and ſhe grew calm with a belief, that if ſo it was, as now ſhe doubted not, a ſight of her, or a future Hope from her, wou'd calm all his Diſcontent, and beget a right Underſtanding: ſhe therefore reſolves to write to him and own her little Fallacy: But before ſhe did ſo; *Octavio* whoſe Paſſion was violent as ever in his Soul, tho 'twas oppreſt with a thouſand Torments, and languiſh'd under as many feeble Reſolutions, burſt at laſt into all its former Softneſs, and he reſolves to write to the falſe Fair One, and upbraid her with her laſt Nights Infidelity; nor cou'd he ſleep till he had that way charm'd his Senſes, and eas'd his ſick afflicted Soul. It being now ten at Night, and he retir'd to his Chamber, he ſet himſelf down, and writ this.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

Madam,

YOU have at laſt taught me a perfect Knowledge of my ſelf; and in one unhappy Night made me ſee all the Follies and Vanities of my Soul, which Self-Love and fond Imagination had too long rendred that way guilty; long, long! I've play'd the Fop as others do, and ſhew'd the gaudy Monſieur, and ſet a Value on my worthleſs Perſon for being well dreſs'd, as I believ'd, and furniſh'd out for Conqueſt, by being the gayeſt Coxcomb in the Town, where even as I paſt perhaps I fancy'd, I made advances on ſome wiſhing Hearts, and vain, with but imaginary Victory, I ſtill fool'd on——and

was

was at laſt undone; for I ſaw *Silvia*, the Charming Faithleſs *Silvia*, a Beauty that one wou'd have thought had had the power to have cur'd the fond diſeaſe of ſelf conceit and ſoppery, ſince love they ſay's a remedy againſt thoſe faults of Youth; but ſtill my Vanity was powerful in me, and even this Beauty too: I thought it not impoſſible to vanquiſh, and ſtill dreſs'd on, and took a mighty care to ſhew my ſelf — a Blockhead. curſe upon me, while you were laughing at my Induſtry, and turn'd the fancying fool to ridicule. Oh, he deſerv'd it well; moſt wondrous well; for but believing any thing about him, cou'd merit but a ſerious thought from *Sivia*. *Silvia!* whoſe buſineſs is to laugh at all; yet Love, that is my Sin, and puniſhment, reigns ſtill as abſolutely in my Soul, as when I

wiſh'd and hop'd, and long'd for mighty Bleſſings you cou'd give: yes, I ſtill love! only this wretchedneſs is fix'd to it, to ſee thoſe Errors which I cannot ſhun; my love's as high, but all my wiſhes gone; my Paſſion ſtill remains entire and raving, but no deſire, I burn, I dye, but do not wiſh to hope, I would be all Deſpair, and like a Martyr, am vain and proud. even in ſuffering. Yes, *Silvia*——when you made me wiſe, you made me wretched too? Before, like a falſe Worſhipper, I only ſaw the gay, the gilded ſide of the deceiving Idol, but now 'tis fall'n—diſcovers all the cheat, and ſhews a God no more; and 'tis in Love as in Religion too, there's nothing makes their Votaries truly happy but being well deceiv'd: For even in Love it ſelf, harmleſs and innocent, as 'tis by

by Nature, there needs a little Art to hide the daily diſcontents and torments, that fears, diſtruſts, and jealouſies create; a little ſoft diſſimulation's needful, for where the Lover's eaſie, he's moſt conſtant. But oh, when Love it ſelf's defective too, and manag'd by deſign and little intereſt, what cunning, oh what cautions ought the fair deſigner then to call to her defence; yet I confeſs your Plot—ſtill Charming *Silvia*, was ſubtilly enough contriv'd, diſcreetly carry'd on—The ſhades of Night, the happy Lovers Refuge, favour'd you too: 'twas only fate was cruel, fate that conducted me in an unlucky hour, dark as it was, and ſilent too the Night, I ſaw: — Yes, faithleſs Fair, I ſaw, I was betray'd; by too much Faith, by too much Love undone, I ſaw my fatal Ruin and your Perfidy: and like

a tame ignoble Sufferer left you without revenge!

I muſt confeſs, oh thou deceiving fair One, I never cou'd pretend to what I wiſh'd, and yet methinks, becauſe I know my Heart, and the entire Devotion that it paid you, I merited at leaſt not to have been impos'd upon; but after ſo diſhonourable an Action, as the betraying the Secret of my Friend, it was but juſt that I ſhou'd be betray'd, and you have paid me well, deſervedly well, and that ſhall make me ſilent; and whatſoe're I ſuffer, howe'er I die, howe'er I languiſh out my wretched life, I'll bear my Sighs where you ſhall never hear 'em, nor the reproaches my Complaints expreſs: Live thou a puniſhment to vain fantaſtick hoping Youth, live and advance in cunning and deceit, to make

make the fond believing Men more wiſe, and teach the Women newer Arts of Falſhood, till they deceive ſo long, that Man may hate and ſet as vaſt a diſtance between Sex and Sex, as I've reſolv'd (oh *Silvia*) thou ſhalt be for ever from

Octavio.

This Letter came juſt as *Silvia* was going to write to him; of which ſhe was extreamly glad, for all along there was nothing expreſs'd that cou'd make her think he meant any other than the Cheat ſhe put upon him in *Antonett* inſtead of her ſelf: And it was ſome eaſe to her mind to be aſſured of the Cauſe of his anger and abſence, and to find her own thought confirm'd, that

he had indeed discover'd the truth of the matter: she knew since that was all, she cou'd easily reconcile him by a plain Confession, and giving him new Hopes; she therefore writes this answer to him, which she sent by his Page, who waited for it.

Silvia *to* Octavio.

I Own, too angry, and too nice *Octavio*, the Crime you charge me with; and did believe a Person of your Gallantry, Wit, and Gayety wou'd have pass'd over so little a fault, with only reproaching me pleasantly, I did not expect so grave a reproof, or rather so serious an Accusation. Youth has a thousand Follies to answer for, and cannot *Octavio* pardon one Sally of it in *Silvia*. I rather

ther expected to have seen you early here this Morning, pleasantly rallying my little Perfidy, than to find you railing at a distance at it; calling it by a thousand Names that does not merit half this Malice: And sure you did not think me so poor in good nature, but I cou'd some other coming hour have made you amends for those you lost last Night, possibly I cou'd have wish'd my self with you at the same time; and had I perhaps follow'd my Inclination I had made you happy as you wish'd, but there were powerful reasons that prevented me; I conjure you to let me see you, where I will make a confession of my last Nights sin, and give you such Arguments to convince you of the necessity of it, as shall absolutely reconcile you to love, hope, and—

SILVIA.

It

It being late, she only sent this short Billet: And not hoping that Night to see him, she went to Bed, after having enquir'd the health of *Brilljard*, whom she heard was very ill; and that young defeated Lover finding it impossible to meet *Octavio* as he had promis'd, not to fight him, but to ask his Pardon for his mistake, he made a shift, with much ado, to write him a Note, which was this.

My Lord,

I Confess my yesterdays Rudeness, and beg you will give me a Pardon before I leave the World; for I was last Night taken violently ill, and am unable to wait on your Lordship, to beg what this most earnestly does for

Your Lordships
most devoted Servant,
Brilljard.

This

This Billet tho it ſignified nothing to *Octavio*, it ſerv'd *Silvia* afterwards to very good uſe and purpoſe, as a little time ſhall make appear. And *Octavio* receiv'd theſe two Notes from *Briljard* and *Silvia*, at the ſame time; the one he flung by regardleſs, the other he read with infinite pain, ſcorn, hate, indignation, all at once ſtorm'd in his Heart, he felt every paſſion there but that of Love, which caus'd em all; if he thought her falſe and ungrateful before, he now thinks her fall'n to the loweſt degree of lewdneſs, to own her Crime with ſuch Impudence; he fanſies now he's cur'd of Love, and hates her abſolutely, thinks her below even his Scorn, and puts himſelf to Bed, believing he ſhall ſleep as well as before he ſaw the light, the fooliſh *Silvia*: But oh he boaſts in vain,

vain, the Light, the fooliſh *Silvia* was charming ſtill; ſtill all the Beauty appear'd, even in his ſlumbers the Angel dawn'd about him, and all the Fiend was laid: He ſees her lovely Face, but the falſe Heart is hid; he hears her charming Wit, but all the cunning's huſh'd: He views the motions of her delicate Body, without regard to thoſe of her mind, he thinks of all the tender Words ſhe has given him, in which the jilting part is loſt, and all forgotten; or if by chance it croſs'd his happier thought, he rowls and tumbles in his Bed, he raves and calls upon her charming Name, till he have quite forgot it, and takes all the pains he can to deceive his own Heart: Oh 'tis a tender part, and can endure no hurt; he ſooths it therefore, and at the worſt reſolves, ſince the vaſt

vaſt Bleſſing may be purchas'd, to revel in Delight; and cure himſelf that way: Theſe flattering thoughts kept him all Night waking, and in the Morning he reſolves his Viſit; but taking up her Letter which lay on the Table, he read it o'er again, and by degrees, wrought himſelf up to madneſs at the thought that *Silvia* was poſſeſs'd: *Philander* he cou'd bear with little Patience, but that becauſe before he lov'd or knew her, he cou'd allow; but this —— this wrecks his very Soul; and in his height of fury writes this Letter without conſideration.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

SInce you profeſs your ſelf a common Miſtreſs, and ſet up for the Glorious Trade of Sin; ſend

ſend me your Price, and I perhap may purchaſe Damnation at your rate. May be you have a Method in your dealing, and I have miſtook you all this while, and dealt not your way; Inſtruct my Youth, great Miſtreſs of the Art, and I ſhall be obedient; tell me which way I may be happy too, and put in for an Adventurer; I have a Stock of ready Youth and Money, pray name your Time and Summ, for Hours or Nights, or Months; I will be in at all, or any, as you ſhall find leiſure to receive the impatient

Octavio.

This in a mad Moment he writ, and ſent it e'er he had conſider'd farther, and *Silvia*, who expected not ſo courſe and rough a return, grew as mad as he in reading

reading it ; and ſhe had much a-do to hold her hands off from beating the innocent Page that brought it : To whom ſhe turn'd with Fire in her Eyes, Flames in her Cheeks, and Thunder on her Tongue, and cry'd, *Go tell your Maſter that he is a Villain ; and if you dare approach me any more from him ; I'll have my Footmen whip you ;* and with a Scorn that diſcover'd all the Indignation in the World ſhe turn'd from him, and tearing his Note, threw it from her and walk'd her way : And the Page, thunder-ſtruck, return'd to his Lord, who by this time was repenting he had manag'd his Paſſion no better ; and at what the Boy told him, was wholly convinc'd of his Error, he now conſider'd her Character and Quality, and accus'd himſelf of great Indiſcretion ; and as he

was

he was ſitting the moſt dejected melancholy Man on Earth, reflecting on his misfortune, the Poſt arriv'd with Letters from *Philander*, which he open'd, and laying by that which was inclos'd for *Silvia* he read that from *Philander* to himſelf.

Philander *to* Octavio.

THere is no pain, my dear *Octavio*, either in Love or Friendſhip like that of Doubt; and I confeſs my ſelf guilty of giving it you in a great meaſure by my ſilence the laſt Poſt, but having buſineſs of ſo much greater concern to my heart than even writing to *Octavio*; I found my ſelf unable to purſue any other, and I believe you cou'd too with the leſs impatience bear with my neglect having

having Affairs of the ſame nature there; our circumſtances and the buſineſs of our hearts then being ſo reſembling, methinks I have as great an impatience to be recounting to you the Story of my Love and Fortune, as I am to receive that of yours, and to know what advances you have made in the Heart of the ſtill charming *Silvia*! tho there will be this difference in the Relations; mine, when ever I recount it will give you a double ſatisfaction, firſt from the ſhare your Friendſhip makes you have in all the Pleaſures of *Philander*, and next that it excuſes *Silvia*, if ſhe can be falſe to me, for *Octavio*; and ſtill advances his deſign on her heart: But yours, when ever I receive it, will give me a thouſand pains, which 'tis however but juſt I ſhould feel, ſince I was the firſt breaker of the ſolemn League and

Co-

Covenant made between us: which yet I do by all that's Sacred with a Regret, that makes me reflect with ſome repentance in all thoſe Moments wherein I do not wholly give my Soul up to Love, and the more beautiful *Caliſta*: yes more, becauſe new.

In my laſt, my dear *Octavio*, you left me purſuing like a Knight-Errant, a Beauty inchanted within ſome inviſible Tree, or Caſtle, or Lake, or any thing inacceſſible, or rather wandring in a Dream after ſome glorious diſappearing Fantom: And for ſome time indeed, I knew not whether I ſlept or wak'd. I ſaw daily the good old Count of *Clarinau*; of whom I durſt not ſo much as ask a civil queſtion towards the ſatisfaction of my Soul; the Page was ſent into *Holland* (with ſome Expreſs to a Brother-in-Law of the Counts) of whom

whom before I had the intelligence of a fair young Wife to the old Lord his Maſter ; and for the reſt of the Servants they ſpoke all *Spaniſh*, and the Devil a Word we underſtood each other, ſo that 'twas impoſſible to learn, any thing farther from them : and I found I was to owe all my good Fortune to my own Induſtry, but how to ſet it a working, I cou'd not deviſe ; at laſt it happen'd, that being walking in the Garden which had very high Walls on three ſides, and a fine large Apartment on the other, I concluded, that 'twas in that part of the Houſe, my fair new Conquereſs reſided, but how to be reſolv'd I cou'd not tell, nor which way the Windows look'd that were to give the Light, forwards that part o'th' Garden there was none ; at laſt I ſaw the good old Gentleman

Man come trudging through the Garden fumbling out of his Pocket a Key, I ſtept into an Arbour to obſerve him, and ſaw him open a little Door that led him into another Garden, and locking the Door after him, vaniſht; and obſerving how that ſide of the Apartment lay, I went into the Street, and after a large compaſs, found that which fac'd that Garden, which made the fore-part of the Apartment. I made a ſtory of ſome occaſion I had for ſome upper Rooms, and went into many Houſes, to find which fronted beſt the Apartment, and ſtill diſlik'd ſomething till I met with one ſo directly to it, that I cou'd, when I got a Story higher, look into the very Rooms, which only a delicate Garden parted from this by ſtreet: there'twas I fixt, and learnt from a young *Dutch* woman that ſpoke good *French*,

that

that, that was the very place I lookt for; the Apartment of Madam, the Counteſs of *Clarinau*: She told me too, that every day after Dinner the old Gentleman came thither, and ſometimes a Nights; and bewail'd the young Beauty, who had no better entertainment than what an old wither'd *Spaniard* of threeſcore and ten cou'd give her: I found this young Woman apt for my purpoſe, and having very well pleas'd her with my Converſation, and ſome little Preſents I made her, I left her in good Humour, and reſolv'd to ſerve me on any deſign; and returning to my Lodging I found old *Clarinau* return'd, as brisk and gay as if he had been careſs'd by ſo fair and young a Lady; which very thought made me rave, and I had abundance of pain to withold my Rage from breaking out upon him,

ſo

ſo jealous and envious I was of what now I lov'd and deſir'd a thouſand times more than ever; ſince the relation my new young female Friend had given me: who had Wit and Beauty ſufficient to make her Judgment impartial: However I contain'd my Jealouſie with the hopes of a ſudden revenge; for I fancy'd the buſineſs half accompliſht in my knowledge of her reſidence. I feign'd ſome buſineſs to the old Gentleman, that wou'd call me out of Town for a week to conſult with ſome of our Party, and taking my leave of him, he offered me the Complement of Money, or what elſe I ſhould need in my Affair, which at that time was not unwelcome to me, and being well furniſh'd for my Enterpriſe, I took Horſe without a Page or Footman to attend me, becauſe I pretended my buſineſs

was

was a Secret, and taking a turn about the Town in the Evening, I left my Horſe without the Gates, and went to my ſecret new Quarters, where my young Friend receiv'd me with the Joy of a Miſtreſs, and with whom indeed I cou'd not forbear entertaining my ſelf very well, which engag'd her more to my Service, with the aid of my Liberality; but all this did not allay one ſpark of the Fire kindled in my Soul for the lovely *Caliſta*; and I was impatient for Night, againſt which time I was preparing an Engine to mount the Battlement, for ſo it was that divided the Garden from the Street, rather than a Wall: All things fitted to my purpoſe, I fix'd my ſelf at the Window that look'd directly towards her Saſhes; and had the ſatisfaction to ſee her leaning there, and look-

ing on a Fountain that ſtood in the midſt of the Garden, and caſt a thouſand little Streams into the Air, that made a melancholy noiſe in falling into a large Alablaſter Ciſtern beneath: Oh how my Heart danc'd at the dear ſight, to all the Tunes of Love; I had not power to ſtir or ſpeak, or to remove my Eyes, but languiſht on the window where I leant half dead with Joy and Tranſport; for ſhe appear'd more charming to my view: Undreſs'd and fit for Love! Oh, my *Octavio*, ſuch are the Pangs which I believe thou feltſt at the approach of *Silvia*, ſo beats thy Heart, ſo riſe thy Sighs, and Wiſhes, ſo trembling and ſo pale at every view, as I was in this lucky amorous Moment! and thus I fed my Soul till Night came on, and left my Eyes no Object, but my Heart—a thou-

ſand

ſand dear Ideas: and now I ſal-ly'd out, and with good Succeſs, for with a long Engine which reach'd the top of the Wall I fix'd the end of my Ladder there, and mounted it, and ſitting on the top brought my Ladder eaſily up to me, and turn'd it over to the other ſide; and with abundance of eaſe deſcended into the Garden, which was the fineſt I had ever ſeen; for now, as good luck wou'd have it, who was deſign'd to favour me, the Moon began to ſhine ſo bright, as even to make me diſtinguiſh the Colours of the Flowers that dreſs'd all the Banks in raviſhing order; but theſe were not the Beauty I came to poſſeſs, and my new thoughts of diſpoſing my ſelf, and managing my matters, now took off all that Admiration that was juſtly due to ſo delightful a place, which art

and Nature had agreed to render charming to every Sence, thus much I conſider'd it, that there was nothing that did not invite to Love; a thouſand pretty receſſes of Arbours, Grotts and little Artificial Groves; Fountains inviron'd with Beds of Flowers, and little Rivulets, to whoſe dear fragrant Banks, a wiſhing amorous God would make his ſoft retreat, after having ranged about rather to ſeek a Covert on occaſion, and to know the Paſſes of the Garden, which might ſerve me in any extremity of Surprize that might happen. I return'd to the Fountain that fac'd *Caliſta*'s Window, and leaning on its brink, view'd the whole Apartment, which appear'd very magnificent: Juſt againſt me I perceiv'd a Door that went into it; which while I was conſidering how

how to get open, I heard it unlock, and skulking behind the large Baſon of the Fountain, (yet ſo as to mark who came out) I ſaw to my unſpeakable tranſport the Fair, the Charming *Caliſta*, dreſs'd juſt as ſhe was at the Window, a looſe Gown of Silver ſtuff lapt about her delicate Body, her Head in fine Night cloaths, and all careleſs as my Soul could wiſh; ſhe came, and with her the old Dragon; and I heard her ſay in coming out, ——*This is too fine a Night to ſleep in*: *Prithee* Dormina *do not grudge me the pleaſure of it, ſince there are ſo very few that entertain* Caliſta. This laſt ſhe ſpoke with a Sigh, and a languiſhment in her Voice, that ſhot new Flames of Love into my panting Heart, and trill'd through all my Veins; while ſhe purſu'd her Walk with the old Gentle-

Woman: and ſtill I kept my ſelf at ſuch a diſtance, to have 'em in my ſight, but ſlid along the ſhady ſide of the Walk where I cou'd not be eaſily ſeen, while they kept ſtill on the ſhiny part: She led me thus through all the Walks, through all the Maze of Love; and all the way I fed my greedy Eyes upon the melancholy Object of my raving Deſire; her Shape, her Gate, her Motion, every Step, and every Movement of her Hand and Head, had a peculiar Grace; a thouſand times I was tempted to approach her, and diſcover my ſelf, but I dreaded the Fatal Conſquence, the old Woman being by; nor knew I whether they did not expect the Husband there; I therefore with impatience waited when ſhe wou'd ſpeak, that by that I might make ſome diſcovery of my deſtiny

ſtiny that Night; and after having tir'd her ſelf a little with walking, ſhe ſate down on a fine Seat of White Marble, that was plac'd at the end of a graſſie walk, and only ſhadow'd with ſome tall Trees that rank'd themſelves behind it, 'gainſt one of which I lean'd: There for a quarter of an hour they ſate as ſilent as the Night, where only ſoft-breath'd Winds were heard amongſt the Bows, and ſofter Sighs from fair *Caliſta*; at laſt the old thing broke ſilence, who was almoſt aſleep while ſhe ſpoke. *Madam, if you are weary, let us retire to Bed, and not ſit gazing here at the Moon: To bed*, reply'd *Caliſta, what ſhou'd I do there? Marry ſleep*, quoth the old Gentlewoman, *what ſhou'd you do?* *Ah* Dormina (ſigh'd *Caliſta*) *wou'd Age wou'd ſeize me too, for then perhaps I ſhou'd find*

at leaſt the Pleaſure of the Old; be dull and lazy; love to eat and ſleep not, have my Slumbers undiſturb'd with Dreams more inſupportable than my waking Wiſhes; for reaſon, then ſuppreſſes riſing thoughts, and the impoſſibility of obtaining keeps the fond Soul in order, but Sleep— gives an unguarded looſe to ſoft Deſire, it brings the lovely Fantom to my View, and tempts me with a thouſand Charms to Love; I ſee a Face, a Mien, a Shape, a Look! ſuch as Heaven never made, or any thing but fond Imagination! Oh 'twas a wond'rous Viſion! For my part, replyed the old One, *I am ſuch a Heathen Chriſtian, Madam, as I do not believe there are any ſuch things as Viſions, or Ghoſts, or Fantoms: But your head runs of a young Man, becauſe you are married to an old One; ſuch an Idea as you fram'd in your Wiſhes, poſſeſs'd*

your

your fancy, which was ſo ſtrong (as indeed fancy will be ſometimes,) that it perſwaded you, 'twas a very Fantom or Viſion. Let it be Fancy or Viſion, or whatever elſe you can give a Name to, reply'd *Caliſta, ſtill 'tis that that never ceas'd ſince to torture me with a thouſand Pains; and prithee why,* Dormina, *is not Fancy ſince as powerful in me as it was before? Fancy has not been ſince ſo kind; yet I have given it room for thought, which before I never did; I ſet whole hours and days, and fix'd my Soul upon the lovely Figure; I know its Stature to an inch, tall and divinely made; I ſaw his Hair, Long, Black, and Curling to his Waſte, all looſe and flowing; I ſaw his Eyes, where all the* Cupids *play'd, Black, Large, and Sparkling, Piercing, Loving, Languiſhing; I ſaw his Lips, Sweet, Dimpled, Red, and Soft, a Youth compleating all, like early*

May; *that looks, and ſmells, and cheers above the reſt: In fine, I ſaw him ſuch as nothing but the niceſt Fancy can imagine, and nothing can deſcribe, I ſaw him ſuch as robs me of my reſt, as gives me all the raging pains of Love (Love I believe it is) without the Joy of any ſingle Hope: Oh, Madam,* ſaid *Dormina, that Love will quickly die, which is not nurs'd with Hope, why that's its only Food. Pray Heaven I find it ſo,* reply'd *Caliſta.* At that ſhe ſigh'd as if her heart had broken, and lean'd her Arm upon a Rail of the end of the Seat, and laid her lovely Cheek upon her Hand, and ſo continu'd ſighing without ſpeaking: While I, who was not a little tranſported with what I heard with infinite pain, withheld my ſelf from kneeling at her Feet, and proſtrating before her that happy Fantom of which ſhe had

had ſpoke ſo favourably ; but ſtill I fear'd my Fate ; and to give any offence, while I was amidſt a thouſand thoughts conſidering which to purſue ; I c u'd hear *Dormina* ſnoring as faſt as cou'd be, leaning at her eaſe on the other end of the Seat, ſupported by a White Marble Rail, which *Caliſta* hearing alſo turn'd, and look'd on her, then ſoftly roſe, and walk'd away to ſee how long ſhe wou'd ſleep there, if not wak'd. Judge now, my dear *Octavio*, whether Love and Fortune were not abſolutely ſubdu'd to my Intereſt, and if all things did not favour my Deſign : The very thought of being alone with *Caliſta*, of making my ſelf known to her, of the opportunity ſhe gave me by going from *Dormina* into a bye Walk, the very Joy of ten thouſand Hopes, that fill'd my

Soul

Soul in that happy moment which I fancy'd the moſt bleſs'd of my Life, made me tremble all over; and with unaſſur'd Steps, I ſoftly purſu'd the Object of my new Deſire: Sometimes I even overtook her, and fearing to fright her, and cauſe her to make ſome noiſe that might alarm the ſleeping *Dormina*, I ſlack'd my pace, till in a Walk, at the end of which ſhe was oblig'd to turn back, I remain'd, and ſuffer'd her to go on; 'twas a Walk of Graſs, broad, and at the end of it a little Arbour of Greens; into which ſhe went and ſate down, looking towards me, and methought ſhe look'd full at me; ſo that finding ſhe made no noiſe, I ſoftly approach'd the Door of the Arbour, at a convenient diſtance, ſhe then ſtood up in great amaze as ſhe after ſaid, and I kneeling down

in

in an humble poſture; cry'd —— 'Wonder not, oh ſacred Charmer of my Soul, to ſee me at your Feet at this late Hour, and in a place ſo inacceſſible; for what Attempt is there ſo hazardous, deſpairing Lovers dare not undertake, and what impoſſibility almoſt can they not overcome? Remove your Fears, oh Conqueress of my Soul, for I am an humble Mortal that adores you; I have a thouſand Wounds, a thouſand Pains that prove me Fleſh and Blood, if you would hear my Story: Oh give me leave to approach you with that Awe you do the ſacred Altars; for my Devotion is as pure as that which from your Charming Lips aſcends the Heavens: —— With ſuch Cant and Stuff as this, which Lovers ſerve themſelves with on occaſion, I leſſen'd the terrors of the frighted

ed Beauty, and ſhe ſoon ſaw with Joy in her Eyes, that I was both a mortal, and the ſame ſhe had before ſeen in the outward Garden: I roſe from my Knees then, and with a Joy that wandred all over my body, trembling and panting I approach'd her, and took her hand and kiſs'd it with a Tranſport that was almoſt ready to lay me fainting at her Feet; nor did ſhe anſwer any thing to what I had ſaid, but with Sighs ſuffer'd her hand to remain in mine; her Eyes ſhe caſt to Earth, her Breaſt heav'd with nimble Motions, and we both unable to ſupport our ſelves, ſate down together on a Green Bank in the Arbour, where by that Light we had, we gaz'd at each other, unable to utter a Syllable on either ſide. I confeſs, my dear *Octavio*, I have felt Love before, but do not

not know, that ever I was poſ-ſeſs'd with ſuch pleaſing pain, ſuch agreeable Languiſhment in all my Life, as in thoſe happy Moments, with the fair *Caliſta*: And on the other, I dare anſwer for the ſoft fair One; ſhe felt a Paſſion as tender as mine; which, when ſhe cou'd recover her firſt tranſ-port, ſhe expreſs'd in ſuch a man-ner as has wholly charm'd me: For with all the Eloquence of young Angels, and all their Innocence too, ſhe ſaid, ſhe whiſper'd, ſhe ſigh'd, the ſofteſt things that ever Lover heard: I told you before ſhe had from her Infancy been bred in a Monaſtry, kept from the ſight of Men, and knew no one Art or Subtilty of her Sex: But in the very purity of her In-nocence, ſhe appear'd like the firſt born Maid in Paradice, generouſly giving her Soul away to the great Lord

Lord of all, the new form'd Man, and nothing of her Hearts dear thoughts did ſhe reſerve, (but ſuch as modeſt Nature ſhou'd conceal) yet, if I touch'd but on that tender part where Honour dwelt; ſhe had a Senſe too nice, as 'twas a wonder to find ſo vaſt a ſtore of that mixt with ſo ſoft a Paſſion. Oh what an excellent thing a perfect Woman is, e'er Men has taught her Arts to keep her Empire, by being himſelf inconſtant? all I cou'd ask of Love ſhe freely gave, and told me every Sentiment of her Heart, but 'twas in ſuch a way, ſo innocently ſhe confeſs'd her Paſſion, that every Word added new Flames to mine, and made me raging mad: at laſt ſhe ſuffer'd me to kiſs with caution; but one begat another,—that, a Number—— And every one was an advance to Happi-

ne's

neſs, and I, who knew my advantage, loſt no time, but put each Minute to the propereſt uſe, now I embrace, claſp her fair lovely Body cloſe to mine, which nothing parted but her Shift and Gown; my buſie Hands find Paſſage to her Breaſts, and give, and take a thouſand nameleſs Joys; all but the laſt I reap'd; that Heaven was ſtill deny'd; though ſhe were fainting in my trembling Arms, ſtill ſhe had watching ſenſe to guard that Treaſure: Yet in ſpight of all, a thouſand times I brought her to the very point of yielding; but oh ſhe begs and pleads with all the Eloquence of Love! tells me that what ſhe had to give ſhe gave, but wou'd not violate her Marriage-Vow: No, not to ſave that Life ſhe found in danger with too much Love, and too extream deſire; ſhe told me

that

that I had undone her quite, ſhe ſigh'd and wiſh'd, that ſhe had ſeen me ſooner, e'er Fate had rendred her a Sacrifice to the embraces of old *Clarinau*, ſhe wept with Love and anſwer'd with a Sob to every Vow I made: Thus by degrees ſhe wrought me to undoing, and made me mad in Love: 'Twas thus we paſt the Night; we told the Haſty Hours and curs'd their coming: We told from ten to three; and all that time ſeem'd but a little Minute: Nor wou'd I let her go, who was as loath to part, till ſhe had given me leave to ſee her often there; I told her all my Story of her Conqueſt, and how I came into the Garden: She aſk'd me pleaſantly if I were not afraid of old *Clarinau*, I told her no, of nothing but of his being happy with her; which thought I cou'd

not

not bear : ſhe aſſur'd me I had ſo little reaſon to envy him, that he rather deſerv'd my Compaſſion, for that her averſion was ſo extream to him ; his Perſon, Years, his Temper, and his Diſeaſes were ſo diſagreeable to her, that ſhe cou'd not diſſemble her diſguſt, but gave him moſt evident Proofs of it too frequently ; ever ſince ſhe had the misfortune of being his Wife ; but that ſince ſhe had ſeen the charming *Philander*, (for ſo we muſt let her call him too) his Company and Converſation was wholly inſupportable to her ; and but that he had ever us'd to let her have four Nights in the Week her own, wherein he never diſturb'd her Repoſe, ſhe ſhou'd have been dead with his naſty Entertainment : She vow'd ſhe never knew a ſoft deſire, but for *Philander* ſhe never had the leaſt con-

concern for any of his Sex beſides, and till ſhe felt his touches—— took in his Kiſſes. and ſuffer'd his dear Embraces, ſhe never knew that Woman was ordained for any Joy with Man, but fancy'd it deſign'd in its Creation for a poor Slave to be oppreſs'd at pleaſure by the Husband, dully to yield Obedience and no more: But I had taught her now ſhe ſaid to her eternal Ruin, that there was more in nature than ſhe knew, or ever ſhou'd, had ſhe not ſeen *Philander*; ſhe knew not what dear Name to call it by, but ſomething in her Blood; ſomething that panted in her Heart, glow'd in her Cheeks and languiſh'd in her Looks, told her ſhe was not born for *Clarinau*; or Love wou'd do her wrong: I ſooth'd the thought, and urg'd the Laws of Nature, the power of

of Love, neceſſity of Youth—— And the VVonder that was yet behind, that raviſhing ſomething, which not love orkiſſes cou'd make her gueſs at ; ſo beyond all ſoft imagination that nothing but a tryal cou'd convince her ; but ſhe reſiſtcd ſtill, and ſtill I pleaded with all the ſubt'leſt Arguments of Love, Words mix'd with Kiſſes ; ſighing mix'd with Vows, but all in vain, Religion was my Foe, and Tyrant Honour guarded all her Charms : thus did we paſs the Night till the young Morn advancing in the Faſt forc'd us to bid adieu : Which oft we did, and oft we ſigh'd and kiſs'd, oft parted aud return'd, and ſigh'd again, and as ſhe went away ſhe weeping cry'd,—— wringing my hand in hers, pray Heaven, *Philander*, this dear Interview do not prove fatal to me ; for, oh, I find

find frail Nature weak about me, and one dear minute more wou'd forfeit all my Honour. At this ſhe ſtarted from my trembling Hand, and ſwept the Walk like Wind ſo ſwift and ſudden, and left me panting, ſighing, wiſhing, dying, with mighty Love and Hope, and after a little time I ſcal'd my Wall, and return'd unſeen to my new Lodging. It was four Days after, before I cou'd get any other Happineſs but that of ſeeing her at her window, which was juſt againſt mine, from which I never ſtirr'd, hardly to eat or ſleep, and that ſhe ſaw with Joy, for every Morning I had a Billet from her; which we contriv'd that Happy Night ſhould be conveyed me thus—It was a Bye ſtreet where I lodg'd, and the other ſide was only the dead Wall of her

Garden

Garden, where early in the Morning ſhe us'd to walk, and having the Billet ready, ſhe put it with a Stone into a little Leathern Purſe, and toſs'd it over the Wall, where either my ſelf from the Window or any young Friend below waited for it, and that way every Morning and every Evening ſhe receiv'd one from me; but 'tis impoſſible to tell you the innocent Paſſion ſhe expreſs'd in them, innocent in that there was no art, no fain'd nice folly to expreſs a Vertue that was not in the Soul; but all ſhe ſpoke confeſt her heart's ſoft wiſhes. At laſt, (for I am tedious in a relation of what gave me ſo much pleaſure in the Enjoyment) at laſt, I ſay, I receiv'd the happy invitation to come into the Garden as before, and Night advancing for my purpoſe I need not ſay that I deliver'd my

my ſelf upon the place appointed, which was by the Fountain ſide beneath her Chamber Window; towards which I caſt, you may believe, many a longing Look: The Clock ſtruck ten, eleven, and then twelve, but no dear Star appear'd to conduct me to my Happineſs; at laſt I heard the little Garden Door (againſt the Fountain) open, and ſaw *Caliſta* there wrap'd in her Night-Gown only: I ran like Lightning to her Arms, with all the Tranſports of an eager Lover, and almoſt ſmother'd my ſelf in her warm riſing Breaſt, for ſhe taking me in her Arms, let go her gown, which falling open, left nothing but her Shift between me and all her charming Body: But ſhe bid me hear what ſhe had to ſay before I proceeded farther, ſhe told me ſhe was

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forc'd to wait till *Dormina* was aſleep, who lay in her Chamber, and then ſtealing the Key, ſhe came ſoftly down to let me in. *But*, ſaid ſhe, *ſince I am all-undreſs'd, and cannot walk in the Garden with you, will you promiſe me on Love and Honour, to be obedient to all my Commands, if I carry you to my Chamber, for* Dormina's *Sleep is like death it ſelf; however leſt ſhe chance to awake, and ſhould take an occaſion to ſpeak to me, 'twere abſolutely neceſſary, that I were there; for ſince I ſerv'd her ſuch a trick the other Night, and let her ſleep ſo long, ſhe will not let me walk late.* A very little Argument perſwaded me to yield to any thing, to be with *Caliſta* any where; ſo that both returning ſoftly to her Chamber, ſhe put her ſelf into Bed, and left me kneeling on the Carpet: But

'twas not long that I remain'd ſo; from the dear touches of her Hands and Breaſt, we came to Kiſſes, and ſo equally to a forgetfulneſs of all we had promis'd and agreed on before, and broke all Rules and Articles, that were not in the Favour of Love; ſo that ſtripping my ſelf by degrees, while ſhe with an unwilling force made ſome feeble reſiſtance, I got into the Arms of the moſt charming Woman that ever Nature made; ſhe was all over Perfection; I dare not tell you more; let it ſuffice ſhe was all that luxurious Man could wiſh, and all that renders Woman fine and raviſhing. About two hours thus was my Soul in rapture, while ſometimes ſhe reproach'd me, but ſo gently, that 'twas to bid me ſtill be falſe and perjur'd if theſe were the effects of it; *if diſobe-*

dience

dience have ſuch wondrous Charms; *may I*, ſaid ſhe, *be ſtill commanding thee, and thou ſtill diſobeying*; While thus we lay with equal Raviſhment, we heard a murmuring noiſe at diſtance, which we knew not what to make of, but it grew ſtill louder and louder, but ſtill at diſtance too: this firſt alarm'd us, and I was no ſooner perſwaded to riſe; but I heard a Door unlock at the ſide of the Bed; which was not that by which I enter'd, for that was at the other end of the Chamber towards the Window. *Oh Heavens*, ſaid the fair frighted Trembler, *here is the Count of* Clerinau: For he always came up that way, and thoſe Stairs by which I aſcended was the Back Stairs; ſo that I had juſt time to grope my way towards the Door without ſo much as taking my Cloaths

with me ; never was any Amorous Adventurer in ſo lamentable a Condition, I would fain have turn'd upon him, and at once have hindred him from entring, with my Sword in my Hand, and ſecur'd him from ever diſturbing my Pleaſure any more, but ſhe implor'd I would not; and in this Minutes Diſpute he came ſo near me, that he touch'd me as I glided from him ; but not being acquainted very well with the Chamber, having never ſeen my way, I lighted in my Paſſage on *Dormina*'s Pallat Bed, and threw my ſelf quite over her, to the Chamber Door, which made a damnable clattering, and awaking *Dormina* with my Cataſtrophe, ſhe ſet up ſuch a Bawl, as frighted and alarm'd the old Count, who was juſt taking in a Candle from his Foot-

man,

man, who had lighted it at his Flamboy : So that hearing the noiſe, and knowing it muſt be ſome Body in the Chamber, he lets fall his Candle in the fright, and call'd his Footman in with the Flamboy, draws his Tolledo, which he had in his Hand, and wrap'd in his Night-Gown, with three or four woollen Caps one upon the top of another, ty'd under his tawny Leathern Chops, he made a very pleaſant Figure, and ſuch a one as had like to have betray'd me by langhing at it ; he cloſely purſu'd me, though not ſo cloſe as to ſee me before him, yet ſo as not to give me time to aſcend the Wall, or to make my eſcape up or down any Walk, which were ſtreight and long, and not able to conceal any body from Purſuers, approach'd ſo near as the

Count was to me: What ſhou'd I do? I was naked, unarm'd, and no defence againſt his jealous Rage; and now in danger of my Life, I knew not what to reſolve on; yet I ſwear to you *Octavio*, even in that minute (which I thought my laſt) I had no repentance of the dear Sin, or any other Fear, but that which poſſeſs'd me for the fair *Caliſta*; and calling upon *Venus* and her Son for my ſafety (for I had ſcarce a thought yet of any other Deity) the Sea born Queen lent me immediate aid, and e'er I was aware of it, I touch'd the Fountain, and in the ſame minute threw my ſelf into the Water, which a mighty large Baſon or Ciſtern of White Marble contain'd, of a Compaſs, that forty Men might have hid themſelves in it, they had purſu'd me ſo

hard,

hard, they fancy'd they heard me preſs the Gravel near the Fountain, and with the Torch they ſearch'd round about it, and beat the fringing Flowers that grew pretty high about the bottom of it, while I ſometimes div'd, and ſometimes peep'd up to take a view of my buſie Coxcomb; who had like to have made me burſt into laughter many times, to ſee his Figure, the daſhing of the Stream, which continually fell from the little Pipes above into the Baſon, hindred him from hearing the noiſe I might poſſibly have made by my ſwimming in it: after he had ſurveyed it round without ſide, he took the Torch in his own hand, and ſurvey'd the Water it ſelf while I div'd, and ſo long forc'd to remain ſo, that I believ'd I had eſcap'd his Sword to die that fooliſher way;

but juſt as I was like to expire, he departed muttering, that he was ſure ſome body did go out before him; and now he ſearch'd every Walk and Arbour of the Garden, while like a Fiſh I lay basking in Element ſtill, not daring to adventure out, leſt his haſty return ſhould find me on the Wall, or in my Paſſage over: I thank'd my Stars he had not found the Ladder, ſo that at laſt returning to *Caliſta*'s Chamber, after finding no body, he deſir'd (as I heard the next Morning) to know what the Matter was in her Chamber: But *Caliſta*, who till now never knew an Art, had before he came laid her Bed in order, and taken up my cloaths, and put them between her Bed and Quilt; not forgetting any one thing that belong'd to me, ſhe was laid as faſt aſleep as innocence it ſelf; ſo that *Cla-*

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rinau awaking her, ſhe ſeem'd as ſurpriz'd and ignorant of all, as if ſhe had indeed been innocent; ſo that *Dormina* now remain'd the only ſuſpected Perſon; who being ask'd what ſhe cou'd ſay concerning that Uproar ſhe made, ſhe only ſaid, as ſhe thought, that ſhe dream'd his Honour fell out of the Bed upon her, and awaking in a Fright, ſhe found 'twas but a Dream, and ſo ſhe fell aſleep again till he wak'd her, whom ſhe wonder'd to ſee there at that Hour; he told 'em that while they were ſecurely ſleeping, he was like to have been burn'd in his Bed, a piece of his Apartment being burn'd down, which caus'd him to come thither; but he made them both ſwear that there was no body in the Chamber of *Caliſta*, before he wou'd be undeceived, for

he vow'd he ſaw ſomething in the Garden, which, to his thinking was all in White, and it vaniſh'd on the ſudden behind the Fountain, and we cou'd ſee no more of it. *Caliſta* diſſembled abundance of Fear, and ſaid ſhe wou'd never walk out after Candelight for fear of that Ghoſt; and ſo they paſt the reſt of the Night, while I, all wet and cold got me to my Lodging, unperceiv'd, for my young Friend had left the Door open for me.

Thus, dear *Octavio*, I have ſent you a Novel, inſtead of a Letter, of my firſt moſt happy Adventure, of which I muſt repeat thus much again, that of all the Enjoyments I ever had, I never was ſo perfectly well entertain'd for two hours, and I am waiting wi h infinite impatience a ſecond Encounter. I ſhall be extreamly glad to

hear

hear what progreſs you have made in your Amour, for I have loſt all for *Silvia*, but the Affection of a Brother, with that natural Pity we have for thoſe we have undone; for my Heart, my Soul and Body are all *Caliſta*'s, the Bright, the Young, the Witty, the Gay, the fondly Loving *Caliſta*: Only ſome reſerve I have in all for *Octavio*. Pardon this long Hiſtory, for 'tis a ſort of acting all ones Joys again, to be telling 'em to a Friend ſo dear as is the Gallant *Octavio* to

Philander.

POSTSCRIPT.

I ſhou'd for ſome Reaſons that concern my ſafety have quitted this Town before, but I am chain'd

chain'd to it, and have no ſence of danger while *Caliſta* compels my ſtay.

If *Octavio*'s Trouble was great before from but his fear of *Caliſta*'s yielding, what muſt it be now, when he found all his Fears confirm'd, the Preſſures of his Soul were too extream before, and the concern he had for *Silvia* had brought it to the higheſt Tide of Grief; ſo that this addition o'erwhelm'd it quite, and left him no room for Rage; no, it could not diſcharge it ſelf ſo happily, but bow'd and yielded to all the extreams of Love, Grief, and ſence of Honour; he threw himſelf upon his Bed, and lay without Senſe or motion for a whole Hour, confus'd with thought, and divided in his concern, half for a Miſtreſs falſe, and half for a Siſter looſe and undone;

done; by turns the Sister and the Mistress torture; by turns they break his Heart: he had this comfort left before, that if *Calista* were undone, her ruin made way for his Love and Happiness with *Silvia*, but now—he had no Prospect left that cou'd afford any ease, he changes from one sad Object to another, from *Silvia* to *Calista*, then back to *Silvia*, but like to feverish Men, that toss about here and there, remove for some relief, he shifts but to new pain, where e'er he turns he finds the mad man still; in this distraction of thought he remain'd till a Page from *Silvia* brought him this Letter: Which in midst of all, he started from his Bed with excess of Joy and read.

Silvia

Silvia *to* Octavio.

My Lord,

AFter your laſt Affront by your Page, I believe it will ſurpriſe you to receive any thing from *Silvia* but Scorn and Diſdain: But, my Lord, the int'reſt you have by a thouſand ways been ſo long making in my heart, cannot ſo ſoon be cancell'd by a Minutes Offence, and every Action of your life has been too generous to make me think you writ what I have receiv'd, at leaſt you are not well in your Senſes: I have committed a fault againſt your Love, I muſt confeſs, and am not aſham'd of the little cheat I put upon you in bringing you to Bed to *Antonett* inſtead of *Silvia*: I was aſham'd

to

to be ſo eaſily won, and took it ill your paſſion was ſo mercenary, to ask ſo courſely for the poſſeſſion of me; too great a pay I thought for ſo poor Service, as rend'ring up a Letter, which in Honour you ought before to have ſhew'd me: I own I gave you hope, in that too I was Criminal; but theſe are Faults that ſure deſerv'd a kinder puniſhment than what I laſt receiv'd——A Whore——A common Miſtreſs! Death, you are a Coward—And even to a Woman dare not ſay it, when ſhe confronts the Scandaller,——Yet pardon me, I meant not to revile, but gently to reproach; it was unkind—at leaſt allow me that, and much unlike *Octavio*.

I think I had not troubled you, my Lord, with the leaſt Confeſſion of my Reſentment, but I cou'd

cou'd not leave the Town, where for the Honour of your Converſation and Friendſhip alone I have remain'd ſo long without acquitting my ſelf of thoſe Obligations I had to you; I ſend you therefore the Key of my Cloſet and Cabinet, where you ſhall find, not only your Letters, but all thoſe Preſents you have been pleas'd once to think me worthy of: But having taken back your Frienſhip, I render you the leſs valuable Trifles, and will retain no more of *Octavio* than the dear memory of that part of his Life that was ſo agreeable to the unfortunate

Silvia.

He finiſh'd this Letter, reading with Tears of tender Love; but conſidering it all over, he fancy'd ſhe

ſhe had put great Conſtraint upon her natural high Spirit, to write in this calm manner to him, and through all he found diſſembled Rage, which yet was viſible in that one breaking out in the middle of the Letter: He found ſhe was not able to contain at the Word Common Miſtreſs: in fine, however calm it was, and however deſign'd, he found, at leaſt he thought he found the charming Jilt all over; he fancies from the Hint ſhe gave him of the change of *Antonett* for her ſelf in Bed, that it was ſome new cheat that was to be put upon him, and to bring her ſelf off with Credit: Yet in ſpight of all this appearing Reaſon, he wiſhes, and has a ſecret Hope, that either ſhe is not in fault, or that ſhe will ſo cozen him into a belief ſhe is not, that it may ſerve as well

to

to ſooth his willing Heart; and now all he fears is, that ſhe will not put ſo neat a Cheat upon him, but that he ſhall be able to ſee through it, and ſtill be oblig'd to retain his ill Opinion of her: But Love return'd, ſhe had rous'd the Flame a-new; and ſoftned all his rougher Thoughts with this dear Letter, and now in haſte he calls for his Cloaths, and ſuffering himſelf to be dreſs'd with all the Advantage of his Sex, he throws himſelf into his Coach, and goes to *Silvia*, whom he finds juſt dreſs'd *en Chavalier*, (and ſetting her Hat and Feather in good order, before the Glaſs) with a deſign to depart the Town, at leaſt ſo far as ſhould have rais'd a concern in *Octavio*, if yet he had any for her, to have follow'd her: he ran up without asking leave, into her Chamber,

and

and e'er she was a-ware of him, threw himself at her Feet, and clasping her Knees, to which he fixt his Mouth; he remain'd there for a little space without Life or Motion, and press'd her in his Arms as fast as a dying Man. She was not offended to see him there, and he appear'd more lovely than ever he yet had been: His Grief had added a languishment and paleness to his Face; which sufficiently told her he had not been at ease while absent from her; and on the other side *Silvia* appear'd ten thousand times more charming than ever; that Dress of a Boy adding extreamly to her Beauty: *Oh you are a pretty Lover*, said she, raising him from her Knees to her Arms, *to treat a Mistress so for a little innocent Raillery.—Come sit and tell me how you came to discover the harmless*

harmleſs cheat; ſetting him down on the ſide of her Bed: *Oh name it no more*, cry'd he, *let that damned Night be blotted from the year, deceive me, flatter me, ſay you are innocent, tell me my Senſes rave, my Eyes were falſe, deceitful, and my Ears were deaf: Say any thing that may convince my madneſs, and bring me back to tame adoring Love. What means* Octavio, reply'd *Silvia, ſure he is not ſo nice and ſquemiſh a Lover, but a fair young Maid might have been welcome to him coming ſo prepar'd for Love; tho it was not ſhe whom he expected; it might have ſerv'd as well i'th' dark at leaſt. Well ſaid*, reply'd *Octavio*, forcing a Smile —— *advance, purſue the dear deſign, and cheat me ſtill, and to convince my Soul; oh ſwear it too, for Women want no Weapons of Defence, Oaths, Vows, and Tears, Sighs,*

Sighs, Imprecations, Ravings, are all the Tools to faſhion mankind Coxcombs: I am an eaſie fellow, fit for uſe, and long to be initiated Fool, come ſwear I was not here the other Night. 'Tis granted, Sir, you were: Why all this Paſſion? This *Silvia* ſpoke and took him by the hand, which burnt with raging Fire; and though he ſpoke with all the heat of Love, his Looks were ſoft the while as infant *Cupids*: ſtill he proceeded, *Oh charming* Silvia, *ſince you are ſo unkind to tell me truth, ceaſe, ceaſe to ſpeak at all, and let me only gaze upon thoſe Eyes that can ſo well deceive: Their Looks are innocent, at leaſt they'll flatter me, and tell mine that they loſt their Faculties that other Night. No,* reply'd *Silvia, I am convinc'd they did not, you ſaw* Antonett —— *Conduct a happy Man* (interrupted he) *to* Silvia's

via's *Bed, oh why by your Confeſſion muſt my Soul be tortur'd o'er a new!* at this he hung his head upon his Boſom, and ſigh'd, as if each Breath would be his laſt, *Heavens!* cry'd *Silvia, What is't* Octavio *ſays, conduct a happy Lover to my Bed! by all that's Sacred I am abus'd, deſign'd upon to be betrayed and loſt; what ſaid you Sir, a Lover to my Bed!* When he reply'd in a fainting Tone, claſping her to his Arms, *Now*, Silvia, *you are kind, be perfect Woman, and keep to couzening ſtill—Now back it with a very little Oath, and I am as well as e'er I ſaw your Falſhood, and ne'er will loſe one thought upon it more. Forbear*, ſaid ſhe, *you'll make me angry: In ſhort, what is it you wou'd ſay? or ſwear you rave, and then I'll pity what I now deſpiſe, if you can think me falſe.* He only anſwered with a ſigh,

ſigh, and ſhe purſu'd, *Am I not worth an anſwer; tell me your Soul and Thoughts, as e'er you hope for Favour from my Love, or to preſerve my Quiet. If you will promiſe me to ſay 'tis falſe*, reply'd he ſoftly, *I will confeſs the Errors of my Senſes. I came the other Night at twelve, the Door was open*—— *'Tis true*, ſaid *Silvia*—— *At the Stairs-Foot I found a Man, and ſaw him led to you, into your Chamber; ſighing as he went, and panting with impatience*: *Now*, Silvia, *if you value my repoſe, my life, my reputation, or my ſervices, turn it off handſomly, and I'm happy*: At that, being wholly amaz'd, ſhe told him the whole ſtory, as you heard, of her dreſſing *Antonett*, and bringing him to her; at which he ſmil'd, and beg'd her to go on—— She fetcht the pieces of *Brilljara*'s counterfeit Letters, and ſhew'd him; this

this brought him a little to his Wits; and at first sight he was ready to fancy the Letters came indeed from him, he found the Character his, but not the Business; and in great amaze reply'd, *Ah Madam, did you know* Octavio's *Soul so well, and cou'd you imagine it capable of a thought like this? A Presumption so daring to the most awful of her Sex; this was unkind indeed: And did you answer 'em? Yes*, reply'd she, *with all kindness I cou'd force my Pen to express.* So that after canvasing the matter, and relating the whole Story again with his being taken ill, they concluded from every Circumstance *Brilljard* was the Man; for *Antonett* was call'd to Councel; who now recollecting all things in her mind, and knowing *Brilljard* but too well; she confess'd she verily believ'd it was he

he, especially when she told how she stole a Letter of *Octavio*'s for him that day, and how he was ill of the same Disease still. *Octavio* then call'd his Page, and sent him home for the Note *Brilljard* had sent him, and all appear'd as clear as day: But *Antonett* met with a great many Reproaches for shewing her Ladies Letters, which she excus'd as well as she cou'd: But never was Man so ravish'd with Joy as *Octavio* was at the knowledge of *Silvia*'s innocence; a thousand times he kneel'd and beg'd her Pardon, and her Figure encouraging his Caresses: a thousand times he imbrac'd her, he smil'd, and blush'd, and sigh'd with Love and Joy, and knew not how to express it most effectually: And *Silvia*, who had other business than Love in her heart and head, suffer'd all the

marks of his eager Paſſion and Tranſport, out of deſign, for ſhe had a farther uſe to make of *Octavio*; tho' when ſhe ſurvey'd his Perſon handſom, young, and adorn'd with all the Graces and Beauties of his Sex, not at all inferior to *Philander*, if not exceeding in every Judgment but that of *Silvia*; when ſhe conſider'd his Soul, where Wit, Love, and Honour equally reign'd, when ſhe conſults the excellence of his Nature, his Generoſity, Courage, Friendſhip, and Softneſs, ſhe ſigh'd and cry'd, 'twas pity to impoſe upon him; and make his Love, for which ſhe ſhou'd eſteem him a Property to draw him to his ruine, for ſo ſhe fancy'd it muſt be if ever he encounter'd *Philander*; and tho good Nature was the leaſt Ingredient that form'd the Soul of this fair Charmer,

mer, yet now ſhe found ſhe had a mixture of it, from her concern for *Octavio*; and that generous Lover made her ſo many ſoft Vows, and tender Proteſtations of the Reſpect and Awfulneſs of his Paſſion, that ſhe was wholly convinc'd he was her Slave, nor could ſhe ſee the conſtant Languiſher pouring out his Soul and Fortune at her Feet, without ſuffering ſome warmth about her Heart, which ſhe had never felt, but for *Philander*; and this Day ſhe expreſs'd her ſelf more obligeingly than ever ſhe had done: and allows him little Freedoms of approaching her with more Softneſs than hitherto ſhe had; and abſolutely charm'd, he promiſes laviſhly and without reſerve, all ſhe would ask of him; and in requital ſhe aſſured him all he could wiſh or hope, if he

would ſerve her in her Revenge againſt *Philander*: She recounts to him at large the Story of her undoing, her Quality, her Fortune, her nice Education, the care and tenderneſs of her Noble Parents, and charges all her Fate to the evil Conduct of her heedleſs youth: Sometimes the reflection on her Ruine, ſhe looking back upon her former Innocence and Tranquility, forces the Tears to flow from her fair Eyes, and makes *Octavio* ſigh and weep by Sympathy: Sometimes (arriv'd at the Amorous part of her Relation, ſhe would ſigh and languiſh with the remembrance of paſt Joys, in their beginning Love:) and ſometimes ſmile at the little unlucky Adventures they met with, and their Eſcapes; ſo that different Paſſions ſeiz'd her Soul while ſhe ſpoke, while that of all Love fill'd

fill'd *Octavio*'s: He doats, he burns, and every Word she utters inflames him still the more; he fixes his very Soul upon her Tongue, and darts his very Eyes into her Face, and every thing she says, raises his vast Esteem and Passion higher. In fine, having with the Eloquence of fir'd Wit, and all the Charms of every differing Passion finish'd her moving Tale, they both declin'd their Eyes, whose falling showers kept equal time and pace, and for a little time were still as thought: When *Octavio*, oppress't with mighty Love! broke the soft silence, and burst into extravagance of passion, says all that men (grown mad with love and wishing) cou'd utter to the Idol of the Heart; and to oblige her more recounts his Life in short; wherein, in spight of all his Modesty,

ſhe found all that was Great and Brave; all that was Noble, Fortunate, and Honeſt: And having now confirm'd her, he deſerv'd her, kneeling implor'd ſhe would accept of him, not as a Lover for a Term of Paſſion, for dates of Months or Years, but for a long Eternity; not as a Rifler of her Sacred Honour, but to defend it from the cenſuring World; he vow'd he would forget that ever any part of it was loſt, nor by a Look or Action e'er upbraid her with a Misfortune paſt, but ſtill look forward on nobler Joys to come: And now implores that he may bring a Prieſt to tie the ſolemn Knot: in ſpight of all her Love for *Philander*, ſhe cou'd not chuſe but take this offer kindly; and indeed it made a very great impreſſion on her Heart, ſhe knew nothing but the height of Love could

could oblige a Man of his Qua'ity and vaſt Fortune, with all the advantages of Youth and Beauty, to marry her in ſo ill Circumſtances; and paying him firſt thoſe Acknowledgments that were due on ſo great an Occaſion, with all the Tenderneſs in her Voice and Eyes that ſhe could put on; ſhe excus'd her ſelf from receiving the Favour, by telling him ſhe was ſo unfortunate as to be with Child by the ungrateful Man; and falling at that thought into new Tears, ſhe mov'd him to infinite Love; and infinite Compaſſion; in ſo much that wholly abandoning himſelf to Softneſs, he aſſur'd her, if ſhe would ſecure him all his Happineſs by marrying him now, that he would wait till ſhe were brought to Bed, before he would demand the glorious Recompence

he aſpir'd to; ſo that *Silvia* being oppreſs'd with Obligation, finding yet in her Soul a violent Paſſion for *Philander*, ſhe knew not how to take, or how to refuſe the Bleſſing offered, ſince *Octavio* was a Man, whom in her height of Innocence and Youth ſhe might have been vain and proud of engaging to this degree: He ſaw her pain and irreſolution, and being abſolutely undone with Love, delivers her *Philander's* laſt Letter to him; with what he had ſent her inclos'd; the ſight of the very out-ſide of it made her grow pale as Death; and a feebleneſs ſeiz'd her all over, that made her unable for a moment to open it; all which confuſion *Octavio* ſaw with pain; which ſhe perceiving recollected her thoughts as well as ſhe could, and opened it, and read it; that

to

to *Octavio* firſt, as being fondeſt of the continuation of the Hiſtory of his Falſhood, ſhe read, and often paus'd to recover her Spirits that were fainting at every Period: and having finiſh'd it ſhe fell down on the Bed, where they ſate; *Octavio* caught her in her fall in his Arms, where ſhe remain'd dead ſome Moments; whilſt he juſt on the point of being ſo himſelf, ravingly call'd for help; and *Antonett* being in the dreſſing Room, ran to 'em, and by degrees *Silvia* recover'd, and ask'd *Octavio* a thouſand Pardons for expoſing a weakneſs to him, which was but the effects of the laſt blaze of Love: And taking a Cordial which *Antonett* brought her, ſhe rous'd, reſolv'd, and took *Octavio* by the Hand: *Now*, ſaid ſhe, *ſhew yourſelf that generous Lover you have profeſs'd, and give me your Vows of*

revenge on Philander, *and after that, by all that's Holy*, kneeling as ſhe ſpoke, and holding him faſt, *by all my injured Innocence, by all my Noble Fathers wrong, and my dear Mothers Grief; by all my Siſters Sufferings; I ſwear! I'll marry you, love you, and give you all!* This ſhe ſpoke without conſidering *Antonett* was by, and ſpoke it with all the Rage and Bluſhes in her Face, that injured Love and Revenge could inſpire: And on the other ſide, the Senſe of his Siſters Honour loſt, and that of the tender Paſſion he had for *Silvia*, made him ſwear by all that was Sacred, and by all the Vows of eternal Love and Honour he had made to *Silvia*, to go and revenge himſelf and her on the falſe Friend and Lover, and confeſs'd the ſecond motive; which was his Siſters Fame; *For*, cry'd he

he, *that foul Adultreſs, that falſe* Caliſta, *is ſo allied to me.* But ſtill he urg'd that would add to the juſtneſs of his Cauſe, if he might depart her Husband as well as Lover; and revenge an injured Wife as well as Siſter; and now he cou'd ask nothing ſhe did not eaſily grant; and becauſe 'twas late in the day, they conclude that the Morning ſhall conſummate all his deſires: And now ſhe gives him her Letter to read; *For,* ſaid ſhe, *I ſhall eſteem my ſelf henceforth ſo abſolutely* Octavio's, *that I will not ſo much as read a Line from that perjured Ruiner of my Honour,* he took the Letter with Smiles and bows of Gratitude, and read it.

Philander

Philander *to* Silvia.

THere are a thouſand Reaſons, deareſt *Silvia*, at this time that prevents my writing to you, Reaſons that will be convincing enough to oblige my Pardon; and plead my Cauſe with her, that loves me, all which I will lay before you, when I have the Happineſs to ſee you; I have met with ſome Affairs ſince my arrival to this place, that wholly takes up my time, Affairs of State, whoſe Fatigues have put my Heart extreamly out of Tune, and if not carefully managed may turn to my perpetual Ruin, ſo that I have not an hour in a day to ſpare for *Silvia*; which, believe me, is the greateſt Affliction of my Life; and I have no

proſpect of Eaſe in the endleſs Toyls of Life, but that of repoſing in the Arms of *Silvia*: Some ſhort Intervals: Pardon my haſte, for you cannot gueſs the weighty Buſineſs that at preſent robs you of

Your Philander.

You lye, falſe Villain—— reply'd *Silvia*, in mighty Rage, *I can gueſs your Buſineſs, and can revenge it too; curſe on thee Slave, to think me grown as poor in Senſe as Honour: To be cajol'd with this*—— *Stuff that would never ſham a Chamber-Maid: Death! am I ſo forlorn, ſo deſpicable, I am not worth the pains of being well diſſembled with? Confuſion overtake him, Miſery ſeize him, may I become his Plague while Life remains,*

or

or publick tortures end him: This, with all the Madneſs that ever inſpir'd a Lunatick, ſhe utter'd with Tears and violent Actions: When *Octavio* beſought her not to afflict her ſelf, and almoſt wiſh'd he did not love a Temper ſo contrary to his own: He told her he was ſorry, extreamly ſorry, to find ſhe ſtill retain'd ſo violent a paſſion for a man unworthy of her leaſt concern, when ſhe reply'd——*Do not miſtake my Soul, by Heaven 'tis Pride, Diſdain, Deſpight, and Hate——to think he ſhould believe this dull excuſe could paſs upon my Judgment, had the falſe Traytor told me that he hated me, or that his faithleſs date of Love was out, I had been tame with all my Injuries, but poorly thus to impoſe upon my Wit—— By Heav'n he ſhall not bear the Affront to Hell in Triumph! no more—*

more—I've vow'd he ſhall not—my Soul has fix'd, and now will be at eaſe.—Forgive me, oh *Octavio*, and letting her ſelf fall into his Arms, ſhe ſoon obtain'd what ſhe ask'd for, one touch of the fair Charmer could calm him into Love, and ſoftneſs.

Thus, after a thouſand Tranſports of Paſſion on his ſide, and all the ſeeming Tenderneſs on hers, the Night being far advanc'd, and new Confirmations given and taken on either ſide of purſuing the Happy Agreement in the Morning, which they had again reſolv'd, they appointed that *Silvia* and *Antonett* ſhould go three Miles out of Town to a little Village, where there was a Church, and that *Octavio* ſhould meet 'em there to be confirm'd and ſecured of all the Happineſs

he

he propos'd to himſelf in this World —— *Silvia* being ſo wholly bent upon Revenge (for the Accompliſhment of which alone, ſhe accepted of *Octavio*,) that ſhe had loſt all remembrance of her former Marriage with *Brilljard*: Or if it ever entred into her Thought 'twas only conſider'd as a ſham, nothing deſign'd but to ſecure her from being taken from *Philander* by her Parents; and, without any Reſpect to the Sacred Tie, to be regarded no more; nor did ſhe deſign this with *Octavio* from any reſpect ſhe had to the Holy State of Matrimony, but from a Luſt of Vengeance which ſhe would buy at any Price; and which ſhe found no Man ſo well able to ſatisfie as *Octavio*.

But what wretched Changes of Fortune ſhe met with after this, and a miſerable Portion of Fate was deſtin'd to this unhappy Wanderer; the laſt Part of *Philander*'s Life, and the Third and Laſt Part of this Hiſtory, ſhall moſt faithfully relate.

The End of the Second Part.

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